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Collier's

November 3, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

WHY IKE WILL RUN
By the Man Who Revealed His Refusal in '48

STATUE OF LIBERTY UNVEILING, OCTOBER 28, 1886

SUDDEN DEATH FOR "MR. MILLION"

C. Furnas on the 1,000,000th Traffic Fatality

SPARKLING STORIES:

BEN H

A

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Head of the Bourbon Family

Each golden drop of Old Grand-Dad is a salute to the excellence of your taste —and to the skill of the master distillers who produce it.

Old Grand-Dad goes into new, charred oak aging casks a superior whiskey made from choice grains and the purest of limestone waters. Then, after a long "maturing" sleep it is drawn off and bottled in bond.

Treat yourself and your guests to the smoothness, mellowness and heart-warming flavor of Old Grand-Dad soon. One sip will tell you why it's—Head of the Bourbon Family.

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky

OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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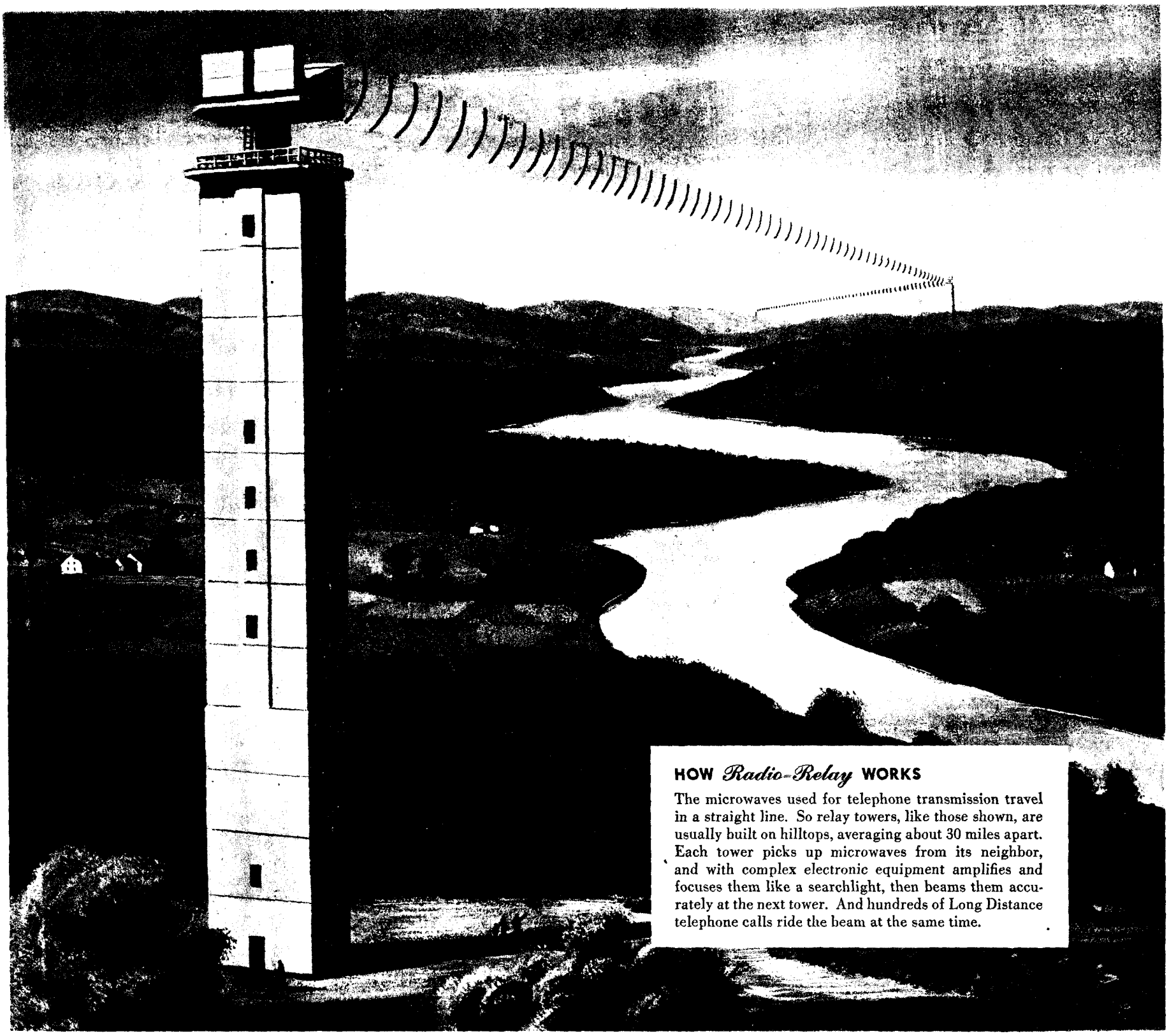

HOW *Radio-Relay* WORKS

The microwaves used for telephone transmission travel in a straight line. So relay towers, like those shown, are usually built on hilltops, averaging about 30 miles apart. Each tower picks up microwaves from its neighbor, and with complex electronic equipment amplifies and focuses them like a searchlight, then beams them accurately at the next tower. And hundreds of Long Distance telephone calls ride the beam at the same time.

New skyway spans nation with words and pictures

BELL SYSTEM *Radio-Relay* BUILT FOR LONG DISTANCE CALLS AND TELEVISION

There's something new on the national horizon! Bell Telephone construction crews have completed the last link in a coast-to-coast *Radio-Relay* system that is unique in all the world. Today, communications ride on radio microwaves, flashed through the air from tower to tower.

It was an historic event in 1915, when wires first carried the human voice across three thousand miles of mountains and prairie. By 1942, telephone messages were carried across the United States by another means—cable, both underground and overhead. And now comes *Radio-Relay* to supplement wire and cable!

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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The Grooming "PLUS" you get with Vitalis

Discover the stimulating tingle Vitalis gives your scalp — the neat, well-cared-for look it gives your hair.

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A Product of Bristol-Myers

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November 3, 1951

ARTICLES

Why Ike Will Run.....LEONARD V. FINDER 15
America Walks in Comfort.....ROBERT FROMAN 20
Sudden Death for "Mr. Million".....J. C. FURNAS 22
Dangerous Lunatic.....A. J. CRONIN 24
(ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG DOCTOR, No. III)
Preacher vs. Reformer.....JOHN DENSON 27
Football Is My Life.....GREASY NEALE WITH TOM MEANY 28
(PART ONE OF THREE PARTS)
Busy River.....PAUL MARCUS 30
Autumn in Apple Land.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 32
Halloween's Here..... 36
Keep Your Eye Off the Ball.....PARKE CUMMINGS 44

FICTION

Cinderella from Cedar Rapids.....BEN HECHT 18
Quiet, Praise the Lord.....DESMOND HALL 26
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Reclining Figure.....MARCO PAGE 34
(PART ONE OF FIVE PARTS)

●

Week's Mail..... 6
48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 8
What Do You Mean, You Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Night?.....
GURNEY WILLIAMS 12
Editorials..... 78
Cover.....LESLIE SAALBURG

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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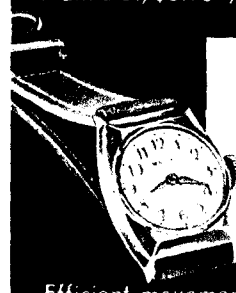

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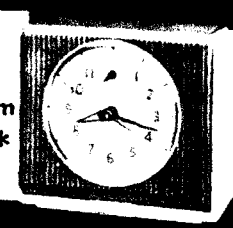

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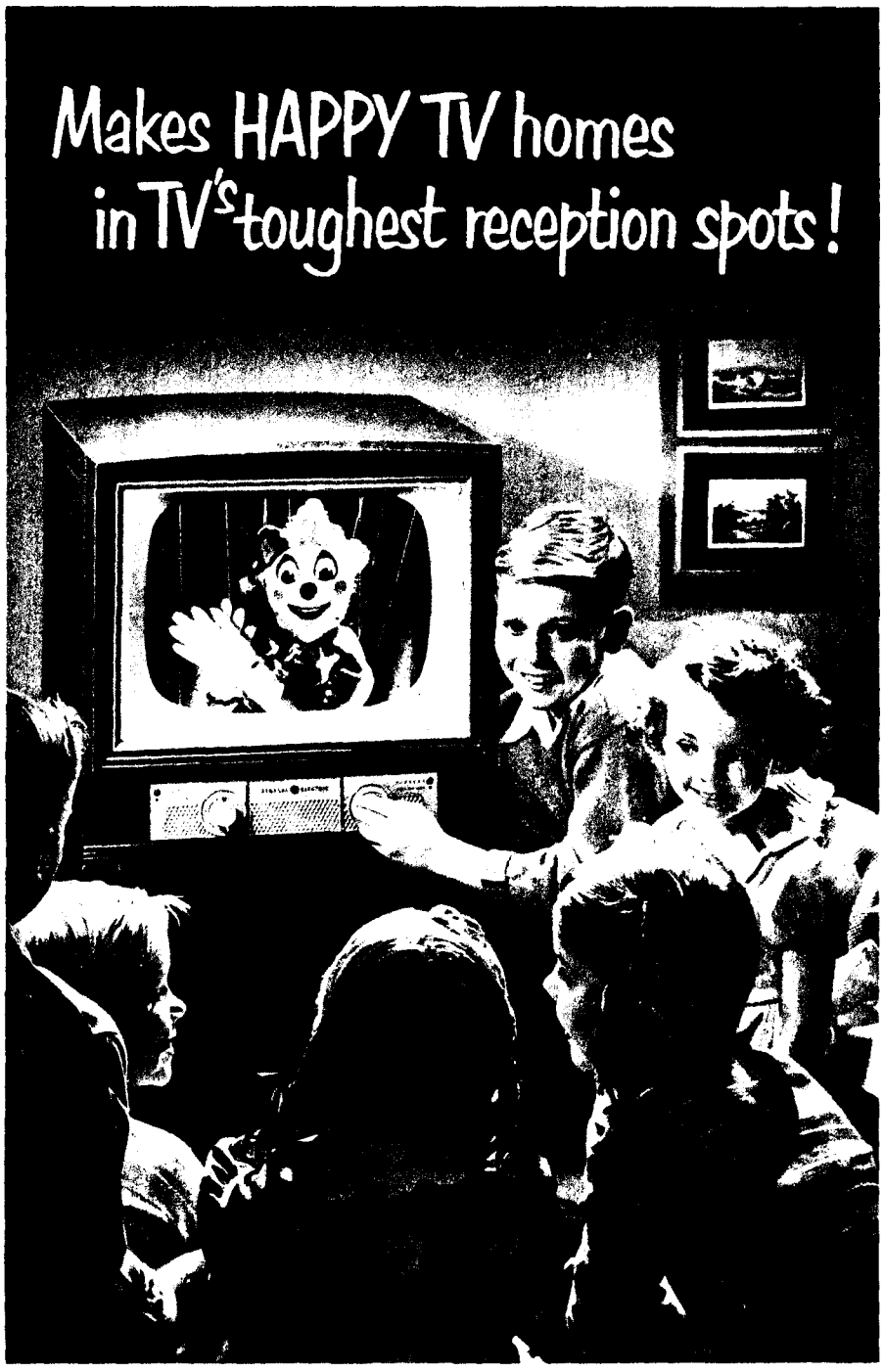

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OVERPOWERS INTERFERENCE...
OVERRIDES DISTANCE, TOO!

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Prices range from $249.95 to $775.00 incl. Fed. Excise Tax

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Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.

TUNE IN THE G-E FOOTBALL ROUND-UP with Red Barber on radio every Saturday.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Cover

On the 65th anniversary of the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, that happy scene is re-created by artist Leslie Saalburg. Begun in 1874 by the Alsatian sculptor Frédéric Bartholdi, the 151-foot, 225-ton figure and its pedestal required 12 years to build, and was paid for by contributions from both French and U.S. citizens. On October 28, 1886, a floating city of ships surrounded Bedloe Island and thousands watched President Grover Cleveland dedicate the giant symbol of freedom

Week's Mail

Preseason Crossup

EDITOR: I was wondering if you could clarify the prediction on Michigan State's final season record which appeared in Francis Wallace's 12th Football Preview (Sept. 15th).

He stated in his prediction for the top 20 teams of the country that Michigan State would finish with 8 wins and 1 loss. However, in his selections for the winners of the important games of the year, he has Michigan State losing to both Ohio State and Notre Dame, which adds up to a 7 won 2 lost record. TOM WELLY, Toledo, Ohio

Football results have an exasperating way of upsetting the experts' predictions. But Mr. Wallace apparently is the only expert who ever jumped the gun and crossed himself up before the season started.

. . . In Francis Wallace's 12th Football Preview, he states in his résumé of the All-America Squad: Holzknecht, Wash. U., Heinrich, Wash. U., McElhenny, Wash. U., and Earley, Wash. U.

I am surprised that a sports authority like Mr. Wallace and a national magazine of the quality of Collier's should make such a mistake. Washington University is in St. Louis—even we out in the West know that. The University of Washington is one of the largest universities in the United States, and certainly in a sports chronicle and review of that kind should be listed under its proper name, the *University of Washington* (U.W.), not *Wash. U.*

ANDREW GRIMSTED, Tacoma, Wash.

No Friend of Longie's

Charles S. Joelson, a Paterson, New Jersey, lawyer referred to but not identified by name in "The Man to See" in New Jersey (Aug. 25th), is not acquainted or connected with Abner (Longie) Zwillman and enjoys a good reputation in the community. He is a veteran of World War II and came within 150 votes of election to Congress in 1948.

Quick-Frozen Confusion

EDITOR: In his Want Some Canned Ice Cubes? (Sept. 1st), Mr. Gurney Williams suggests freezing hot water and canning. That sounds okay. But then he says—all you have to do is thaw, heat, and use the hot water. Why heat the hot water? If you thaw out frozen hot water will it not be hot water?

If you thaw out frozen parsnips they are parsnips again.

Let's keep this technical stuff straight.

R. A. VAN TILBURY, Logansport, Ind.

If you quick-freeze *hot* parsnips they thaw out cool. Let's not get too confused.

Good Ol' Joel

EDITOR: Your article on Joel McCrea ("Good Ol' Joel." Sept. 15th) was as refreshing as a cool breeze on a humid day. It is a great relief to read of a Hollywood personality who believes and practices the virtues of sobriety and thrift and upholds the sanctity of marriage and love of family.

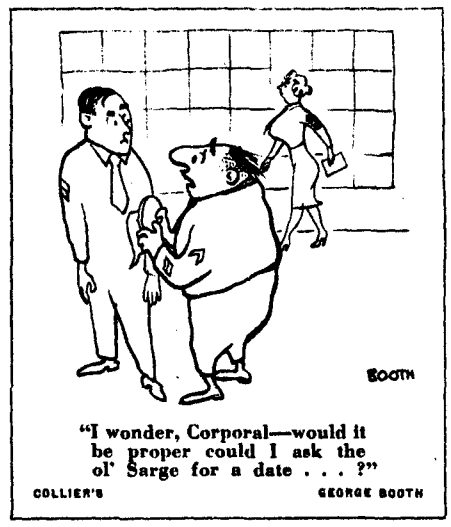
Ex-President Hoover expressed it very well when he stated that America must return to the standard of morals which befits so great a nation as ours and use that standard as a foundation upon which our children can build their futures.

KENNETH R. DULANEY, Zanesville, Ohio

. . . Two things stand out in Frank Nugent's article. One is that Mr. McCrea lists "rancher" as his occupation and "acting" as his hobby. The other is the pioneer spirit of William S. Hart, who disinherited his son because ". . . nobody left me anything either, and my son should be able to stand on his feet if we did." In a period of history when far too many people ride on someone else's gas, I seriously hope that a lot more people will ponder this idea and begin to follow Mr. Hart's advice.

JOE MARSHALL, Buckingham, Va.

Leatherneck Favorite



"I wonder, Corporal—would it be proper could I ask the ol' Sarge for a date . . . ?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE BOOTH

EDITOR: May I congratulate you on bringing the cartoon genius of George Booth (Sept. 1st) to the attention of the American people. He has long been the favorite cartoonist of the Marine Corps, and I'm sure the general public will enjoy him as much as we do.

I hope that we can now look forward to seeing his cartoons appear regularly in Collier's as well as the Leatherneck.

SGT. ROBERT PEPPER, Naples, Italy

There will be more of Booth's cartoons in future issues of Collier's.

Political Illumination

EDITOR: I just can't resist any longer telling you that your various articles and editorials concerning the political mess in Washington are a great service.

If we could only find some means of conveying your message to the millions of non-readers of such magazines as Collier's, then the fight would be made so much easier.

Keep it up!

J. H. WILSON, Williamson, W. Va.

Berenstain Fan

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's again on being the first to give full scope to the wonderful cartoonists, Stanley and Janice

(Continued on page 10)

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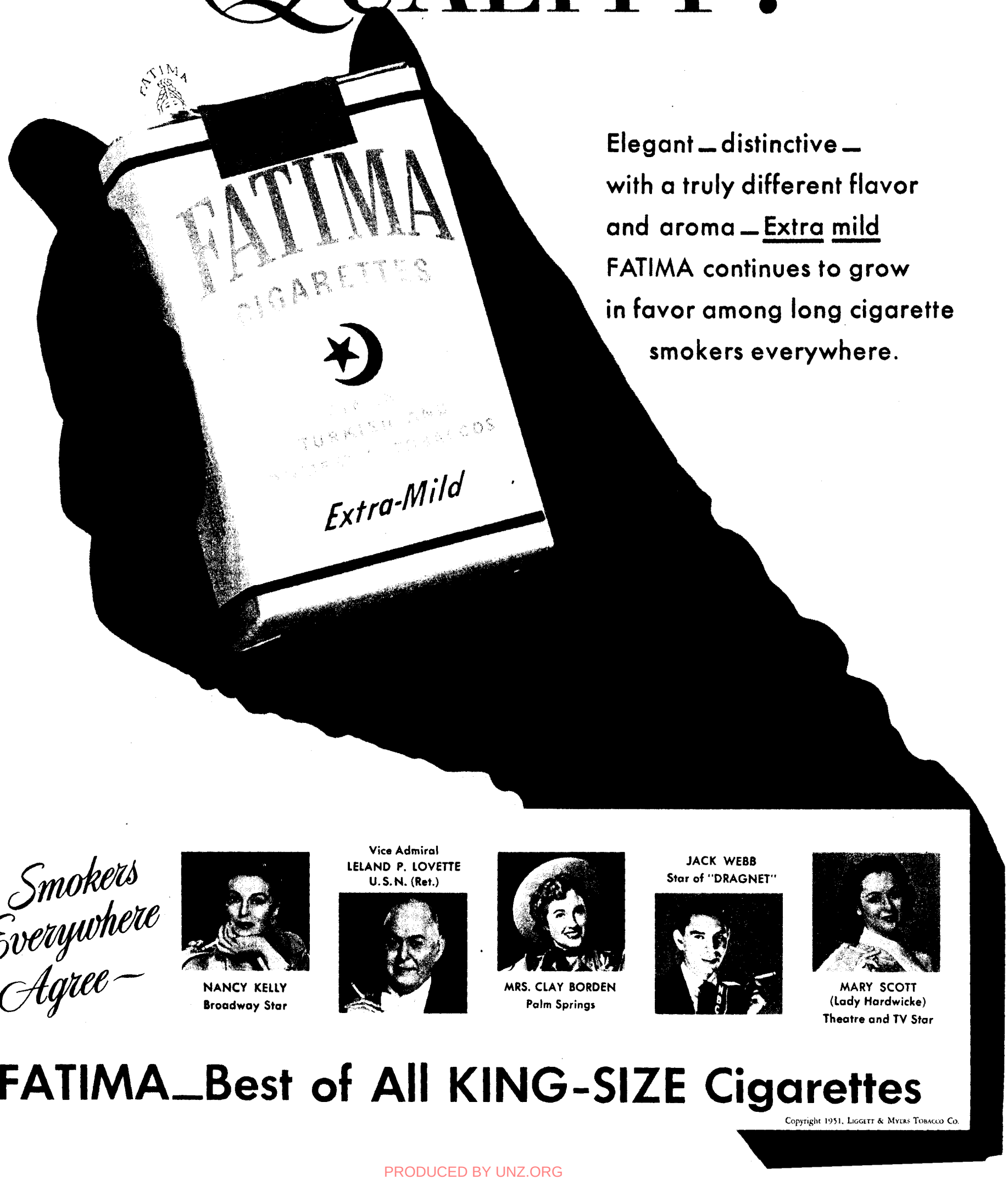
In FATIMA *the Difference is* QUALITY!



Elegant — distinctive —
with a truly different flavor
and aroma — Extra mild
FATIMA continues to grow
in favor among long cigarette
smokers everywhere.

Smokers Everywhere Agree—

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Star of "DRAGNET"

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oh-oh! DRY SCALP!

GOSH! HOW CAN A MAN WITH SUCH GOOD LOOKS LET DRY SCALP SPOIL IT ALL!— THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT — HE NEEDS 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC!
Oooo

NOW NED KNOWS

Now see the difference! When you check Dry Scalp, you keep hair neat and handsome-looking . . . relieve itchy scalp and loose dandruff. You get all these benefits with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic because it supplements natural scalp oils . . . gives double care to scalp *and* hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it! (It's economical, too.)

Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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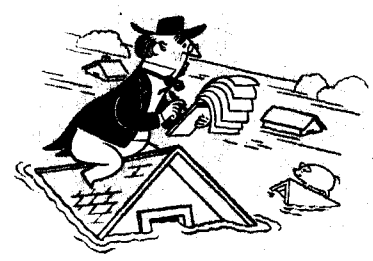
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

No answer has been received by Mr. Ed Bankside, of Manhattan, Kansas, from President Truman. Mr. Bankside wrote to Mr. Truman asking merely that the government cease making flood-control surveys of the Kaw River. "Surveys, surveys, always surveys," wrote Mr. Bankside. "The



surveys are always interrupted by floods. After each flood the engineers decide the survey they were making was wrong, so they start making another survey which always gets washed out by a flood. We do not object to surveys, but floods are inconvenient. Please do something about the floods and then survey to your heart's content."

★ ★ ★

The social mores of today were getting quite a going over in her living room, Mrs. Sally Burthenot reports. Mrs. Burthenot lives in Moscow, Idaho, and says that you'd be surprised to know how many tourists stop in that town to ask where the Kremlin is. Anyway, the discussion finally got around to whether it was easier to kiss girls in the good old days than now. The final word was spoken by Mrs. Burthenot's grandfather, who had up to that moment been cynically silent. "Well," said the old boy, "maybe it was and maybe it wasn't, but me for one, I never heard of a horsehair sofa running off the road and wrapping itself around a telegraph pole."

★ ★ ★

Maybe you heard it. We didn't. But Mrs. Eden Gorough, of Carson City, Nevada, did and is ready to make sacrifices. A radio news announcer told Mrs. Gorough that an American regiment in Korea had sent a requisition to Washington for an electric generator and a typewriter. And from Washington the regiment got a candle and four pencils, the latter not even sharpened. Anyway, that's what Mrs. Gorough heard. This, therefore, is to notify the Pentagon that Mrs. Gorough is prepared to give the Army her beat-up portable typewriter, provided she gets an answer to her letter asking where to send it. Mrs. Gorough tells us: "It works pretty good, but it could stand a good cleaning."

★ ★ ★

Although a bit difficult, we are doing our best to conjure up a picture of Agriculture Secretary Charles F. Brannan wiping his chin as he rises from the dinner table and announcing that that was the finest woodchuck pot roast he has ever tasted. Or maybe it was armadillo sausage. Anyway, it wasn't one of those silly old beefsteaks or rib roasts we used to eat. In Mr. Brannan's Agriculture Department Yearbook quite a little space is devoted to telling us how truly delightful boiled moosehead, baked muskrat, fried crow, roast possum and grilled skunk are, if properly and patriotically prepared. We are asked by Mr. Jerry Hanger, of Hagerstown, Maryland, to imagine Mr. Brannan saying to Mrs. Brannan, "My dear, what about a few braces of stewed weasels tomorrow night? The President will be here for dinner, you know." And Mrs. Brannan replying: "Charlie, you know perfectly well we're having a lovely prairie dog fricassee. Did you call the White House and ask whether Mr. Truman prefers it with thyme or bay leaf?"

★ ★ ★

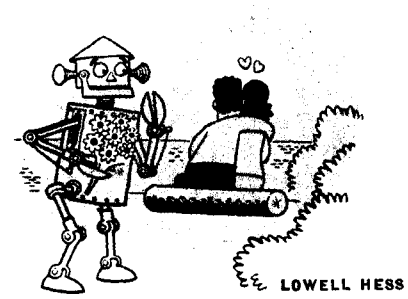
Charlie MacOlen's mother writes from Richmond, Virginia, that the doctors have successfully recovered 35 cents from Charlie's nine-year-old stomach. Charlie swallowed the money while on his way to the grocery store. Mrs. MacOlen doesn't say what he was commissioned to buy, but she adds, "He probably got as much nourishment out of that quarter and dime as he would have out of all the food 35 cents would manage to buy today."

★ ★ ★

Don't know what Mr. Loap Trimble thinks we can do about it, but he assures us that the current governor of Alabama, the Honorable Gordon Persons, is the "littlest-speaking governor we've had in forty year." Mr. Trimble says that Governor Persons turns down more "invites to speaking meetings" than any politician in the state's history. "He's a fine governor," says Mr. Trimble, "but there ain't no call for a man to say he ain't got nothing to say. What kind of excuse is that?" We were about to write Mr. Trimble suggesting that things sure have changed a lot, but we found another letter from Royal McClelland, of Springfield, Illinois, who tells us of a governor who, toward the end of a 45-minute oration, said: "And, friends, I'm speaking for posterity." Whereupon a man in the audience replied: "Yeah, and you better hurry or they'll hear you."

★ ★ ★

Miss Emily Teters went to a Women Volunteers meeting in Portland, Oregon, to hear a talk by Lieutenant Colonel Robert B. Gnagey, inspector for the 25th Air Defense Division. She heard the colonel say, "There are times when the human being cannot be



replaced by any machine yet devised." Miss Teters reported this to us at once, adding: "It seems the Creator still has a little edge on the field; although, according to the colonel, it isn't much."

★ ★ ★

Just a minute. Another batch of mail. Well, well, what do you know? Pappy O'Daniel is "toying with the idea of running for President." Remember Pappy? Used to be governor of Texas and got himself elected to the United States Senate. He's thinking of entering the Oregon Presidential primary next May. As a Democrat,

(Continued on page 10)

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We prove it!

A tire can be built for mileage alone, or for safety, or for traction—but a Goodyear tire combines more of each of these qualities than any other tire. On roads such as this one in Arizona, we prove time and again that for all-around performance the Super-Cushion has no equal.

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You want tires that provide quick stop-and-go; tires that are better in *every* way. Goodyears are! Car makers test-drive cars on roads such as this one in New Mexico. These experts, who really know tires, use more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other tire.

YOU prove it, too!

Find from your own driving experience, too, that for a soft ride, for long mileage and safety, the Goodyear Super-Cushion is in a class by itself. For 36 years it has been true that more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. (Above: The Pentagon in Arlington, Virginia.)

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

Super Cushion by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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But Nobody Sits With The Sitter!
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY? BECAUSE YOU OUGHT TO GO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH! MY MOMMY SAYS SO!
OH NO, PATTY! YOU CAN'T BE RIGHT! BUT I'LL FIND OUT!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BRINGS OUT THE NATURAL SPARKLE OF YOUR TEETH, TOO! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
NOW I HAVE A SITTER, TOO, WHICH SHOWS WHAT COLGATE CARE CAN DO!

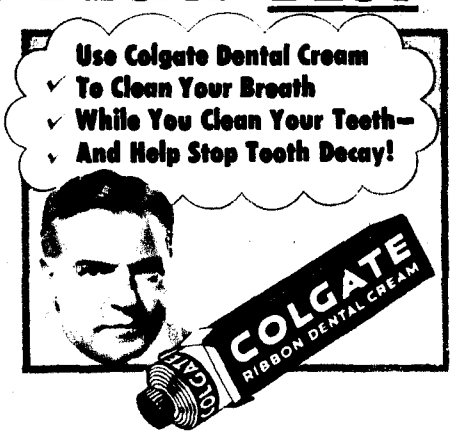
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Berenstain, through the prominence their work has received illustrating your covers and creating "Sister." I understand they are to have a book of cartoons on bringing up children published in October.

Congratulations to you and to them.

ANN PERKINS, Concord, Mass.

The Berenstain Baby Book has just been published by Macmillan.

M-What?

EDITOR: In reference to the Color Camera story, Inspection Arms (Sept. 8th) I would like to comment on one of the illustrations.

You show a photo of Mr. William Van Atten firing what you classify as an M1. Although the term M1 usually identifies the U.S. Rifle, Cal. 30, M1, and the weapon shown is definitely a carbine, you could still be considered correct if this is the M1 carbine. However, unless I am sadly mistaken Mr. Van Atten is manhandling an M2. Keerect? JACK GELLICK, Grand Haven, Mich.

If reader Gellick is correct, it's one on the people in the Defense Department who okayed our photographs, captions and copy for Inspection Arms.

More Appreciation

EDITOR: May I tell how glad I am you are publishing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life.

I had the privilege of working with Mr. Hoover's unit under the Near East Relief in Erivan, south Russia, and the Caucasus. Being a nurse I saw the great need and how well it was met. ELIZABETH A. BURY, R.N.
Pawtucket, R. I.

. . . As a teacher and student of history, I wish to indicate my appreciation of the Hoover Memoirs. The student of history should feel indebted to Collier's for the publication of these valuable contributions to the story of World War I and the postwar era. They give thoughtful Americans a picture of distinguished statesmanship in a critical period of world history.

C. HERBERT LAUB, University of Tampa, Tampa, Fla.

Collier's Covers the Army

EDITOR: On page 15 of your issue of August 18th there is a picture of a man tossing a grenade. Could you tell me when the Army started wearing helmet covers? The Marine Corps is the only one which issued the camouflage helmet cover. Or does the Army issue it now?

So far as I know, the man is a Marine. Please don't get us mixed with the Army.

CPL. H. M. NELSON, USMC, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Cal.

It is indeed a Marine in the picture. The error goes back to the Pentagon Building, for the caption on its original photograph identifies the man as a member of the 27th Infantry Regiment. Incidentally, we might as well confess that we got a Marine into a Color Camera feature on the Rangers (August 25th).

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

his only opponent probably will be a fellow named Truman. As a candidate for the White House he will, of course, amend his old Texas battle cry: "Pass the Biscuits, Pappy," substituting "Roast Beef" for "Biscuits." Mr. Coley Smith, of Fort Worth, our informant, says that Pappy's present plan, if nominated, is to campaign with six chefs instead of a hillbilly band. At the proper moment, when the audience has been reduced to a slavering mob, Pappy will yell: "Come and get it," and large roast-beef sandwiches will be served to all. If we were Mr. Truman, we'd begin thinking.

★ ★ ★

And we find ourself in complete agreement with Major Cassius Corcorane, AUS, Ret. The major says that only a woman can get excited about a pair of empty nylons.

★ ★ ★

Mr. O. B. Jones, of Detroit, Michigan, would like to give away a college, but, as we go to press, is having a little trouble finding a taker. Mr. Jones has been proprietor of an institution of learning, the Detroit College of Applied Science, for 25 years—and president, too. He'd like to retire. Nobody seems to want a college, so Mr. Jones has applied to the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission for the right to transfer his college's funds from his personal account to a proposed nonprofit setup of which he'd be chairman of the board. We will not belabor you with further details. But any Old Grad who, in his student days, was pretty sure he could run the joint better than the guys who were doing it now has a chance to prove it. No football problems. (No team.) No gamblers lousing up the campus. (No campus.) Just a college looking for a new prexy.

★ ★ ★

It always happens. Just about the time we're convinced we've heard about the new all-time low in racketeering, somebody pops up to prove we were wrong. Comes now an evil-smelling outfit in Minnesota which sends letters to families which have lost men in Korea—sons, husbands, fathers killed in action. The letter says that if the recipient will send 75 cents, the writer will send newspaper clippings about the deceased. The clippings turn out to be reproduced pictures of the dead soldier, usually pictures supplied by the soldier's family to local newspapers. Sometimes they're merely group pictures—graduating classes, clubs and so on. And usually there are a few words about him in the caption. Nothing, alas, illegal about it. You send 75 cents and they send you a clipping or two. We pause to wonder what a guy who runs a racket like that looks like.

★ ★ ★

Los Angeles County (California) traffic sign: "One hundred and sixty-seven persons died here last year from gas: 11 inhaled it, nine put a match to it, 147 stepped on it."

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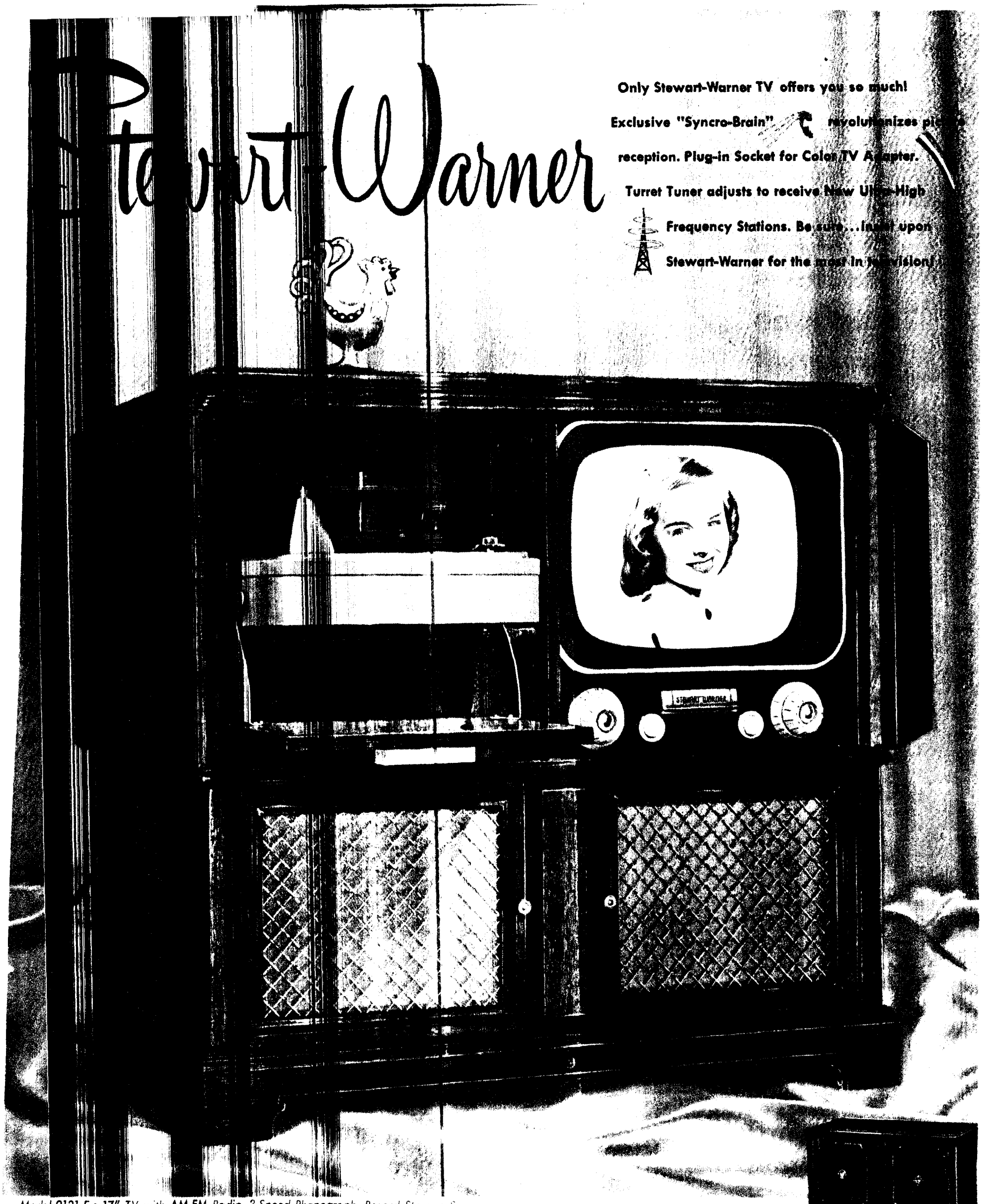
Stewart-Warner

Only Stewart-Warner TV offers you so much!

Exclusive "Syncro-Brain" revolutionizes picture reception. Plug-in Socket for Color TV Adapter.

Turret Tuner adjusts to receive New Ultra-High Frequency Stations. Be sure...insist upon Stewart-Warner for the most in television!



Model 9121-E • 17" TV with **AM-FM** *Radio,* 3-*Speed Phonograph, Record Storage Space*

An outstanding **new** group of Stewart-Warner **Table** Radios and **Console Combinations await your selection. For name of nearest Stewart-Warner Radio or Television Dealer, please write—**

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A MILESTONE IN 1851 100th ANNIVERSARY Great Lakes to the Sea 1951 AMERICAN HISTORY
Erie Railroad

Erie's Radio-Telephone System

now covers entire mainline

between New York and Chicago!

THINK HOW this modern communication system improves railroad performance, speeds up service and adds to Erie's fine record for safe, dependable transportation. For here's split-second communication between caboose and diesel locomotive, or between wayside stations and moving trains or a combination of all together.

This is the first complete mainline radio-telephone installation on any American railroad and another of Erie's famous "firsts"! This improvement is typical of Erie's progressive railroading—building a better railroad for the safe, dependable transportation of passengers and freight.

Erie's newly completed system makes the railroad more than ever ready to serve our country well in peace or war.

Erie Railroad

...Mark of PROGRESS in Railroading

ERIE

What Do You Mean, You Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Night?

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

I AM preparing a correspondence course designed to teach people to stop exaggerating, and if you wonder why I'm doing this, I'll tell you. I'm tired of exaggerations.

Some time ago my wife announced there were 10,000 flies in the kitchen and would I please bug-bomb them.

"Ten thousand flies?" I repeated. Receiving no reply, I climbed out of my chair and sprayed the kitchen with DDT, making sure I got some on the bowl of persimmons so I could throw them out. A few minutes later, I counted the dead insects and reported to my wife that there had been exactly 14 live flies in the kitchen.

"Is that so?" she murmured.

"You said there were 10,000," I reminded her.

"Well, it seemed like it," she said, turning to Chapter XI of The Lukewarm Corpse, by a Mr. Lariar.

"How could 14 flies seem like 10,000?" I demanded.

She put down the book. "What's the matter with you?" she inquired. "For a dog's age I've asked you to get rid of those flies. Why the big hassel about it?"

I thought: *A dog's age indeed; approximately 12 years!*

"Well, I—oh, never mind," I said, and went into the library to write the first lesson of my Unexaggeration Course—A Must for Practically Everybody.

This project has been so much on my mind ever since then that most of my domestic and business encounters have been a bit strained.

A couple of days ago I did a slight favor for my son and he said, "Thanks a million, Daddy."

"You're welcome, Bud," I said, "but one thank-you would have been sufficient. If you were to thank me a million times at even the leisurely rate of three thanks per second, it would take you nearly four days and nights to do it. I figured it out."

My son said, "Uh-*HUH*" and picked up a comic book.

"The point is," I went on, trying to engage his attention, "I wish you would stop exaggerating so much."

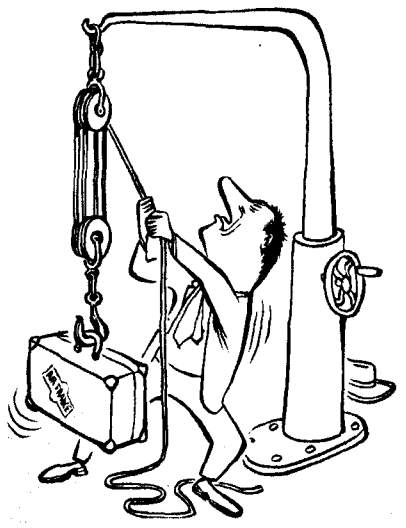
"Okay," he said. "And thanks again a million for fixing my bike."

The other morning at the office I ran into Charlie Munson while he was giving the water cooler a real workout.

"Bad night?" I offered.

VIRGIL PARTCH

"There were just 14 flies," I said



How could a suitcase weigh a ton?

"Louise and I celebrated a wedding anniversary," he told me morosely. "Our tenth. Started out at a little place on Fifty-second Street, and after we had several thousand drinks—"

"Wait a minute, Charlie," I cut in. "You couldn't have had that many unless you were entertaining a couple of hundred guests."

"Uh—no, we were by ourselves," Charlie said, staring vaguely at me. "Then we wound up at the Club Nightmare on Fifty-sixth Street. The floor show was out of this world."

"If it was out of this world," I queried, "how could you have seen it?"

Charlie crumpled his paper cup and dropped it into the basket. "Sorry, old man," he said, "but I better get back to work. Got a million things to do."

I watched Charlie intently the whole day and, by actual count, he didn't do more than 89 things. I must remember to hand him one of my brochures as soon as they come from the printer.

Tom Wentworth ought to get one, too. At the station recently we were discussing his car and he told me it had cost a fortune for an overhaul.

"What do you mean by a fortune?" I asked him.

"Well," he answered, "the bill was $159."

"You call $159 a fortune?" I pressed. "Why, I pay about that much for meat and groceries every month, and I don't consider I go through 12 fortunes a year."

Tom looked down the track. "Here's the old eight eight," he announced.

Even that was an exaggeration. The train was a good half mile away.

I won't go into the contents of the 12 lessons comprising the unexaggeration instructions, but I do promise you they will cover all phases of overstatement and that upon graduation you will no longer say you're "half dead" when you're only bushed; that a bed is as "hard as a rock" when it couldn't possibly be; that you worked "for hours" on a problem you solved in 17 minutes, that a packed suitcase "weighed a ton" (actually 38 pounds), or that a loud noise made you "jump 10 feet straight up" when you couldn't possibly do this without a vaulter's pole.

Anyhow, the course ought to net me a zillion bucks. THE END

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RCA VICTOR television

brings you the strong, clear picture you knew would come...

Super Sets with "Picture Power"—designed for even the most difficult reception areas

17-inch RCA Victor Hampton—PICTURE POWER SUPER-SET in the more and more popular consolette style. Has the famous "Golden Throat" tone system, phono-jack for record changer like the "Victrola" 45 Attachment. Walnut, mahogany or limed oak finish. Model 17T160. $329.50.

How far from the sending station can you live—how blocked in by city buildings can you be—and still get the picture quality you want? No matter what reception area you live in, you'll get a *better* picture from RCA Victor's new super-sets with Picture Power.

Super-engineered! Super-sets outdistance—literally outperform any other set in RCA Victor history! A new electronic supercharger acts *automatically* to compensate for distance, to reduce interference.

Field tested! Tests in the toughest reception areas *prove the superiority* of RCA Victor's newly engineered balance of picture and sound.

Home tested! Super-sets have RCA Victor's Million Proof quality—tested and proven in millions of homes. They can easily be converted to UHF.

Fashion tested! The cabinet styles *you've* selected as most popular—Modern, Traditional, Regency, Provincial. Choice of finishes, no extra charge for luxurious mahogany.

Now—with Picture Power—the choice is clearer than ever! See your RCA Victor dealer—today.

When you buy RCA Victor Television—with RCA Factory Service—you get television's greatest combination. For the best in television service, buy one of RCA Service Company's budget-priced protection plans. The cost . . . as little as $5 for a year's protection on your RCA Victor picture tube.

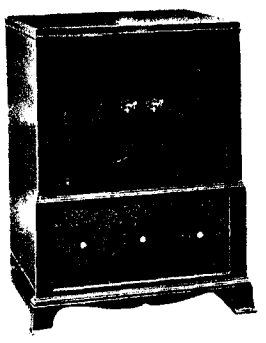
Tune in the Phil Harris Show, Sundays at 8 p.m. New York time, on NBC radio

Special offer on RCA Victor "45"

Pay just $12.95, the regular price, for the "Victrola" 45 Attachment that can play through any radio, phonograph or TV set . . . get, *at no extra cost*, over $6 worth of RCA Victor 45 rpm albums!

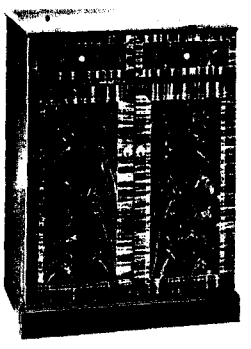
Offer also applies to other RCA Victor "45" instruments.
Good only in continental U. S. where local laws do not restrict.

"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

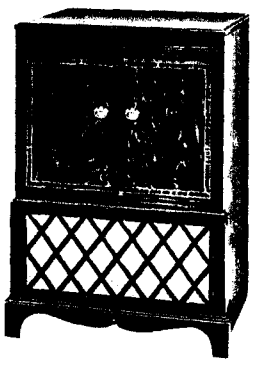


***17-inch Fairfield.** America's fastest-selling console, now costs less than ever. Model 7T122, was $389.50. Now only $299.95.

Spectacular Savings on many RCA Victor MILLION PROOF models!
Limited time—See your dealer now!



***17-inch Regency.** Dignified Traditional styling at a price you can afford. Model 7T123, was $415.00. Now only $329.95.



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***Set is available with "Power-Plus" Chassis for peak reception in weak signal areas at additional cost of only $30. See your dealer for details.**

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WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . .
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . .
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THE GENERAL *Winter-Cleat*

320 TOUGH RUBBER CLEATS GRIP IN SNOW · SLUSH · MUD

No other tire takes the worry and inconvenience out of winter driving like the General Winter-Cleat.

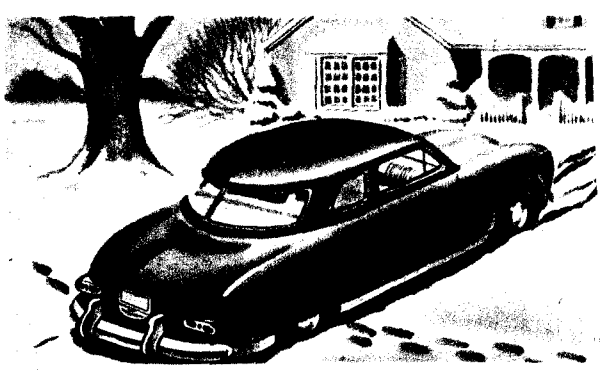
The patented tread is *deep-cleated* with husky blocks of tough rubber that bite and grip in every direction.

A pair on your rear wheels makes you the master of all you dread most about Winter driving.

Reserve a Pair for Your Rear wheels . . . *Now!*

Don't wait for the first storm to bog you down. See your General Tire Dealer now. He will reserve a pair in the proper size.

SLUSHY, ICY GUTTERS—With Winter-Cleats you pull away, easily from ice-rutted curbs.



INCLINED DRIVEWAYS—No slip, no spin. No need to spread unsightly ashes or salt.

UNIMPROVED ROADS—Winter-Cleats are deep cleated to GRIP hard in mud and mire.

THE GENERAL TIRE

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STAN CALDERWOOD

As Mr. Finder's guest, General Eisenhower rode with the author en route to appear as main speaker at a Manchester, N.H., public forum

WHY IKE WILL RUN

Circumstances have affected his attitude toward nomination, states a friend. Today the general would probably accept a G.O.P. bid—but conceivably even a Democratic one

By LEONARD V. FINDER

On January 22, 1948, General Eisenhower wrote a letter to Leonard V. Finder, then publisher of the Manchester (New Hampshire) Evening Leader, revealing for the first time that he was not available for the Presidential nomination. That ended it for '48. But their friendship has enabled Mr. Finder to continue his efforts since to convince the general that duty to the nation should make him willing to serve in the White House. The author now believes Ike will accept in '52, and his accompanying article is a penetrating personal analysis of the reasons why. A forty-one-year-old native of Chicago, now living in Manchester, Mr. Finder has been a lawyer, journalist and businessman. Politically, he identifies himself as an independent. His friendship with the general dates back to October, 1947, when Ike was his guest at a forum sponsored by the Evening Leader

A SENATE committee, returning late this past summer from a study of the progress of Allied defenses in Europe, was met by the usual inquiring reporters. When Senator John J. Sparkman, Alabama Democrat, spoke up, he stated his belief that operations should have advanced sufficiently by next spring for General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower to be available for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He explained that this was a personal opinion, politics not having been discussed with the general.

Senator H. Alexander Smith, New Jersey Republican, a member of the same group, declared that he thinks Ike might become available for the Republican nomination next spring. He likewise explained that this was an individual view only, and that there is not "an ambitious hair" on General Eisenhower's head so far as political aspirations are concerned.

A third member of this delegation, Senator Owen Brewster, Maine Republican, announced his view that the general will not be available politically at all in 1952. Senator Brewster is known to be a fervent backer of Senator Robert A. Taft as the Republican nominee.

During July, at least three national magazines (including Collier's) featured the general's picture on their front covers. And practically every columnist and commentator discussing the political scene has added to the speculation about Ike's attitude toward the 1952 Presidential race.

These examples illustrate both the uncertainty and the widespread interest in the general's plans. Each of the senators was indicating wishfully what he hoped the soldier-statesman's decision might be.

Speculation about Ike's intentions has become the national pastime. Except that no professional gamblers are involved, it is America's favorite guessing game. It competes even with the weather and Saturday's football scores as a subject for would-be prophets.

General Eisenhower is the outstanding political phenomenon of our times. No one seems to know definitely his party affiliation or preference. In 1948, when both major parties raced to make him their candidate and he could have had America's foremost office merely by remaining silent, he repeatedly turned down all overtures in words of historical eloquence. His present silence theoretically

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should be a further rebuff to all who look to him for political leadership. And yet, he remains the Presidential hope of more Americans, regardless of party lines, than any other figure on the contemporary scene.

What General Eisenhower will do in 1952 is a matter of keenest world interest. It is of as much concern to the Kremlin as it is to ambitious candidates worried about the effect of his decision on their personal hopes.

Can he be persuaded to accept the nomination or—because of his repugnance for politics and the belief that he is more essential in the military field—will he continue adamant in the face of the public's demand? If he should succumb to this popular pressure, on what ticket would he run? And in the event he so modifies his stand, will he undertake an active campaign for the nomination?

Despite all the aura of uncertainty, these questions can be answered. Some of the sought information is available to any person who studies General Eisenhower's character. Other parts I believe I can answer without violating his friendship and confidence.

Our friendship began as the result of a meeting in 1947, when General Eisenhower opened a community forum I was sponsoring as publisher of the Manchester (New Hampshire) Evening Leader. It was also the occasion for a revealing incident. In introducing the distinguished guest to the audience of 3,500, I admonished that as a matter of courtesy we should refrain from political questions.

"Let it suffice for the moment," I said deliberately, "for us to know that our speaker tonight is the next president—"

Although some reaction had been anticipated, several moments passed before the spontaneous demonstration could be quieted. I concluded, "As I was saying, that our speaker is to be the next president . . . of Columbia University."

From the outset, General Eisenhower has made emphatically clear his dislike for political involvement. He has protested that his background is military, that there are plenty of persons eager for election who have made careers of politics.

His sending me his famous letter of January 22, 1948, publicizing his determination not to be a candidate, naturally brought us closer together. The deluge of thousands of letters from impassioned citizens protesting his decision made me automatically their spokesman on this one subject. Even though I always advocated a course contrary to his own inclinations, General Eisenhower's patience prevented any marring of our pleasant relationship.

He agreed long ago that I could make three statements relative to his position: that we had met and discussed the matter; that he prefers to abide by the contents of his letter to me; and, since it remained my personal conviction following these meetings, that he could be drafted. This is the first time I am availing myself of that agreement.

Again, here is no contradiction in terms. Ike does not want to be President, but he will not dictate what anybody else should think or do. When I warned that I would do my best to develop draft sentiment to frustrate his decision, he only warned smilingly, "Remember Don Quixote, and don't let yourself get hurt by the windmills."

My reason for breaking my own silence regarding these details is that I believe American citizens have the right to know—in so far as anyone has the ability to tell them—what General Eisenhower's views are. Only an informed electorate can act intelligently. The proper functioning of democracy depends on an informed public.

His supporters have maintained faith blindly for four troubled years, but now it is their prerogative to know whether they have followed a futile quest and must make some other choice, or whether they can achieve their political dream.

General Eisenhower's position of delicate trust as top man in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization makes any new statement by him now an impossibility. I, therefore, on my own initiative and without pretense of any special authorization, am trying to fill the gap to the extent that can be done without violation of confidence and friendship.

Even if the 1948 race is now ancient political history, some previously undisclosed aspects serve as background against which the general's present position becomes unambiguously clear. His current thinking is the product of circumstances and his

THESE LEADERS HAV

Gov. THOMAS E. DEWEY

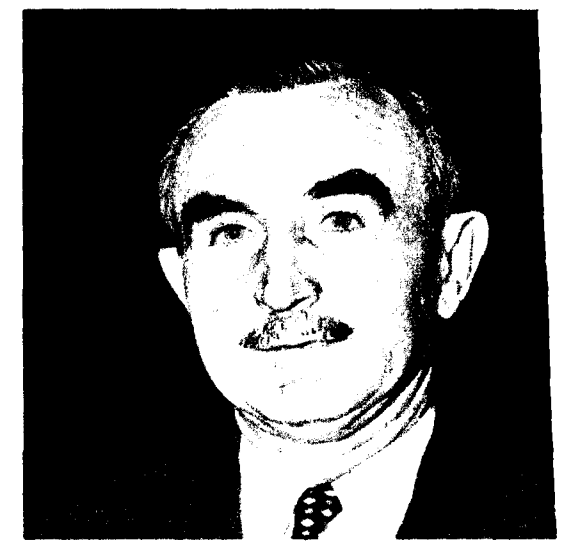
N.Y.–R.: *I am unqualifiedly for General Eisenhower and I believe he will be nominated and elected*

Sen. JAMES H. DUFF

Pa.–R.: *With the confused state of public thinkin . . . (Ike) is the one man who could . . . bring unit*

Sen. PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Ill.–D.: *If (Truman) does not choose to run, (Ike) would be the best candidate for the American people*



Sen. WAYNE MORSE

Ore.–R.: *(Ike) offers . . . our greatest hopes for effective leadership in the critical years ahead*

Gov. DOUGLAS McKAY

Ore.–R.: *I am an Eisenhower man (and I predict the general will) sweep the state of Oregon*

Gov. EDWARD F. ARN

Kan.–R.: *We must admit (General Eisenhower) would be the easiest man (for the G.O.P.) to elect*

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ECLARED FOR IKE

Sen. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL

Mass.–R.: *Eisenhower would be the best man the Republican party can nominate . . . He can be elected*

Rep. HUGH D. SCOTT, JR.

Pa.–R.: *I am for Eisenhower because I believe his leadership would best assure our national security*

Sen. FRANK CARLSON

Kan.–R.: *We need a man of (Ike's) training and experience to re-establish faith . . . in our government*

Sen. HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

Mass.–R.: *(The general) has a philosophy of government well suited to the needs of the nation*

Sen. IRVING M. IVES

N.Y.–R.: *(Ike) meets the exacting . . . requirements . . . demanded of our chief executive at this . . . time*

Gov. VAL PETERSON

Neb.–R.: *I want a winner . . . (but Eisenhower's) got to get out and fight for (the Republican) nomination*

character. Of these factors, the former are subject to analysis, and the latter is a known constant.

As the first state to select delegates to the national conventions, New Hampshire had passing significance in the early stages of the 1948 contest. Simultaneously with the endorsement of Ike for President by my paper, a number of prominent Republicans announced their candidacies as delegates pledged to him. As a matter of courtesy, I wrote a letter reporting these developments to the general.

His historic letter to me, released by Army public relations at his request, followed. In phrases of magnificent idealism, he wrote: "It is my conviction that the necessary and wise subordination of the military to civil power will be best sustained, and our people will have greater confidence that it is so sustained, when lifelong professional soldiers, in the absence of some obvious and overriding reason, abstain from seeking high political office." His conclusion was: "I could not accept nomination even under the remote circumstance that it were tendered me."

He was aware of the various subsequent attempts to read secret meanings into his words. The "could" in his concluding sentence, for example, was seized upon by some as providing an avenue of escape. They argued that the word lacked finality. Ike's private explanation, underlining his sincere purpose, was that he had wanted to make the letter as strong as possible.

"I discussed it with the men in my office," he said. "They debated at length over the relative merits of 'could' as against 'would.' Finally, one man said, 'Which is more positive—if I were to say, "I could not lie down on that couch" or that "I would not lie down?"' That settled it for us, even though grammarians and politicians might debate it forever."

His inclinations, however, could not stifle the persistent demand. On another occasion, I related to General Eisenhower how, in the course of a few days, many prominent persons—including David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, A. A. Berle, Jr., former Assistant Secretary of State, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.—had called on me regarding his availability. Mention was made of the steady influx of letters pleading for his political draft.

General Eisenhower admitted his awareness of and disturbance by this continuing sentiment. At this, I offered to desist from my efforts should they be proving too embarrassing to him.

Replying thoughtfully, he said with deep humility, "What troubles me most is that when the American people idealize a man, they attribute to him virtues which, if that man is honest, he knows in his heart he does not possess. It is the difference between what they think is there and what I know that is so disturbing."

But even he had to concede that although a man might lack some of the attributes of greatness, he can have them bestowed upon him through the confidence of the people and the consequent ability to unite them and inspire them with hope. Because of his troubled sense of conscience and his unwillingness to dictate another person's conduct, General Eisenhower did not accept my offer to desist from advocating—against his personal convictions—his draft as Presidential nominee.

In June, 1948, I was asked by Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York (this being prior to the time when President Truman rewarded him with the ambassadorship to Mexico) to present the general with the request that he receive unofficially a Democratic delegation. The impression was that the group might include such persons as Mr. O'Dwyer, James Roosevelt, Senator Lister Hill of Alabama, or other prominent Democrats of similar views.

The general declined. He sensed that a meeting of this type might be misconstrued as political acquiescence on his own part, even if he did no more than listen. I thereupon explained that this informal committee likely had intended only to tell him that he would receive the Democratic nomination, in order that he should not be taken by surprise when that occurred. With the Dixiecrat revolt, and such regular Democrats as Chester Bowles in Connecticut, James Roosevelt and Helen G. Douglas in California, and Jack Arvey and Adlai Stevenson in Illinois, all actively predisposed toward him, most of the first states on the alphabetical roll call were *(Continued on page 75)*

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CINDERELLA from Cedar Rapids

By BEN HECHT

A Broadway fairy tale about a lonely Cinderella who lived in a dream that—in a way she could never have predicted—came true

IN THIRTY minutes the plane would be landing in New York. Emily Anderson looked miserably out of the window. She was a pretty woman of about thirty.

Hoping her misery did not show in her eyes, Mrs. Anderson looked at her husband. He was sitting across the aisle with the vice-president from the Cedar Rapids bank, Mr. Freylinghousen. As usual, her husband, Tom, was doing the listening and smiling.

Other people always did the talking with Tom, and not because Tom had less to say. He had a talent for making people feel relaxed and comfortable, just by looking at them. He had the same talent with the cows, pigs and horses on their farm in Iowa.

After three years of marriage, Mrs. Anderson still loved him—at the moment, nervously and miserably. He was tall and homely and had squinty eyes that twinkled. You couldn't, thought Mrs. Anderson, find a stronger, gentler, more understanding male in Christendom than Tom Anderson. But, still, she was frightened. She watched his good-humored smile as he listened to the idiotic banker. That was Tom's remarkable social trick—everybody felt he was either a poet or a philosopher when he talked to Tom. She knew from the look on Freylinghousen's usually stolid face that he was telling Tom about his boyhood days on the Mississippi and how he used to build rafts and go floating on them.

Tom turned around and looked at her. It was always the same look, as if he were surprised to see anybody as beautiful and charming as Emily belonging to him. And he *was* surprised, Mrs. Anderson thought. After three years of marriage, he was still tender-spoken and beaming, as if she were a great prize he had won. He was always winning prizes for the best steers and sows and horses. Their living room at the farm looked like a notions store, there were so many county-fair and state-fair trophies standing around. She, of course, was the main trophy.

Mrs. Anderson considered this a mean, small thought and discarded it. Having returned her husband's squinty smile with her usual radiant expression, she wished that their plane, now twenty minutes away from the horrible city of New York, would solve her problem—not by crashing and killing all its passengers, but by some minor misadventure that might result in a broken leg or a mild concussion. She thought how pleasantly and neatly her dilemma would disappear if she were tucked away in a hospital during their scheduled five-day stay in New York. The thought of her problem, now looming larger every minute, made Mrs. Anderson's heart race and her face flush. It was the only sort of problem imaginable that you couldn't bring to Tom Anderson and have him grin it out of existence. It was like robbing him of all his trophies.

Eight years ago, at the age of twenty-two, Mrs. Anderson, as Emily Hobbs, had come to New York from Cedar Rapids. She had lived in New York for four years and tried to become an actress, a career for which her parents, grandparents, minor relatives and several university professors had considered her perfectly equipped. She had beauty, ambition and talent. She was gentle, witty and of sturdy lineage.

In New York, she worked as a clerk in a Fifth Avenue store, as a part-time model in the garment industry, and as a student in the evening acting class run by an ex-leading lady in a black wig.

During the four years, Emily Hobbs had never stopped making the theatrical rounds. She had even acquired an agent, a talkative but ineffectual young man named Bloom who seemed to have his office in a drugstore.

The theater has a way of scorning Cinderellas. Nobody had wanted Emily Hobbs as an actress, and she had spent her long time in New York as on the steps of a building she had never entered. She had known only defeat and loneliness, made no friends, shied at love affairs, and kept herself neat.

BUT, sitting in her bedroom at night, exiled from the glamor and success of which she had dreamed, Emily Hobbs had invented quite another character for the benefit of Cedar Rapids. She had created this character casually, little lie by little lie, in the scores of letters to her parents, grandparents, minor relatives, and Tom Anderson.

It was easy to write that you had actually met the celebrities you read about in the columns, easy to describe the playwrights and producers who said, "I don't think you're quite right for the part, Miss Hobbs," as admiring social intimates.

Less casual and more difficult lies had followed. You couldn't know so many successful people in the theater, have dinner and dance and exchange epigrams with them, without achieving some success of your own. Emily Hobbs, exhausted by her day's clerking or modeling and her futile visits to the Broadway bastions, achieved her success in her lonely room, on paper.

She wrote of "tryouts" and "stock engagements" and "movie offers", but with modesty. Everyone was nice to her—producers, playwrights, and even the stars. But people being nice to you, even if *(Continued on page 47)*

Emily entered the lobby, looked around and turned white. The dreaded thing had happened. Three of her major lies were standing talking to her husband. "Emily," he called, beaming at her, "here we are"

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE

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Long ago the nation's 1,150-odd shoe manufacturers worked a miracle by making volume production of perfect-fit footwear an everyday thing.

America Walks in Comfort

By ROBERT FROMAN

All the world admires the quality shoes we wear. Last year the industry mass-produced nearly 491,000,000 pairs in an extraordinary variety of sizes and colors and materials

NOT long ago an Icelander named Johan K. Petursson strode into a Boston shoe store. He made quite an impression. In fact, several hours later the carpet still bore the marks of his steps. Petursson stands eight feet eight inches high and weighs 435 pounds.

The store manager gulped in amazement when he looked up from his desk to behold this apparition.

Petursson announced that he wanted a pair of shoes. The manager found his voice and gently referred the giant to an address on nearby Brookline Avenue.

It was the address of the National Shoe Foundation for Disabled Feet. Sponsored by the National Shoe Manufacturers Association, the foundation's primary purpose is to see to it that none of the estimated 1,000,000 Americans whose feet are outrageously outsize or who have been crippled by accidents or disease goes without well-fitted shoes. And the shoemakers sponsor it because it is a point of pride and faith with them that they can and must make shoes to fit the feet of every man, woman and child in the country—including even such visitors as Petursson.

Two weeks after his first visit to the foundation, he returned to pick up a pair of stylish black Oxfords, size 21½, about two and one half times as large as the average man's. It was quite an accomplishment, requiring the co-operation of half a dozen experts, to design and build shoes in this enormous size and to give them the balance and appearance of ordinary shoes.

But considering the endless variation in the size and shape of normal feet, this achievement was as nothing compared to the shoemakers' success in fitting most of the rest of us with mass-produced shoes. For a shoe is a complicated product which takes 150 or more operations in the making. Those operations vary for lefts and rights and through a range of dozens of sizes. And in each size the shoe must be accurate to within a small fraction of an

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Now most competition stems from styling, since low-priced quality and comfort are universal. Result: no other people step out so beautifully

inch at numerous points throughout its length and breadth, while allowance must be made for the "living" habits of the leather, which contracts or expands in response to heat and moisture.

Yet, last year the nation's 1,150-odd shoe manufacturers produced nearly 491,000,000 pairs—more than three pairs apiece for each of us—and sold them through some 20,000 shoe stores and 5,000 other outlets at prices averaging well under $10 per pair. Throughout much of the rest of the world, the fact that we can sell quality shoes at such low prices is one of the chief wonders of America. For, in many countries, a pair of shoes, often of dubious quality, costs the average man a week's wages or more.

To try to find out how U.S. shoemakers do it, I spent a month touring tanneries, factories and stores from New England to California. Two generations ago most of the industry centered in New England, but today it is spread out from coast to coast. There now are shoe factories in 37 states.

New England—principally Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine—still makes about one third of our total, chiefly those in the lower price range, plus some of the more expensive men's shoes. New York City specializes in women's high-fashion shoes and inexpensive children's shoes; upstate New York produces a large proportion of the nation's work shoes. From the Ohio Valley come many of the low-heeled, sensible women's shoes. Tennessee, Virginia and several other Southern states make vast quantities of inexpensive shoes. Chicago goes in especially for better men's shoes. Los Angeles makes casuals and sport shoes. And St. Louis, which has become one of the chief shoe-making centers, manufactures nearly every type.

In many branches of the industry, the factories produce not only in large quantity and at low prices, but also in thousands of different styles, some of which last for only a few weeks while an evanescent whim is on the public.

A little over a year ago, for instance, a maker of high-fashion women's shoes got the bright idea of putting a special type of velvet upper on his shoes to match the velvet trimmings which certain *couturiers* were featuring on dresses. His customers were enthralled. So were other women when they saw the shoes on fashion models.

In a flash, the fad spread across the country. Within a few weeks, shoe stores from Miami to Seattle were besieged by women demanding this particular style of velvet shoes. The retailers, in turn, clamored to the manufacturers.

The Fad Was Too Popular to Last

First to respond were the makers of expensive women's shoes, who can quickly retool their small factories for a new style. But these skimmed only the topmost layer of cream off the market. Scrambling frantically for supplies of velvet, several large mass producers of low-priced footwear cut new patterns, reorganized their production lines and, with the effect of a Mississippi bursting its dikes, sent forth floods of velvet shoes to fit the feet and bolster the style-conscious egos of all the colonel's ladies and Judy O'Gradys in the land. Whereupon, of course, the fad quickly dwindled away and shortly was replaced by another.

"You are incredible," a visiting European shoe manufacturer remarked to the head of a large U.S. shoe company anent this production of shoes in styles to suit fleeting fads. "You build huge factories. You organize them with extraordinary efficiency. You make magnificent shoes in vast quantities. And you unhesitatingly put all your resources at the command of caprice! It is as if some serious-minded giant were to stop in the midst of an exceedingly important undertaking to amuse a playful kitten."

Actually this doesn't apply to all U.S. shoemakers, some of whom specialize in a few permanently popular types, such as men's bluchers, Oxfords, and similar standard styles. But so intensely competitive is the business, with several hundred of the companies often finding themselves in or near the red at the end of the year, that few can afford to disregard the possibility that a sudden new fad may be their big opportunity. And all, whether giants or pygmies of the industry, are indeed "serious-minded."

They have to be, in dealing with something so complex and so momentous as the human foot and its comfort. It carries our weight, on the average, during 75 per cent of our waking hours. Even so sedentary a worker as a stenographer covers some six miles a day. A small boy will nearly triple that distance, and a farmer often quadruples it.

According to the *(Continued on page 50)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

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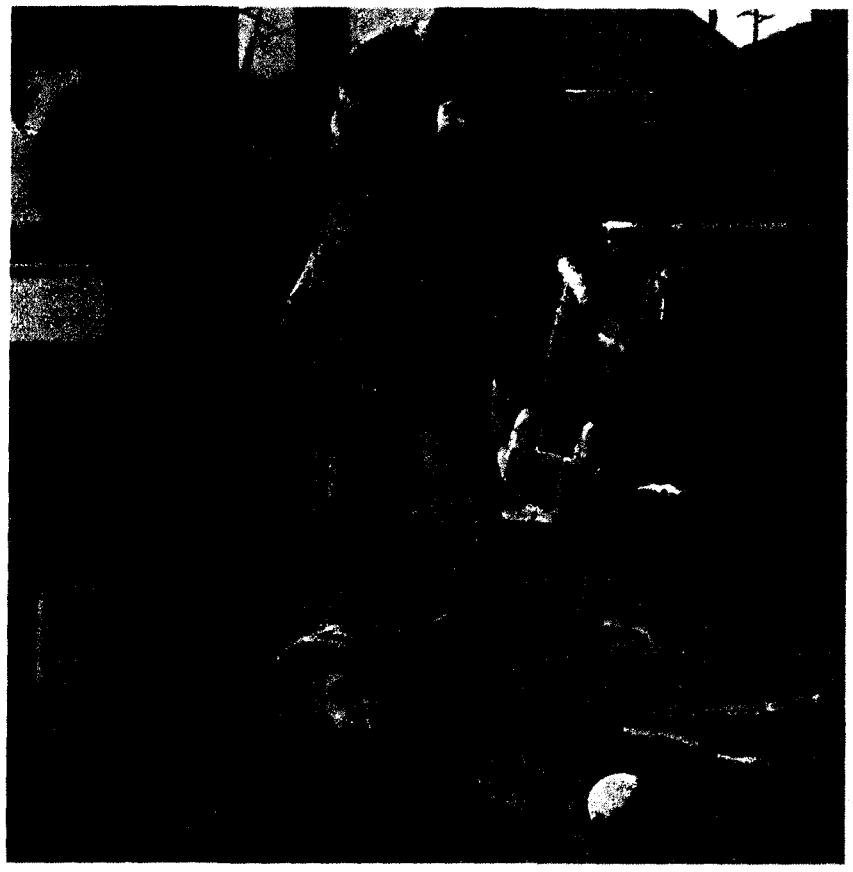

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Sudden Death for

American highway deaths in '51 will reach 40,000, and one of that number will be

In coming weeks, the United States will pass one of the most dreadful milestones in its history: the killing of the one-millionth American in a highway accident. In anticipation of the inevitable tragedy, Collier's asked J. C. Furnas—whose famous article, "—And Sudden Death," in 1935, first shocked the nation into facing up to the horror of traffic deaths—to visualize the events leading to the violent fate of that still-unknown one-millionth person. The gripping and realistic account that follows is a projection of the future, a largely fictitious report that is solidly based on fact. The newsmen and officials of the National Safety Council referred to in the story are real persons; the traffic casualties and others mentioned in connection with highway deaths are not. Although the National Safety Council is planning no actual statistical compilation leading to the identification of "Mr. Million," the technique described by Mr. Furnas is an authentic extension of the council's methods in rounding up holiday death tolls. Collier's believes that the end result is an article that will prove as memorable as the one the author wrote 16 years ago. After reading it, president Ned H. Dearborn of the National Safety Council declared: "I congratulate Collier's on this startlingly effective way of focusing public attention on the shameful toll taken by modern traffic. It is sure to make the nation more constructively safety-minded, and thus save many lives."

By J. C. FURNAS

THE sun, heedless of the nation's forebodings, came up that morning as if it were just another day, casting the white glow of winter dawn over Campobello Island long before it actually rose, and warning the people of nearby Eastport, Maine, that this was it—December 1, 1951, the sickening climax of two generations of heedlessness and stupidity. This was the jack pot.

Before the day was out, an American someplace in the nation—running for a streetcar, innocently driving home from work, drunkenly careening down the street, perhaps speeding to an engagement—would become a ghastly symbol of needless horror: the one-millionth traffic fatality. The *one-millionth.*

Early-rising Eastporters held their breaths, almost as if dreading to hear the first whir of a starter in the garage next door.

Light loomed over Portland, and, at about the same time, ominously flooded the professional picturesqueness of Provincetown, Massachusetts, 100-odd miles away. By 7:10, sunrise at Boston had cast a sinister black shadow westward from the Custom House Tower, pointing ambiguously at Cambridge, Belmont, historic Concord.

Out in Chicago, where it was still rawly dark, wire-service editors held their creeping death watch in shirt sleeves, cartons of coffee steaming beside them, cigarettes fogging the room. It hadn't happened yet. Not yet.

There was a grim side light: the day of the millionth fatality had come too soon. Early in 1952 was the way statisticians at the National Safety Council had figured it one afternoon in 1949. Paul Jones, the council's boss of public relations, had studied the estimate in his office in Chicago's Civic Opera Building, and had determined to put the awful information to the best possible use: keep it on ice until it would do the most good, perhaps late in 1951—and then go to town with it. That one-millionth American would die, but he would not die in vain. Properly publicized, his inescapable destiny could save hundreds of lives, possibly thousands.

It fell to the lot of Jack Horner, Jones's right-hand man, to seek out the identity of the doomed million's *first* member. This proved to have been a bachelor real-estate man named H. H. Bliss, of 235 West Seventy-fifth Street, New York City, knocked down and run over by an electric taxicab at Central Park West and Seventy-fourth on September 13, 1899, as he helped a Miss Lee get off a streetcar. He died soon after the galloping ambulance horses got him to a hospital.

The New York Times's headline the next day, on a mere four-inch story, said: "FATALLY

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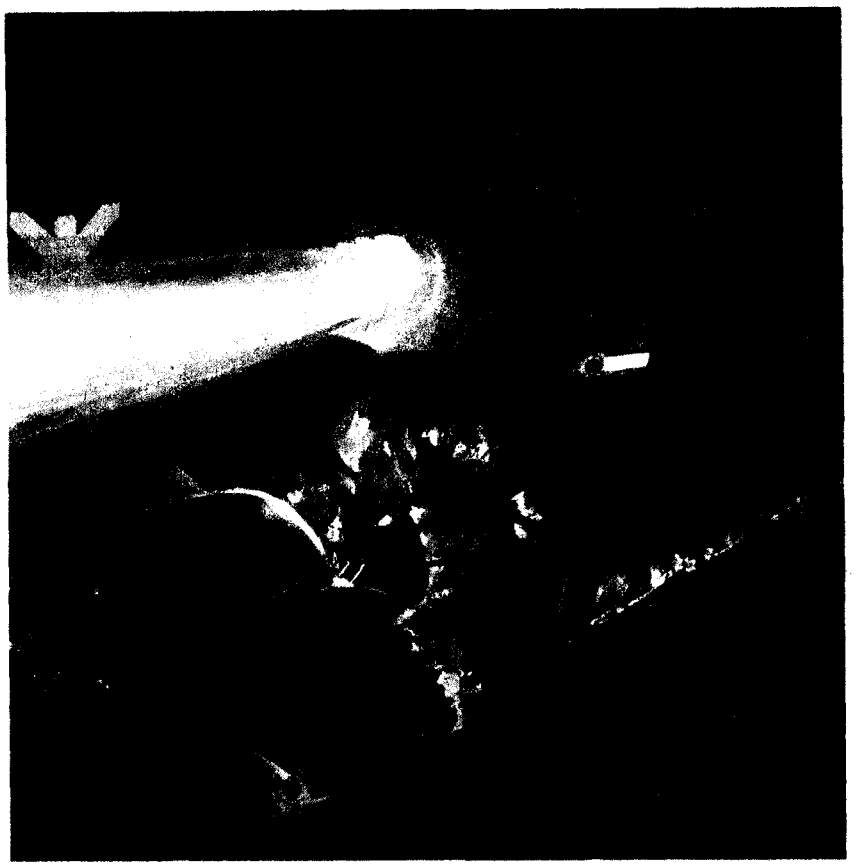

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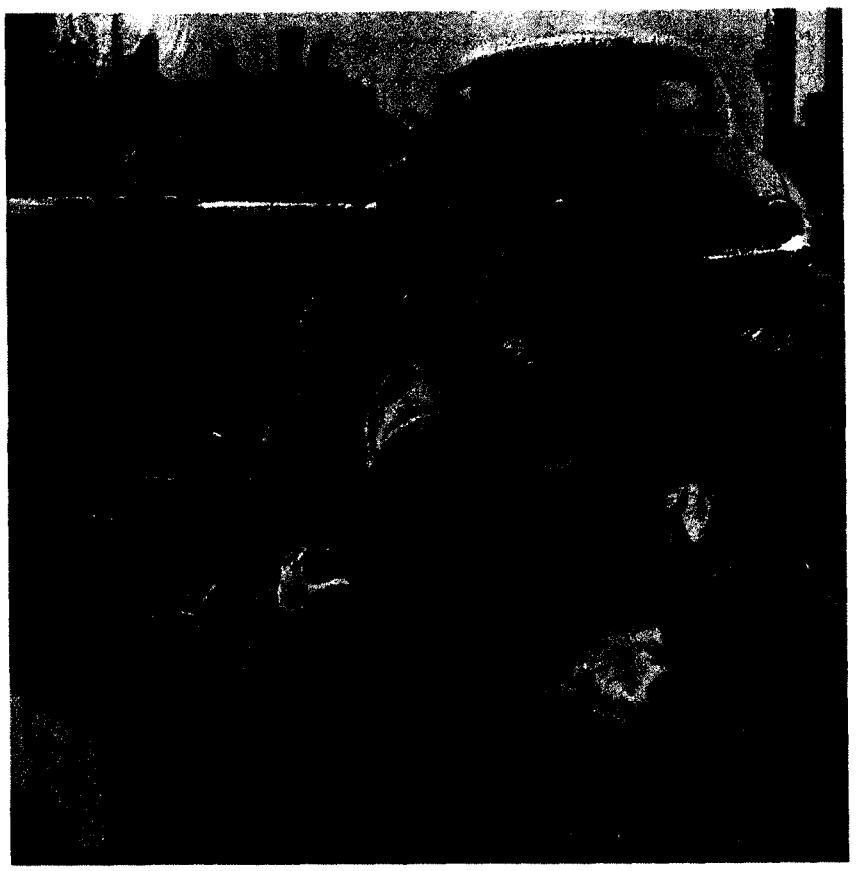

HARRY DEVLIN

999,999

"MR. MILLION"

our millionth fatality in a half century. Are YOU doomed to become "Mr. Million"?

HURT BY AUTOMOBILE." That headline might as well have been left standing. In the next 50 years it would be needed approximately 922,000 times.

Concern over traffic safety grew as fatalities mounted. By 1913, some 40,000 Americans had been killed in traffic accidents; in the next 10 years, almost 100,000 more lost their lives; between 1923 and 1932 inclusive, there were 264,200; between 1933 and 1942, 342,312. The year 1941 set a gory record which is yet to be equaled: 39,969 hapless citizens broken, battered, crushed to death by mishandled automobiles.

Gasoline rationing and a shortage of cars caused an inevitable lag during World War II. When civilian automobiles appeared on the market again in 1946, they contained every safety device that the world's most brilliant engineers could devise. For years, auto makers had made their product as foolproof as possible; for years, American drivers had demonstrated that nothing was too foolproof for them, and the toll had increased. Now, utilizing all the hard-earned experience of production for war, the factories turned out the safest cars the world had ever seen.

The first years after World War II saw a false dawn of encouragement. Although 33,411 were killed in 1946, the figure dropped to 32,687 in 1947, to 32,259 in 1948, to 31,500 in 1949. But the tide turned, and once again the rate began to climb dismally. More than 36,000 died on the highways in 1950; as 1951 drew toward its final months, the toll was running 8 per cent higher . . .

Soon after shooting started in Korea in June, 1950, Walter Schneider, publicity man for the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies—which, like the Safety Council, watches fatality tables closely—figured out that if battle casualties maintained their early pace the millionth American dead in war would get his the same year as the millionth American dead in traffic.

Putting it the other way around brought the shock: What war had taken 176 years to accomplish, irresponsibly operated automobiles would have done in little more than half a century!

The one-millionth serviceman met his fate on September 4th. One question remained: When would the millionth traffic death occur? "Early in 1952," the Safety Council had reckoned. But as '49 turned into '50 and '50 crept toward '51, that "early in 1952" crept miserably back through New Year's, back through Christmas 1951 . . .

There were extra items on the statisticians' tables, and there was nothing new about how they got there. They had died from fractured skulls, ruptured spleens, plain shock, kidneys crushed by shattered pelvises, skins scorched off in gasoline fires; they bled to death from ripped-off arms, from torn jugulars, from hearts punctured by broken ribs. Their killers were staid fathers of families, hot-rodders, grandmothers, drunks, salesmen in a hurry, pretty girls meaning no harm, truckers bulling through regardless, locomotive engineers giving her all the brake she would take but sickly sure that the convertible would never beat the train to the crossing (they had to use blowtorches to get the wreck off the driver).

Every month more vehicles on the road, more work for the ambulance surgeon's blood-sticky gloves, for the junker and the undertaker. It looked a little better when July, '51, proved no worse than July, '50. But Labor Day week end, 1951, was a time of disaster, the worst traffic week end in history, with 461 dead in three grisly days. By then, the statisticians' best guess was hovering around December 20th.

Hoping greedily for a profitable football season, Death showed his yellow teeth and wrote down December 1st on whatever kind of memorandum pad he keeps. It was a fair bet. Each year, longer darkness and dirtier weather equip December for its grim role as killingest month in the year.

But it wasn't all Death's way as the days shortened. For months, safety agencies had been dangling that appalling figure—one million corpses coming up, as certain as the rising of the sun—before editors, broadcasters, civic groups. All summer, the grim statistic had fermented in the minds of people whose business it is to brief the public. Not long before that *(Continued on page 59)*

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Adventures of a Young Doctor, No. III

Dangerous

In this, a third chapter from the author's autobiography, he tells of a stable and trusted gardener whose sudden affliction was first diagnosed as malignant pigheadedness

By A. J. CRONIN

AS SPRING turned to summer, Tannochbrae was ablaze with flowers. Strange though it may seem in such northern latitudes, the Scottish people love their gardens and cultivate them with surprising skill. Old Dr. Cameron, whose assistant I was, was no exception to the rule, and in his gardener, Alexander Deans, he had a treasure who came every day, regular as the clock, from the neighboring township of Knoxhill, to keep the grounds blooming, trim and tidy.

One day, Deans was planting in the front bed of lawn when Dr. Cameron came down the gravel drive.

"Day, Alex," he called out. Then, drawing up short, he cried, "Good God, man! What do you think you're doing?"

Alex was planting calceolarias in the big round bed—masses of beady, yellow calceolarias.

"Don't ye know I cannot endure that yellow trash?" Cameron exclaimed. "Where's my red geraniums—my bonny Scarlet Wonders?"

These red geraniums were an institution at Dr. Cameron's house, where, indeed, the garden grew by solemn ritual, the slow procession of the seasons producing the same procession of favorite plants, year in, year out, the flowers remembered, anticipated, beloved.

In particular, Cameron loved his red geraniums: the vivid scarlet splash upon the clipped green lawn was quite a feature of the village, and visitors would stop in the roadway to admire it.

"I'm asking you," Cameron said again. "Where's my red geraniums?"

Alex stood up, a short and rather stocky figure in shirt sleeves, his face weathered, his large hands encrusted with dry soil. Without looking at the doctor, but keeping his gaze sheepishly upon the ground, he remarked, "Yellow is a braw color. You've no idea! It minds me of the yolk of an egg!" And he gave a slight snigger.

Dr. Cameron was staggered. Deans was a most respectful man, steady as a rock; he'd worked for Cameron for close on fifteen years. Drunk, thought Cameron, but somehow that didn't seem to fit. As he was in a hurry, he had no time to take the matter further. He said, very quietly, "Get out these calceolarias, Alex. And get in the geraniums quick." Then he went out through the gate.

Yet when he came back from his case, Alex was gone, and the front bed of the lawn brimmed over with the yellow calceolarias.

That was the beginning, and soon there were whisperings about the strange conduct of Alex Deans in the village. He who had been so silent and self-contained was now guilty of the wildest eccentricities. He would argue fiercely, stupidly, and come to blows about a trifle. His language, too, had taken a rude turn for the worse. Neighbors had heard him abusing his sister Annie, who kept house for him.

The climax came six weeks later, when

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Lunatic

a note came from the county medical officer, Dr. Snoddie of Knoxhill. The message was for Cameron, and it said: *Come round to Alex Deans's at once. I want you to certify a dangerous lunatic.*

It was afternoon, a gray, wet day—what Cameron called "whingey weather"—and today he had called it worse, for he was laid up by his old enemy, asthma.

He was not in bed, but in the armchair in his study, with a tartan rug across his knees and a balsam inhaler at his elbow. I was in the opposite chair, going over the morning's round, which I had done alone.

"Dear, dear!" said Cameron, when he had taken the note from Janet, the housekeeper, and read the peremptory message. "Poor Alex! I'm downright grieved about this." And he made as though to discard the rug.

But, observing him from the doorway, Janet said firmly, "You're not putting one foot out of this house today."

He looked at her over his spectacles, then subsided with a wheezy sigh. "Well, well, Janet. Say that one of us will be along presently."

When she had gone, Cameron handed the note to me. "You'll know," he reflected, "that the law requires two independent medical reports before a man can be certified insane. Believe me, there's the sole reason Snoddie has sent for me. You'll agree that I don't often speak ill of my neighbors. But he's a man who has no use for anybody but himself."

He wheezed again, and made a grimace at the fire. "And while I think of it—just watch yourself with him when you're about it. He's likely to be unpleasant to anyone he meets."

Outside, Jamie, the groom, was waiting with the gig. He buckled the weatherproof flap round me, and we went bowling through the drizzle together. Presently, on the outskirts of Knoxhill, a row of old houses sprang out of the mist. We drew up at the end house—a house with two acres and a bit, land which the unhappy Deans had laboriously reclaimed and enriched.

In the front parlor downstairs, the county medical officer was waiting with the rapidly mounting irritation of a self-important man who, if waiting is to be done, prefers that others should wait for him. As I came in, he exclaimed, "You're slow, sir, confoundedly slow. If you were *my* assistant, I'd learn you to be sharper."

It occurred to me to point out that I was not Snoddie's assistant, but, mindful of Cameron's warning, I held my tongue.

"You know what's wanted," he went on. "I've seen the poor devil upstairs. He's quite demented. You'll have no difficulty. Let's have your certificate. I want to get away."

As I went upstairs, he called after me, "Hurry up, will you? I'm a busy man, and I'm going out to dinner tonight."

Alex Deans was in bed—no doubt as a measure of restraint. His sister sat beside him. She had been crying, and her eyes were red. When I came in, she stood up without a word. Her silence was so hopeless, the whole atmosphere of the room so dim and tragic that I felt a momentary chill. I looked at Alex, and at first I hardly recognized him. It was Deans, sure enough, but a blurred and altered Deans, his features coarsened in some strange and subtle way. His face seemed swollen, the nostrils thickened, the lips broad, the skin waxy, except for a faint reddish patch that spread across the nose. His appearance was apathetic, and when I spoke to him he muttered some reply so slurred it was unintelligible.

"How long has he been this way?" I asked his sister.

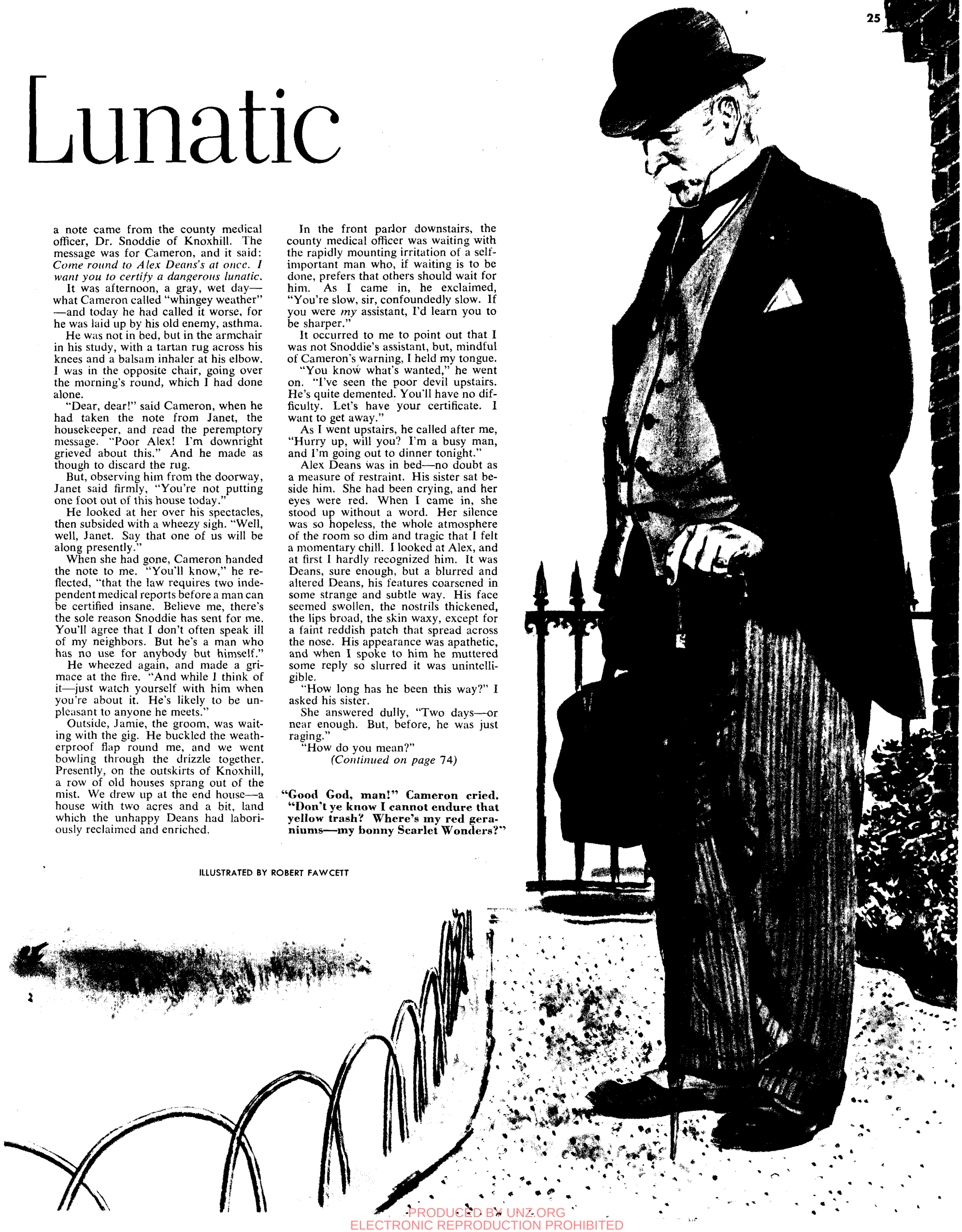
She answered dully, "Two days—or near enough. But, before, he was just raging."

"How do you mean?"

(Continued on page 74)

"Good God, man!" Cameron cried. "Don't ye know I cannot endure that yellow trash? Where's my red geraniums—my bonny Scarlet Wonders?"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



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Quiet, Praise the Lord

By DESMOND HALL

BLOWING his nose repeatedly, Robert Blanchard sat waiting in his bathrobe for his doorbell to ring. His apartment was a tall, gaunt, gloomy room, admirably suited, except for its one horrifying talent, to the purpose for which he had rented it.

A young, shy anthropologist, Robert intended to compose here a monograph on certain little-known aspects of a remote Australian tribe, which he hoped would win him some mild anthropological glory and a subsidy from the Prewitt Foundation. Progress had been slow, however, because the apartment could talk.

Its voice was rich and various, uttered through the hot-air grate in the wall. Robert had paid no attention to the old building's heating arrangements when he had rented the apartment, not suspecting that the system of hot-air grates was to interfere with the composition of the monograph by keeping him sharply up to date about his neighbors' affairs. There were six of them, all women. He did not know and did not want to know their names, but he had classified them according to the habits of their speech, which came floating to him through the hot-air grate. In the apartment below lived Enthusiastic, Complaining, Eager Questioner, and Surly. In the apartment above lived only two: Languidly Haughty, and Quiet, Praise the Lord.

Although no, by George! he said to himself as he waited for his doorbell to ring; he was changing that here and now. No longer Quiet, Praise the Lord. Wantonly Inconsiderate.

He had rather liked Quiet, Praise the Lord because he heard her voice so seldom, and, when he did, it was soft and pleasant; but he felt fully justified, now, in changing her name. She owed her new name to her habit of forgetting her key.

Until several days ago there had been only the one bell, on the ground floor; but then the landlord had installed separate bells—buzzers, actually—in each apartment, and push buttons and name plates downstairs. The night after this was done, Robert's buzzer had buzzed. He had pressed the catch that released the downstairs door and waited curiously to see who his visitor might be.

A girl. A nice-looking girl.

"I'm so sorry," she had said. "I forgot my key and rang our bell and then I remembered there's no one home, so I rang yours."

He knew by her voice that she was Quiet, Praise the Lord. "Perfectly all right," he had said, "no trouble," and returned, a little bemused, to his desk.

Once, all right; twice, even; but three, four times—shocking. He no longer bothered to open his door to see who it was; just pressed the catch and then, sure enough, heard her quiet footsteps passing. She knew he was always in. She had calmly assigned him the role of a kind of fourth-floor doorman.

The fifth night it rang, Robert had ignored it, to teach her a lesson. Someone else must have let her in. An hour later, still annoyed, he had gone for a walk in the park and caught his cold. Her fault. Tonight, if the buzzer rang, he was determined to open his door and give Wantonly Inconsiderate some blunt home truths on good manners.

He had just finished blowing out the nose drops he had put into his nose when, sure enough, the buzzer went off. He drew his bathrobe around him, pressed the catch, and opened his door.

Footsteps pounded up the four flights. The prepared lecture left Robert's head. It was not Wantonly Inconsiderate; it was a young, heavy-set man.

"Well?" Robert said, as this gross ringer of doorbells strode toward him. "What do you want?"

The heavy face thrust forward aggressively. "What the hell business is it of yours?" it demanded in a thick, revolting voice (Belligerent).

"What the hell business is it of mine?" Robert cried. "All the business in the world, that's all!"

"Is that so?" Belligerent said. "Listen, funny-looking—you going to get out of my way or do I have to push you out?"

"Is that so?" Robert said, and hated himself for the feeble idiocy of his speech; but no other words would come, no ringing challenge and defiance. He could only feebly parrot the other's hateful words. "Is that so?"

"Certainly is!" Belligerent shouted, and shoved him. Robert shoved back, lost his grip on his bathrobe, and then was not sure what happened.

He was lying on the floor, and his jaw felt as though something had kicked it. He was vaguely wondering about this when he became aware that, behind him in his apartment, the hot-air grate was speaking.

"But I *was* here last night!" the hot-air grate said. "I was waiting for you!"

"I know you were here," the hot-air grate said angrily. "I saw your light, but don't tell me you were waiting for *me*, oh no!"

"How can you say that?" the hot-air grate cried. "It isn't true!"

"No?" the hot-air grate sneered. "I only rang about fifty times! And then tonight this funny-looking duck asking me what the hell *I*—"

That was Belligerent and that was Wantonly Inconsiderate.

"Anyway," the hot-air grate said grimly, "I got one satisfaction, anyway. He won't forget that in a hurry, not if I broke his jaw the way I figure I—"

"What do you mean?" Wantonly Inconsiderate cried. "What did you do?"

But maybe not Wantonly Inconsiderate. Good Lord, Robert thought with horror, what if his buzzer's buzzing last night was not Wantonly Inconsiderate but—

He got to his feet and ran downstairs. Holding the front door open, he pressed the button opposite his name. And the latch clicked.

But he was not in his apartment.

He ran upstairs and knocked on her door. She opened it. "Wantonly Inconsiderate," he said earnestly, "I've discovered I've been making a horri—"

She stared at him.

"What am I saying!" he cried, and blushed, thinking how it must have sounded to her. "Of course I don't mean Wantonly Inconsiderate. I mean Quiet, Praise the Lord. Quiet, Praise the Lord, I've been falsely—"

Red and furious, Belligerent towered up behind her. "I guess some people don't know when they got enough," he said ominously.

"But there's been a—" Robert began; but then Belligerent's fist bounced off his jaw and he heard Quiet, Praise the Lord screaming; but he did not care, for he had become, suddenly, a different person—Savage.

LATER, he was sitting in her apartment, with his right hand in a basin of ice water, to reduce the swelling. Belligerent had left, under his own power—which was remarkable, considering the flight of stairs he had fallen down.

"You see," Robert said, still fearing he had not adequately explained it, "when they put in the buzzers, they mixed up my wiring and yours, so when you buzzed my buzzer all those times I thought you were doing it on purpose but of course you weren't, except the very first time, when you'd buzzed yours and remembered Languidly Haughty wasn't home and then buzzed mine, and then you thought I'd answered because you'd buzzed mine when really I answered because you'd buzzed yours, except that of course you hadn't. So, when *he* thought he was buzzing yours last night, he was really buzzing mine. That's why I wanted to apolo—"

"You don't have to," she said. "I'm glad it happened, except for your hand and your face. I haven't known him very long, and I didn't realize what sort of person he really was. But *why* did you call me Quiet, Praise the Lord?"

He told her about the hot-air grate and the names he had given its various voices. When he had finished, she went into another room for a moment and came back with a small box in her hand. "Elizabeth," she said, "—I mean, Languidly Haughty—talks in her sleep sometimes, and I use these. Now let's try something."

When she had explained it, he returned to his room and put the wax earplugs in his ears.

After a while he took them out and spoke into the hot-air grate. "Did you really shout?" he said into it.

"I am hoarse," her voice assured him.

"I—I don't know what to say," Robert stammered brokenly into the hot-air grate. "It's all come so suddenly—meeting you, and now these wonderful things—"

"You come up and I'll fix you some hot lemonade. Good for that cold," said Quiet, Praise the Lord, quietly. THE END

He was in her apartment, with his right hand in a basin of ice water, to reduce the swelling

GILBERT DARLING

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Collier's SHORT SHORT

The Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling is the G.O.P.'s candidate for mayor

Democrat Joseph S. Clark, Jr., is making race on reform platform

Preacher vs. Reformer

By JOHN DENSON

With machine candidates eliminated from the mayoralty picture, long-suffering Philadelphians can't lose—no matter who wins the November 6th city election

TWELVE fresh pages on your calendar will curl and be torn away before the 1952 national election. Another winter of Presidential speculation, a spring full of wildly prancing dark horses and shy candidates, a summer with blaring political conventions, all will come and pass into the misty place of scarcely remembered things by the time the country makes up its mind on the next chief executive. Nevertheless, a year ahead of the big decision, Republican leaders in old but booming Philadelphia contend—openly and privately—that their fight for City Hall is really a preview of the fight for the White House.

"We'll throw a long shadow," these leaders say. "If we win, the Republican party can be dead sure that we'll carry Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and the nation in '52. If we lose, then it's anybody's guess so far as we're concerned. There are a lot of Democrats who secretly agree with us that the city election is the first skirmish."

This is strong emphasis, perhaps too strong. What the Republicans mean to say is that they believe they have detected wide dissatisfaction among the electorate with the Democratic administration at Washington and that they are hoping hard that this will be reflected in the Philadelphia vote a week or so away.

Actually, the election probably will be tipped one way or the other by the personal effort and appeal of two vastly energetic men who are not professional politicians—Dr. Daniel Alfred Poling, a preacher, the Republican candidate for mayor, and Joseph Sill Clark, Jr., an unabashed reformer, the Democratic candidate. Aside from any possible 1952 implications, the character and caliber of these nominees make the Philadelphia election of considerable significance. Up, down and across the nation, those who struggle for better municipal government will count a victory won because the "old pros"—the political connivers in the smoky rooms—are afraid to face the voters themselves.

Driving east on Market Street on a chill, dripping morning, the gray-haired cabby made the rather obvious observation that there was a terrific battle for votes going on. He was in a mood somewhat like the weather. He wagged a finger toward Philadelphia's pigeon-infested City Hall, a stone mass that blocks the city's busiest streets and provides a sharp example of municipal extravagance and political architecture. The City Hall cost $24,000,000 and took a third of a century to build.

"You see that," the cabby said. "If the candidates are going to clean up the town, I think they ought to start by tearing it down. I say tear it down."

Neither candidate was likely to make such a drastic proposal, not right now, anyway, but the cabby's outburst showed that a great deal of heat was being generated by this election in the stanch and proud birthplace of American independence.

All through the bloody-nose campaign, Republican candidates for municipal offices have kept ear and eye on Washington and those sweat-inducing investigations. They have taken sharp jabs and sideswipes at the more vulnerable members of President Truman's official family and, during pauses in the strictly local scuffling, have reminded voters of issues that are likely to be important nationally a year from now. They've also sent out a call to the two Republican U.S. senators from Pennsylvania, James H. Duff and Edward Martin, and to Governor John S. Fine to speak for the city ticket and thus give the election big-time party billing.

At the same time, the Democratic candidates have done their mightiest to keep these larger issues out of the campaign. A Democratic nominee for a top city office told me: "I want no part of the national issues and I don't think they have anything to do with a local election. We're not going to let any outside Democrats come in to speak and I'm not going to let the Republicans heckle me into discussing what's going on in Washington. This is Philadelphia's scrap." *(Continued on page 38)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

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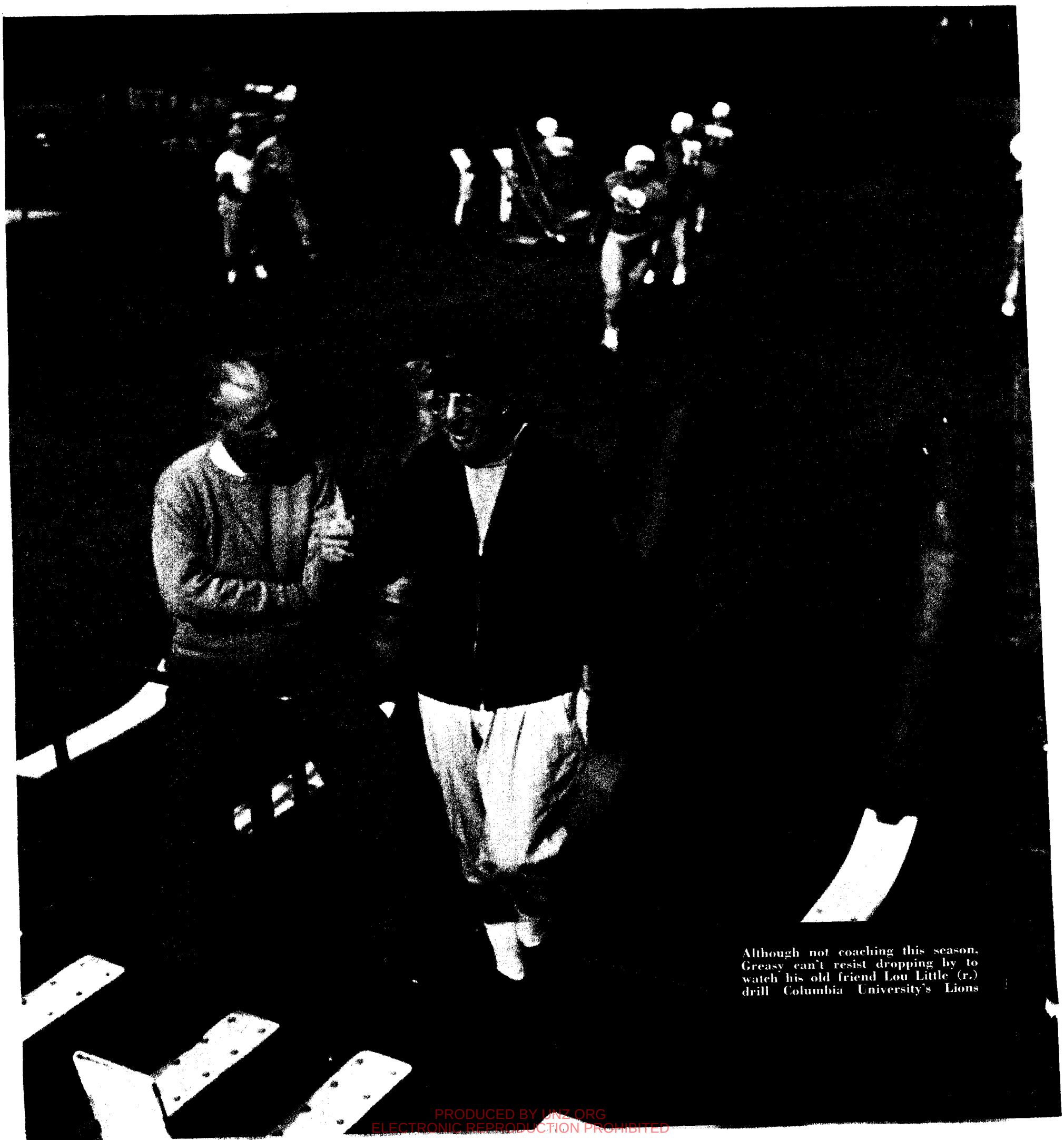
FOOTBALL IS MY

By GREASY NEAL



Although not coaching this season, Greasy can't resist dropping by to watch his old friend Lou Little (r.) drill Columbia University's Lions

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LIFE

And it's been a good life, says a famed player and coach, as he looks back upon 40 years of glory and heartbreak. College and pro star and mentor—he's seen it all

with TOM MEANY

Alfred Earle Neale, affectionately known to sports fans everywhere as Greasy, has enjoyed a football career that has few, if any, parallels. A star in college, he later coached at Yale and other schools, taking Washington and Jefferson to the Rose Bowl in 1922. Joining the pros, he twice led Philadelphia's Eagles to championships. Now he tells the story of his long, spectacularly successful career

I

IT SEEMS strange to be on the side lines for a football season after more than 40 years of close association with the game. And I can't say that I like it, even though I'm being paid for it. However, this enforced vacation affords the opportunity to look at the sport objectively, to take stock of a lifetime spent in athletics, to recall the bright high lights and the dark, deep disappointment. If you follow sports long enough, you have your share of each.

One feature of being side-lined is that you can speak freely, without fear of having your opinions explode in your face. About 15 years ago Matty Bell, coach of Southern Methodist, wrote an article for a national magazine, explaining how SMU had won an invitation to the Rose Bowl the previous season. Matty, one of the ablest coaches in the Southwest, said he laid particular stress on protecting against long runs with intercepted passes. A few days after the article appeared, Johnny Lock of Fordham ran 77 yards with a pass interception against SMU for the only score of the game. I am safe from such boomerangs—for this season, at least.

Though I have devoted most of my adult life to football, the sport was of secondary interest to me when I was a kid back in my home town, Parkersburg, West Virginia. My first love was baseball, and my consuming ambition was to become a big-leaguer. The football I played as a youngster was merely a fill-in to keep busy until it was warm enough for baseball.

Few men have been as fortunate as I in athletics. I played on a baseball team, the 1919 Cincinnati Reds, which won a World Series; I coached a college football team, Washington and Jefferson, which played a scoreless tie with the California "wonder team" of Andy Smith in the Rose Bowl on January 2, 1922, and twice I coached the Philadelphia Eagles to National Football League championships, over the Chicago Cardinals in 1948 and the Los Angeles Rams in 1949. About the only sport thrills I have missed have been riding the winner of the Kentucky Derby or copping the National Open, and it is rather late in life now to expect either of those thrills.

If I have learned anything through my long association with athletics, it is that a boy, granted certain physical endowments, can be successful through application and determination. God gave me a good pair of hands and speedy legs, but not the keen vision a professional baseball player should have. Nevertheless, I was able to play in the majors for eight seasons.

I've seen lots of other self-made ballplayers, too—Eddie Stanky, of the New York Giants, is a perfect example. And there have been countless college football players who became stars, instead of run-of-the-mill players, through determination and application. Yale's Clint Frank was outstanding in this respect.

But going back to my life story:

Shortly after the Revolutionary War, the Neales moved from Virginia and settled in West Virginia, near our present home in Parkersburg, where I was born November 5, 1891. One of my great-grandaunts, Julia Anne Neale, was the mother of the famous Southern general, Stonewall Jackson, but there wasn't much talk about family history when I was growing up. My father, who had originally been in the produce business, was having rough sledding with a family of six children, four boys and two girls. We weren't poor and we never went hungry, but we certainly weren't rich.

John Kellison (left) played with Neale (r.) in college, helped him on five coaching jobs

Harry Stansbury talked Neale into going to college, introduced him to his future wife

A baseball star, too, Greasy batted .357 in the 1919 World Series against the Black Sox

Romance of Neale and his late wife began at West Va. Wesleyan, where they were students

My brothers and I thought my mother was very strict about cleanliness. After a day of playing, we'd give ourselves the traditional lick and a promise of washing before going to bed, but Mother would make us stand inspection, and if we hadn't washed our feet, we'd be hauled out of bed and made to do it. We boys considered this a great injustice.

Back of our home was a log cabin where a boy named Homer Stanton lived with his widowed mother. Because his mother worked, Homer roamed as free as Huckleberry Finn, much to the envy of the Neales. He didn't have to wash nearly as often as we did. In resentment over his privileges, I called him "Dirty" and he retaliated by calling me "Greasy," a nickname which has stuck to me for a half century. I have read many times that I acquired the nickname for my elusiveness in football, which is flattering but totally incorrect. Homer hung the name on me before I played any organized sports and, outside of my parents and my late wife, nobody ever called me Earle. And I don't suppose that anybody knows, or cares, that I actually was christened Alfred Earle Neale.

From the time I was ten, I was more or less on my own. I sold papers, set *(Continued on page 54)*

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

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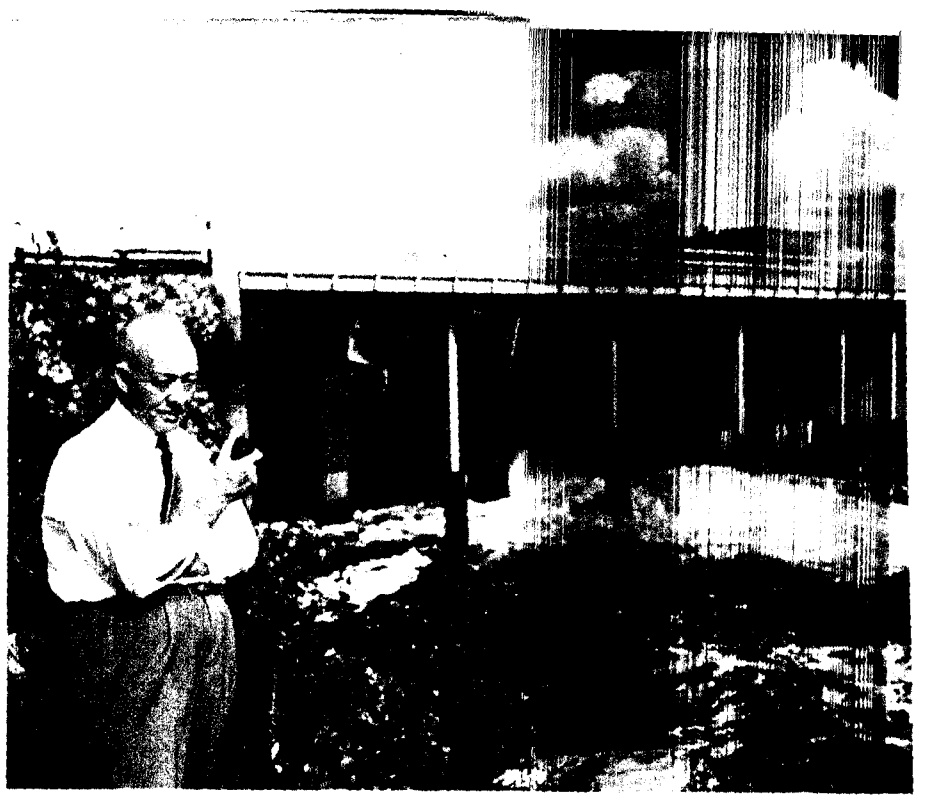
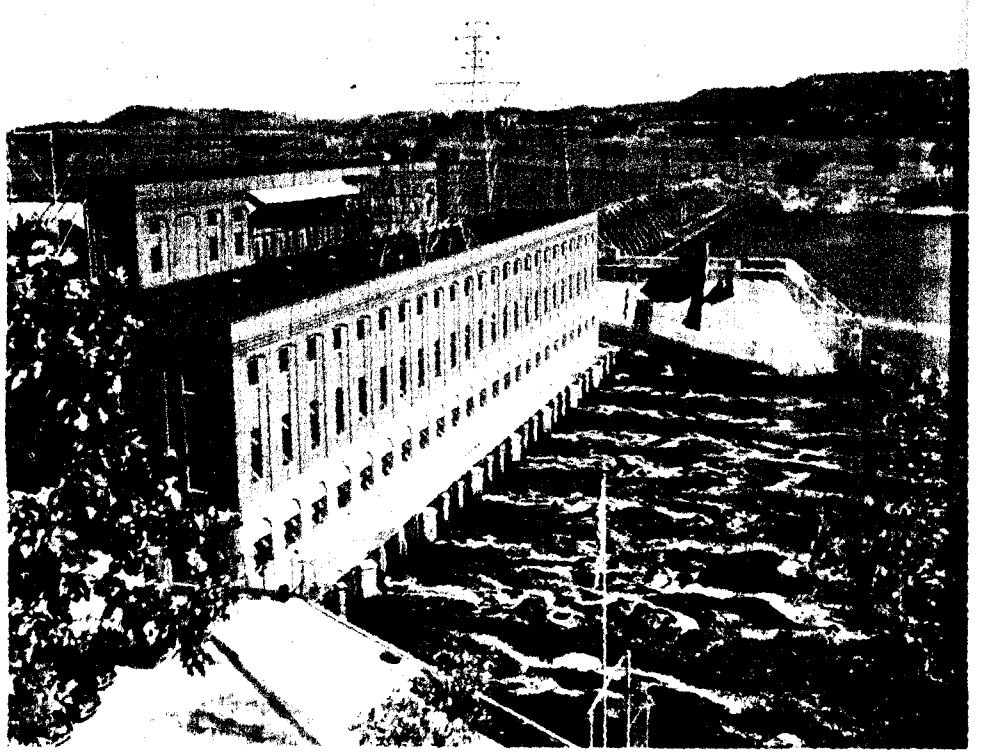
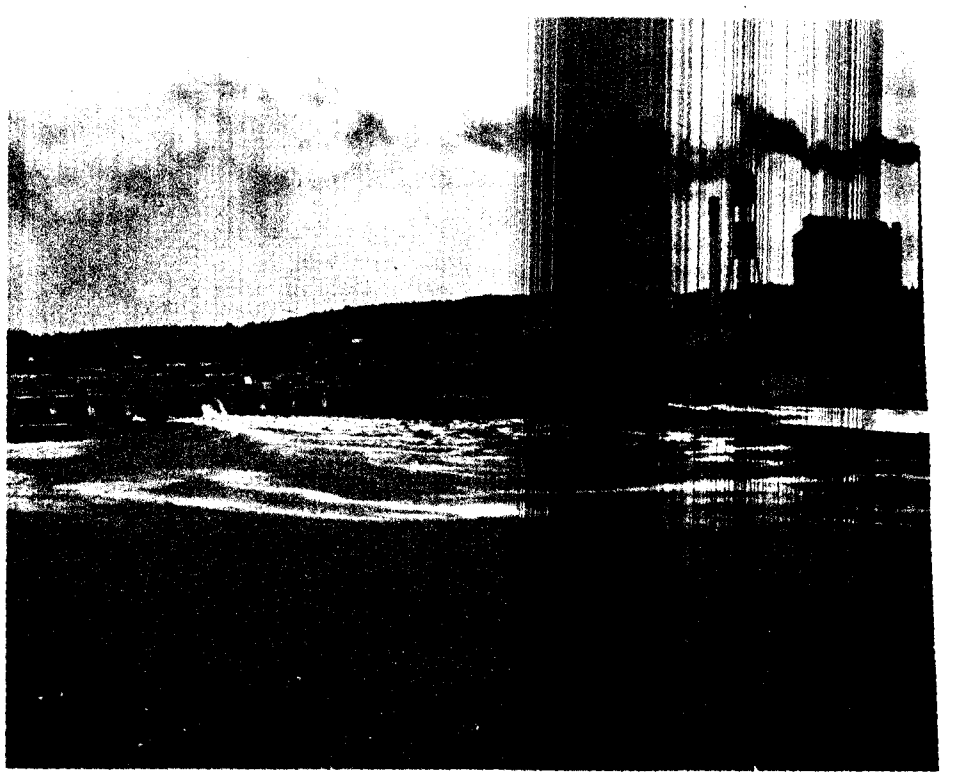
"The hardest-working river" rises in the Lac Vieux district on the Michigan border, 430 miles later empties into the Mississippi



Boss of the river is Merville Kyler, general manager of Wisconsin Valley Improvement Company, shown inspecting the big Rainbow reservoir



Prairie du Sac, largest of 26 hydroelectric dams producing current for river valley's industries and 500 Wisconsin cities and towns



Dam at Rothschild is owned by a paper company. Power installations were built by private concerns, but are regulated by a state agency

University of Wisconsin students watch water flow through model of the river which is so important to the economy of their state

Chief Yellow Thunder greets visitors at Dells, one of river's beauty spots. The stream brings state $100,000,000 in tourist trade yearly

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BUSY RIVER

Laboring mightily, the Wisconsin adds $380,000,000 a year to the wealth of the Badger State. It's a producer of electricity, a highway for farm products—and a bright magnet for tourists

By PAUL MARCUS

THE Wisconsin is "the hardest-working river in the nation," folks in that state like to say. When they are asked to prove it, they are both astonished and hurt—and, if you hear them out, it is easy to see why.

For by its mighty labors, the Wisconsin River pays off to the Badger State and its people at the rate of almost $380,000,000 a year; it has been toiling thus for humanity for close to three centuries. Long before Paul Revere thundered past the banks of Boston's historic Charles River, the Wisconsin was playing host to fur traders, and helping to pave the way to many a fortune.

Over the years since then, its diligent waters—narrow, crooked and filled with rapids in its upper half, broad and dotted with green islands and shifting sand bars in the lower reaches—have undertaken a wide variety of valuable tasks.

They have moved millions of feet of logs and sawed lumber; carried to market a great wealth of wheat and lead; turned grist mills and saw mills; produced electricity for homes and industries; provided a broad passageway for all kinds of vessels—from passenger ships to showboats, from the 30-foot pirogues of the lumbermen to the 120-foot, cargo-hauling keelboats of the rivermen. They have provided sport for the hunter and angler, and relaxation for tourists. They have been busy always.

And while doing this labor, the river has participated in much history, and looked upon still more. It offered a link in the water highway from the Great Lakes basin to the Mississippi, and as such was used generously by explorers and settlers. It saw the signing of vital Indian treaties and witnessed a minor war. Events of lesser importance, but almost equal interest, have occurred in its watershed, too.

In Baraboo (on the tributary Baraboo River) five sons of a harness maker named August Ringling went against their father's advice in 1882 and formed "The Greatest Show on Earth." They gave their first circus performance in Mazomanie, a village on the lower Wisconsin. ("We had gone far enough from Baraboo," recalled Al Ringling later, "so that no one would know us.")

Still farther down the river, in little Janesville, three traveling salesmen met in a hotel room one evening in 1899 and formed The Gideon Society; as a result, it is a rare hotel room today that lacks for a Bible.

The Wisconsin River is contained entirely within the state to which it gave its name. It rises in the north in Lac Vieux Desert on the Wisconsin-Michigan border, where it is about 16 feet wide and scarcely ankle-deep. Some 430 miles later, having drained a quarter of the state's land area in its scythe-shaped course (and having widened, at some points, to as much as half a mile), it empties into the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien in southwestern Wisconsin. While pursuing this course, the contemporary river performs an enormous amount of work.

Fed by a system of 21 reservoirs on its tributaries, the river supplies water to 12 paper mills and one pulp mill—no mean feat, since a good-sized paper mill consumes as much water daily as a city of 100,000. It churns through no less than 26 hydroelectric dams built across it; last year, these produced 763,573,000 kilowatt-hours of power for valley industry and 500 Wisconsin cities and towns.

Boosting the State's Vacation Trade

The river, its tributaries and reservoirs supply the state's residents and visitors with untold hours of recreation—hunting, fishing, boating and swimming. To increase its efficiency in this work, it picks up oxygen while flowing over the dams (thus keeping the fish happy) and holds down stagnation and pollution by changing water in its reservoirs at least once a year. It brings into state coffers an estimated 100,000,000 tourist dollars annually, helping to make the vacation business Wisconsin's third largest industry. The lower half of the river drains some of the best dairy land in the world; it labors to protect this land, and, thanks to its reservoirs, has not seriously overflowed its banks in decades.

All of which is a lot of work to do, and entitles folks in Wisconsin to call their river anything they want to.

Actually, the "hardest-working river" contention is just about impossible either to prove or disprove. The Wisconsin is neither a majestic nor dramatic river, though its pastoral beauty is matched by few others. If the literal "work" the Wisconsin does were compared to the mighty Tennessee and its TVA, for example, one could liken the Tennessee to a sleek, powerful draft horse curried shiny and bedecked with ribbons, pulling a great load with haughty disdain; beside it, the Wisconsin might appear as a shaggy burro, unpedigreed and uncaring, quietly working its head off.

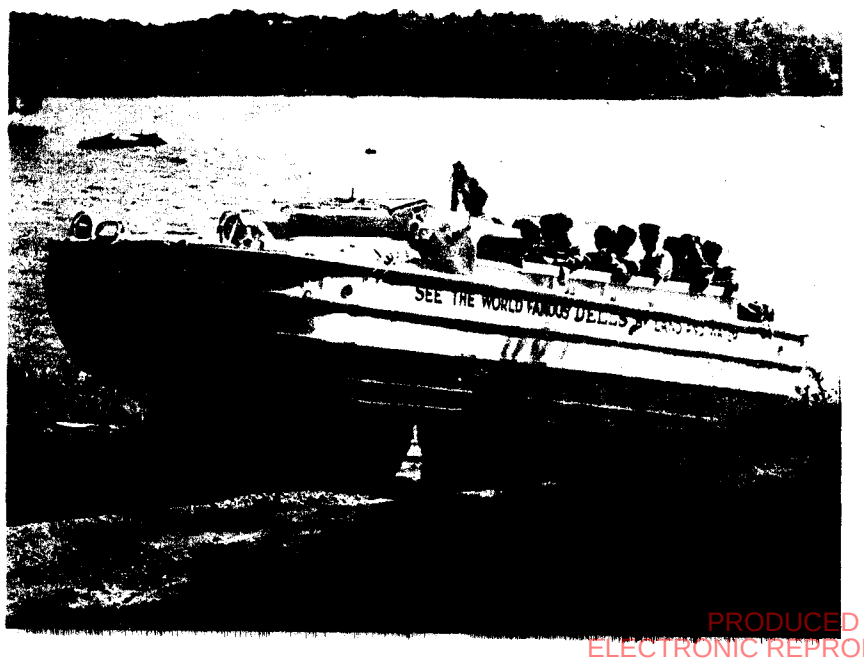
There is another, and perhaps more important, difference between the Wisconsin and the Tennessee—indeed, between the Wisconsin and practically every other major working stream in the country. The integrated development of the Wisconsin, alone among America's big rivers, has taken place without a cent of federal aid or tax exemption. The 21 reservoirs and the 26 hydroelectric dams on the river were privately financed and built, and are privately managed (and state regulated).

The hydroelectric dams were constructed by the nine power and paper companies which now own and operate them. The reservoir system, which is responsible for flood control and water conservation, was built and is operated by a corporation known as the Wisconsin Valley Improvement Company, chartered and regulated by the state. Its stockholders are the companies which own dams along the river.

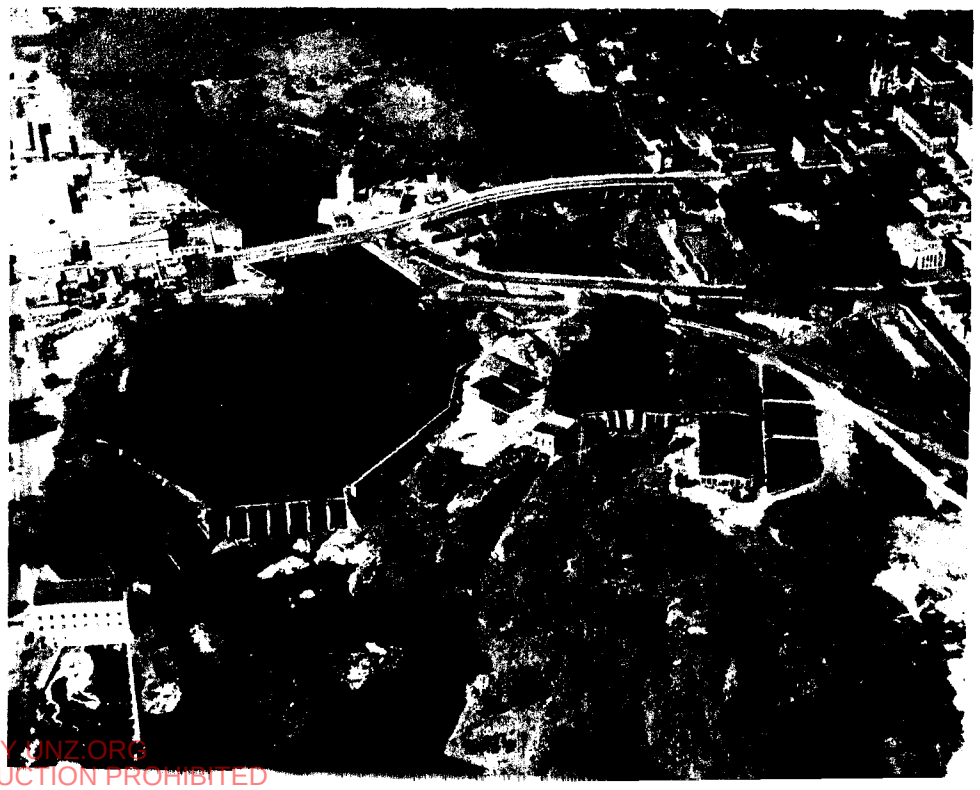
Such a unique setup, as you might expect, has created a unique job. In an office in Wausau, a city located at about the *(Continued on page 72)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO

Amphibious ducks provide visitors a thrill at Dells. The Wisconsin River is a big reason why tourism is state's third largest industry



Aerial view of Wausau, headquarters of Wisconsin Valley Improvement Company, which supervises river installations for the benefit of all



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Autumn in Apple Land

Symbolic of Washington's leadership in apple industry is early-ripening big, red Jonathan

IN AUTUMN, the air is crisp and brilliant all across the land. Leaves lie thick on the woodlot floor, restless in the wind. Fields are clean and quiet after the press of harvest. High in the sky, a crow calls. Smoke curls over chimneys. On back porches from New York State to Idaho, Oregon and Washington, bushel baskets sit—filled to their brims with apples. Apples for eating, for baking, for stewing; apples for jelly and cider and pie; apples for storing against the winter ahead.

Millions of rural Americans, whose apples come from their own trees over in the hollow down by the south end of the pasture, casually accept such natural bounty. But for those other millions of Americans who live in the nation's cities, apples in autumn are fresh examples of the wonders of U.S. industry. For them, apples do not come from trees so much as from shelves in a supermarket—the end result of agricultural mass production.

Best evidence that the urbanites' view may be closer to the truth than the farmers' is the fact that apple producers in the U.S. do a business that brings in some $300,000,000 annually, move about 100,000 carloads of the fruit a year and account for one fourth to one third of the world's apple crop. Though there are commercial orchards in almost every one of the 48 states, the major portion of the nation's output comes from the North Atlantic and Northwestern states.

Topping them all is the state of Washington, which grows, packs and ships at least 30 per cent of all U.S. apples. Heart of Washington's fabulous apple land are the Wenatchee-Okanogan and the Yakima Valley districts, in the rich Columbia and Yakima River Valleys, bisecting the state from north to south just east of the sheltering Cascade Mountains. On 75,000 acres, some 5,000 ranchers grow an average of 30,000,000 bushels of apples a year. Autumn in Washington is, thus, big business.

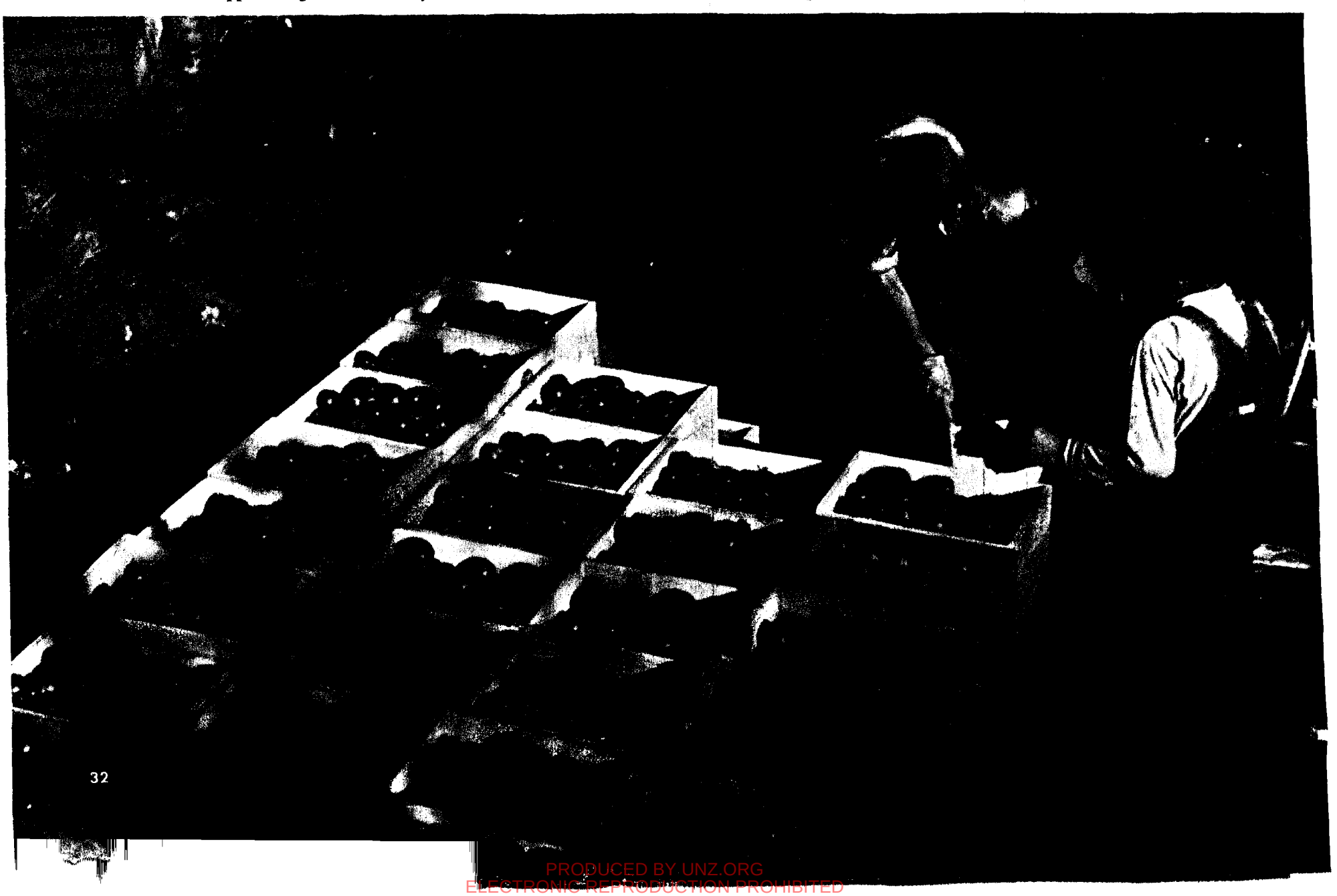
Harvest starts early in September when the round, red Jonathans are ripe. Migratory workers begin to pour into the valley for the tremendous picking job. Jeeps and trailers rumble through the orchards. Washing machines, conveyer belts, boxmaking machines, freight cars, elevators, cold-storage plants hum with activity. As the Jonathans disappear from the trees, the season rises toward its peak during National Apple Week (October 25th to November 3d): the broad-shouldered Delicious comes in, followed by the Winesap, the Golden Delicious, the Yellow Newtown and the big, round Rome Beauty. Scores of other varieties are harvested, but these are Washington's "Big Six." Only the Jonathans move fast. The others are stored, and shipped from coast to coast at an average of some 100 carloads a day from September through June, to keep urban Americans supplied for a full 10 months of the year.

They may not set their bushel baskets on the back porch in Washington State. Their way of doing things may be more commercial than romantic. But the apples are good—tangy as the autumn air, robust as ham-and-eggs, and pretty as sweet sixteen.

SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE

Movement of apples begins when they are loaded on flat trailers in orchard. Operation here, on 350-acre Beebe ranch, is typical



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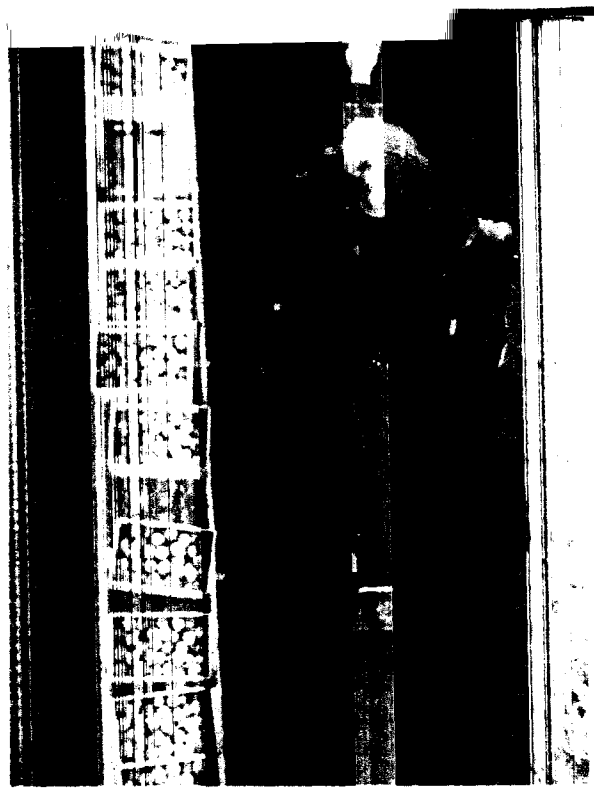
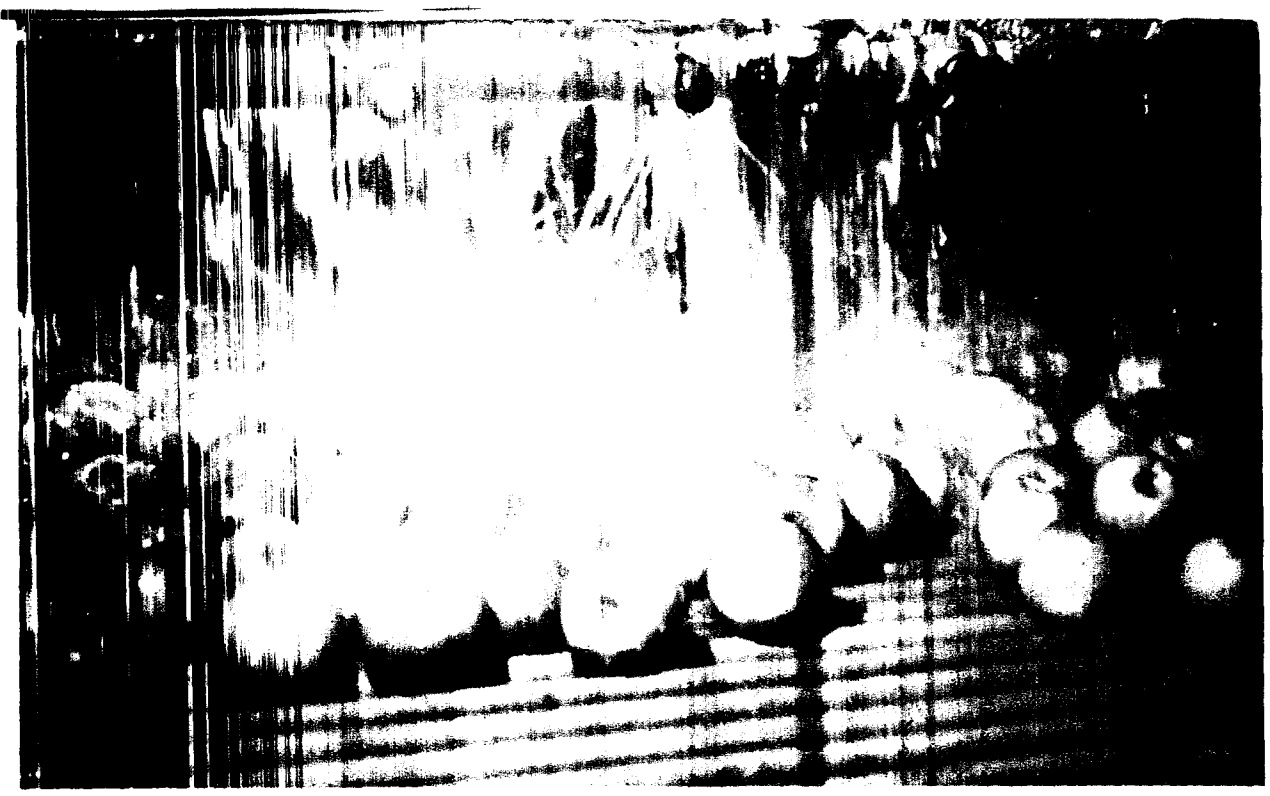


From trailers apples go to conveyer belt, which **carries them into cooling room of packing** plant



After cooling, all apples are automatically washed and dried. Water removes residues of sprays, which have been applied periodically during summer to ward off pests and diseases

Clean apples pass through sorting room on corded rollers. Fancy and extra-fancy grades remain on rollers for packing together. C-grade fruit is put on belt, packed separately

While fruit is being sorted, empty orchard boxes are carried off for repair and return to pickers

Sorted apples pass through automatic weighing machine, are wrapped and put in boxes by size

Boxed apples are packed into refrigerator cars loaded with ice for cross-country travel. Each car holds about 798 boxes. At season's peak, some 250 cars a day leave Washington

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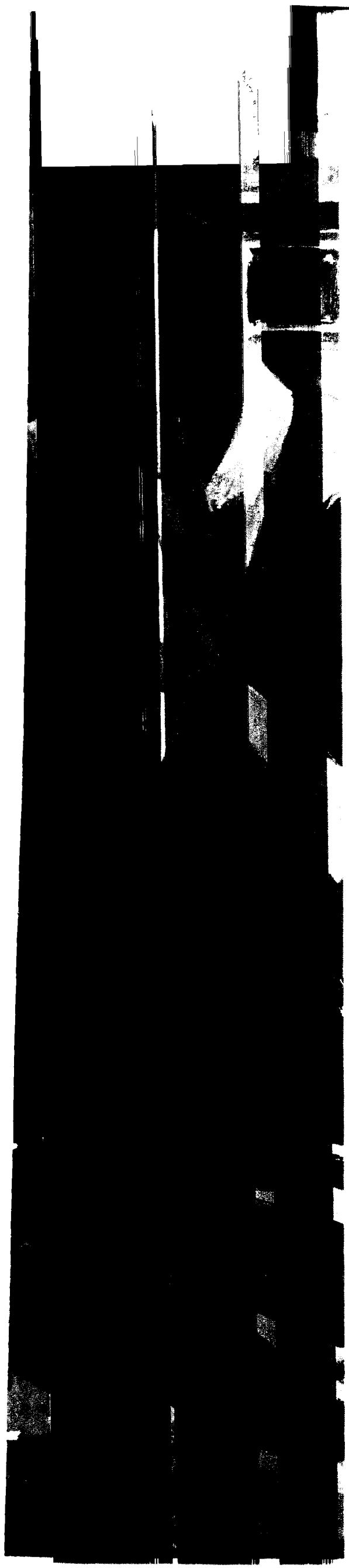

Beginning a new mystery—the story of a master art forger who was the tool of greedy and unscrupulous men, and of a murderer who would kill and kill again to keep the secret of a diabolical conspiracy

RECLINING FIGURE

By MARCO PAGE

I

IF YOU approached the Ocean Inn from Los Angeles, a level, straight stretch of road allowed it to loom up gradually, so that you could study slowly, and in detail, the bewildering arrangement of pointless setbacks and projections that twisted the exterior into a cubist nightmare. Even in a community with a restaurant built in the shape of a frying pan, it was an outstanding eyesore.

The airport car deposited Ellis Blaise under the soaring porte-cochere, and a doorman in an exotic uniform took his bags into the lobby.

Blaise registered and was taken upstairs to the suite reserved for him. The living room was small and furnished mostly with glass and tubing. The bedroom, being entirely functional, was better. A huge bed rose barely eight inches off the floor, and one wall was a row of built-in cabinets. French doors opened to a balcony over the beach, and, when the bellboy was gone, Blaise took off his coat and went out on it.

It was a bright, clear day, still unmarred by the downtown smog, and the sand looked clean and inviting. The hotel's private beach was deserted, but a few early pilgrims were already on the adjoining public beach. A battered refreshment stand was still boarded up, the projecting counter being used as a ballet bar by two stunning girls who were limbering already lithe and supple bodies.

Blaise watched the girls for a moment, then turned his face up to the early sun. A nearby voice said, "Good morning, Ellis."

Blaise turned. A neat, middle-aged man was watching from the next-door balcony. Blaise recognized Jonas Astorg, an art dealer from New York.

"Lovely girls," Astorg said. "Something in the air, or perhaps the abundance of orange juice, tends to give the southern California girls uniformly lovely legs, fine bodies and clear skin." Regretfully, he added, "It also makes them grow too tall for an undersized European like myself."

"Tough luck," said Blaise.

"Lucas Edgerton sent for you?" Astorg asked.

Blaise looked at him speculatively. "You wouldn't say that unless you knew."

Astorg chuckled. "Why be reticent and uncommunicative? What I know I will gladly tell you. Do you know why Edgerton sent for you?"

Blaise shook his head. "No. He doesn't tell me much."

Edgerton came over to the desk with short, funny little steps, as though he were literally hopping mad. "Simon," he said to his son, "I told you never to set foot in here!"

"He's going to sell some paintings."

"Is that why you followed me out here?" Blaise asked.

Astorg looked pained. "My dear boy, I arrived twenty-four hours before you did. I hardly think that can be called following."

"You know what I mean," Blaise said. "You're here in this hotel, next door. Is that an accident?"

Astorg smiled. "I might say it was if I thought you would believe me. No, Ellis, it is not an accident." He looked wistfully at the open door of Blaise's bedroom. "Could we not talk more comfortably inside?"

"I'm expecting a call."

Astorg nodded. "Very well. Edgerton plans to sell some paintings. He's worried about cash for taxes. I have some fine customers. Rich, sound collectors. Let's work together."

"You say 'work together,'" Blaise said thoughtfully. "Do we work together for ourselves, or for Edgerton?"

Astorg leaned over his balcony and let his cigarette fall. "A man like Lucas Edgerton pays a few hundred dollars for a painting by Cézanne. That's fine. It shows a pioneering instinct, a nice appreciation of obscure, difficult tendencies in art. Let's say he now gets thirty thousand for the painting. That's a wonderful profit. He deserves it, mind you—"

"Especially if the painting is worth fifty or sixty thousand."

"I doubt if Edgerton has current values at his fingertips," Astorg said smoothly.

"Isn't that why he's hiring me?"

"You talk like a Boy Scout," Astorg said, for the first time betraying impatience. "This is a chance you may never get again. What do you want to make—ten per cent?"

Blaise laughed. "I might take five." Then he heard the telephone. "Excuse me, will you, Jonas?"

IT WAS a girl's voice, cool and pleasant. "Mr. Blaise? . . . This is Miriam Wayne—Mr. Edgerton's secretary. Mr. Edgerton would like to see you this morning. Please follow these instructions: Leave the hotel in just fifteen minutes—that will be at eleven thirty-eight exactly. Walk north two blocks on the highway to Emerald Lane. Turn into the lane. Walk slowly toward the boulevard. A car will pick you up in the lane. Is that quite clear?"

Blaise said, "Perfectly." He couldn't resist adding, "Are we robbing a bank, Miss Wayne, or holding up a gas station?"

Miss Wayne started to say something, but a harsh, angry voice came blaring in. "Damn it, Blaise, follow orders. Do as you're told!" There was a crash as an *(Continued on page 64)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

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HALLOWEEN'S HERE

Paintings By
CYDNEY

Grinning pumpkin faces are a boy's best ghost

Bobbing for apples (above) and scaring one another are kids' special Halloween delights

HALLOWEEN! The kid next door yells the word in delight as he leaps the fence, chalks the walk and jabs the pin in the doorbell. It's like a cat's screech, a ghost's squeak, a witch's scream on a dark night when the wind's as sharp as a splintered bone. Where does it come from? Its exuberance hails from the Druids of the northlands of ancient Europe, who, saying farewell to the joys of summer, spent the chill October nights in merriment and feasting and the telling of ghostly tales. Its spirit comes from the Romans thanking Pomona, Goddess of Fruit, for a bountiful harvest. And its name and soul came from eighth-century Christians, who wove superstition and time-worn pagan rites into a festival to all those saints who might have been forgotten but for the hallowed evening and the day called All Saints' Day that immediately followed it.

Where or when children took over, no one knows. But as sure as Christmas, Halloween belongs to boys and girls—disciples of the god of mischief, courtiers in the halls of trickery, princes of prank and just plain slam-bang, spatterdash, kick-it-and-run kids. There's not a ghost or an elf anywhere, who can make a pumpkin grin, or a gate creak, or a pail clatter, or a hen squawk, or a dog bark, or a cat yowl the way a kid can. As these paintings by Cydney bear witness, Halloween is a child's night. It's a long, long way now from the ancient Druids, but the witches of old still keep their date with the frosty end of October. If you don't see them as much as you used to, it's only because they're *hiding*—from that *mischievous* kid next door. THE END

. . . and no one's too young for Halloween

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...just one thing...

...World's Best Tobacco

We say boo! to all those nose-and-throat tests . . . with this reminder: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold. This conclusion was established on evidence by the U. S. Government.

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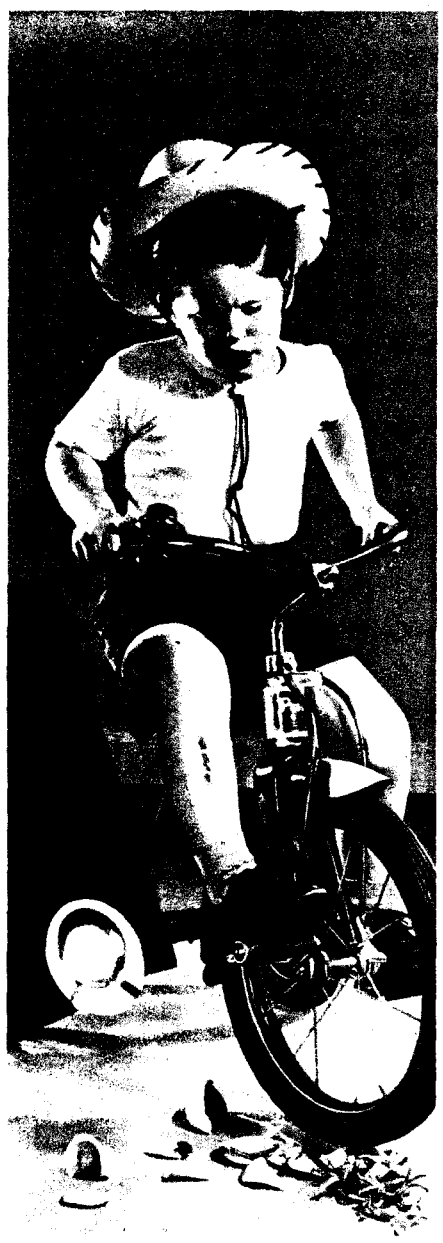

Preacher vs. Reformer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

It has been a tremendous scrap, too, and the punching and counterpunching will go on until the voting booths close the night of November 6th. The nonprofessionals who head the Republican and Democratic tickets—and one of them will boss the third largest American city come January—have not proved themselves endearing to the old-fashioned ward heelers who are still found in quantity in Philadelphia. There's no doubt, though, that the boys are working in the wards as they never worked before. The "old pros" may not consider the candidates their own kind, but they figure quite simply that it's better to have the party in office with lean pickings than out of office with none.

The candidates are surely of a different kind. Philadelphians look a long way back and are still unable to recall two candidates as unorthodox in background as these.

Introducing the Opponents

Dr. Poling is an eminently successful and internationally known churchman, editor and writer. At sixty-six (he will be sixty-seven on November 30th), the six-foot 200-pound preacher, with a vagrant lock of black hair wandering over his head, buzzes through a day-in, day-out schedule of 15 hours on split-second timing. He is from a pioneering Oregon family which has produced clergymen for seven generations but, he says, he is the only one who ever tried politics. Despite the extraordinary demands of a political campaign, he manages to keep a busy hand on a great variety of interests, any one of which would challenge the strength of a far younger man.

His opponent is a man of no less energy. Mr. Clark, just turned fifty, is a Philadelphia blue blood who broke a long line of Republicans in his family to become a Democrat. ("Joe," a friend said, "is a rebel by nature.") Five feet nine inches tall and weighing only 150 pounds, he is a lawyer and is conducting an exhausting campaign while attending to his duties as city controller, the watchdog of municipal finances. He was one of the Democrats who defeated Republicans for four city offices two years ago and set the stage for their big effort this year to put a wholly Democratic regime into City Hall for the first time since the Civil War.

It is plain why both of these candidates are irritating to the heavy-footed, light-fingered politician, but many Philadelphians find it difficult to understand why Dr. Poling, a distinguished minister and once pastor of the city's famed Baptist Temple, ever consented to run for mayor and thus get himself entangled in the inevitable political brawling. The fact is, from the moment the idea was first broached, Dr. Poling listened with interest, but with some reluctance. He soon found that he liked the idea. He says now: "The challenge was enough to make an old man tingle to the tips of his toes."

Still, Dr. Poling never dreamed of running for mayor or anything else when he left for Europe in the spring. He had once turned down a chance to stand for governor of Pennsylvania on the Democratic ticket, he says, and had never forgotten the bitterness of 1944 when he broke from his Republican moorings, rejected the advice of those close to him and publicly supported President Roosevelt. "I did it because I thought him the symbol of unity in wartime," Dr. Poling told me. "I nearly broke the heart of my family and I hurt a great many of my friends."

The doctor also remembered a long-ago venture into politics. As a young man—he was twenty-seven—he ran for governor of Ohio on the prohibition ticket. Oddly, he could not have served if he had been elected because he was not old enough. He knew very well that he had no chance and that is the way the election proved out. The prohibition label plagues him now. The doctor tells taproom owners: "Your business is as legal as mine. It is legal because of the right of free American people to express their convictions at the polls. I stand for that right." (Dr. Poling does not drink; his opponent enjoys an occasional highball.)

On his hurry-up trip to Europe, Dr. Poling had a heavy schedule—London, Barcelona, Madrid, Paris, all in three weeks. He had work to do for the 4,000,000-member Christian Endeavor Union of which he is world president; for the American Church in Paris, operated by the interdenominational American and Foreign Christian Union of which he is chairman; for the American Legion Magazine, which had assigned him to do articles, and for the lively publication he edits, the Christian Herald.

"I was thinking of easing up a bit on some of my jobs when I got home," the doctor said. "I wanted to do more writing, which I enjoy. I was having a lot of pleasant thoughts about this."

Back in Philadelphia, things were far from pleasant for the Republicans. They had four victorious Democrats, including Joe Clark, on their necks at City Hall. The Democrats were bombarding the Republican "City Hall gang" and their ammunition was a series of scandals. There were charges of graft, bribery and embezzlement. Impeachment proceedings were started against some officials, others were indicted and nine shamed officeholders committed suicide.

Also, to add to the gloom, the Democrats had won the city in three straight elections—an astonishing sequence when you consider that registration in Philadelphia is normally about two and a half to one in the Republican party's favor. In 1948, Thomas E. Dewey, Republican candidate for President, lost Philadelphia to the Democrats by 6,737, although he carried Pennsylvania by 149,771; in 1949, Democrats were swept into four city offices—controller, treasurer, register of wills and coroner—and, in 1950, Richardson Dilworth, Democratic candidate for governor, had a majority of 76,761 in the city that was finally overcome in the rest of the state by Fine, who was elected.

It was obvious that something had to be done to strengthen the Republican hand in the city. A group of independent Republicans, many of them businessmen, stepped in. They started a search for a strong, untarnished candidate. A majority of them finally settled on Walter P. Miller, Jr., an exceptionally able Philadelphia manufacturer, and decided to enter him in the Republican primary for mayor. Others wanted what they described as a "bigger name." The search went on for someone to oppose Mr. Miller in the primary. A number of Republicans were discussing possible candidates one mild May evening when Dr. John Royal Moore, long-time friend of Dr. Poling, said he had a suggestion.

"Why not Poling?" he asked.

"Why not the Angel Gabriel?" a political leader said.

Those at the gathering ignored the flip retort and decided to set about the job of convincing Dr. Poling that he should run against Mr. Miller. First they had to find Dr. Poling. A couple of phone calls and the Philadelphians thought they had located the doctor in Madrid. But he was moving too fast. It was not until Dr. Poling returned from Europe and went to his office at the Christian Herald on East Thirty-ninth Street in New York City that he knew the group of Republicans wanted him to run for mayor.

"There were telegrams piled on my desk and telephone calls had been coming in by the dozen," the doctor said. "My first reaction was absolutely no. But I listened when my friends began calling and telling me I had to do it. Bill Schnader, an old associate, called. (William A. Schnader, former state Attorney General, onetime G.O.P. candidate for governor and a big wheel in the Poling campaign now.) I was on my way to San Francisco so I left things up in the air." Dr. Poling, by the way, was elected president of the Chaplains Association of the Armed Forces at San Francisco.

A Conference with His Wife

Time was running out when Dr. Poling got to Philadelphia after the chaplains' session on the West Coast. He had to file for the July primary within a short time or abandon any thought of running. "I talked to Lillian," the doctor said. Lillian is Mrs. Poling, gray-haired, statuesque and quite certain that the doctor knows what he's about. "Looks to me as if I'm going to do this," he told her.

"I know you're going to do it," Mrs. Poling said. That was it, so far as Dr. Poling was concerned. He told his chief supporters at a meeting at Philadelphia's venerable Bellevue-Stratford Hotel that he would run as an independent if—and this *if* rocked the city—he could seek the support of the Republican organization which was taking the full force of Democratic attack. Also, Dr. Poling specified that he wanted to be consulted on candidates.

COLLIER'S

"Relax, everybody, Henry's found the garlic!"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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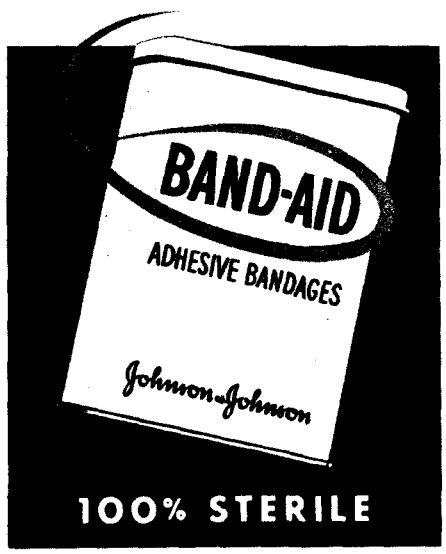
The tiniest injury can become infected. Always protect with BAND-AID, the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

Always look for the name on the box



Johnson & Johnson

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The city organization had no love for Dr. Poling, a nonprofessional and a preacher at that, and certainly there was no enthusiasm for his terms: a free hand and, eventually, complete reorganization of the Republican party in Philadelphia. The ward bosses knew they had no hope of naming their own man and winning. Mayor Bernard Samuel was not a candidate for re-election. Dr. Poling got organization backing. He had at least asked for support. Mr. Miller didn't ask. Dr. Poling was quick in exercising his free hand. He selected the Republican candidate for district attorney, his most important running mate. The doctor's man is Michael A. Foley, who once was an assistant district attorney.

Bad News for Ward Heelers

With characteristic vigor, Dr. Poling proceeded to win the Republican nomination for mayor from the Miller independents while Joe Clark was winning the Democratic. Then things, enough to make ward heelers cry, began to happen. Dr. Poling had been reading the new city charter —effective in January when the new administration takes over City Hall—which gives real authority to the mayor and reduces the powers of the city council which has always ruled Philadelphia with an almost unbridled hand.

"The charter sounded to me as though the people meant that the city council was to be as nonpolitical as possible," the doctor said. "So it seemed to me that we ought not to have city councilmen who are also ward leaders. (In Philadelphia, ward leaders and city councilmen have nearly always been synonymous.) I got Bill Morrow (city G.O.P. chairman) to get written pledges from those on the ticket to choose between running for the council and their ward leaderships. I made those pledges stick. Three councilmen withdrew from the council race rather than give up their ward jobs."

I saw Dr. Poling just after a session in which one of these council candidates begged to withdraw his pledge and remain in the race while retaining his ward leadership. It had been a touching incident. The man and his two sons, all in tears, argued that the candidate was poor and desperately needed the $9,000-a-year council job although he was not ready to give up his ward, too. The surprising thing is that this ward leader is poor. Dr. Poling is an emotional man but he is also practical. He refused to retreat from the public position he had taken and the ward leader was forced to withdraw from the race. The ex-candidate could cause him trouble on Election Day.

From the time of his nomination, Dr. Poling has run his own headquarters—the Poling-Foley committee—in the old Republic Trust Company building at 1431 Chestnut Street, less than a block away from the busy Philadelphia intersection of Broad and Chestnut. Outside, resting against the now-grimy columns of the long-vacant four-story building, are almost life-size cutout photographs of Dr. Poling and Mike Foley, hands outstretched to passers-by. The headquarters occupy the whole building, and on the third floor, in what must have been a directors' room, Dr. Poling operates, and there is rarely a detail that does not have his personal attention.

The doctor has been careful in keeping the official operations of his committee separate from those of the Republican city organization. City Chairman Morrow proposed after the primary that the Poling-Foley independent committee be merged with the regular organization with Bill Hamilton, a seasoned hand and Morrow side-kick, as Dr. Poling's campaign manager. This was rejected. Dr. Poling gave Bill Hamilton a desk at his headquarters, but that's all. The doctor named a nonprofessional as his campaign manager.

He is thirty-six-year-old Alvah B. Adam, once chosen as Outstanding Young Man of the Year by the Pennsylvania Junior Chamber of Commerce, and what he lacks in political experience he makes up in drive. Mr. Adam, who idolizes Dr. Poling, has been associated with him in religious activity for many years. Bill Schnader, Dr. Poling's close friend, supplies much of the savvy on Chestnut Street.

The city organization, keeping fairly much to itself in the Market Street National Bank building a few blocks away, is bending to the task of electing Dr. Poling with its old leadership. There's Chairman Morrow, Hamilton, Sheriff Austin Meehan, who decided not to stand for re-election this year, William F. Meade, ward leader and president of the powerful County Board of Revision of Taxes, and, perhaps the smartest of them all, Morton Witkin, county commissioner. (The Democrats charge that Dr. Poling's nomination was cooked up in Mort Witkin's office.)

To quiet the fears of leaders that they are being given a brush-off in his campaign, Dr. Poling has consulted with them from time to time. He also had what he describes as "a good meeting" with the 52 ward leaders, wheel horses of the regular Republican organization.

The Republican organization is the Democratic theme for this campaign. "It's the same old gang," Joe Clark says, and he and his running mate, Richardson Dilworth, 1950 candidate for governor, presently city treasurer and Mr. Foley's opponent for district attorney, are not letting Dr. Poling forget that he has organization support.

Neither Mr. Clark nor Mr. Dilworth, who is credited with being one of Philadelphia's ablest and handsomest campaigners in a generation, refers very often to Dr. Poling by name. They call him the "eminent divine," "the good doctor," "the celebrated clergyman." They have made no personal attack on Dr. Poling although they hold, in effect, that he is a "respectable front" for the so-called "gang." To this, Dr. Poling replies that he has fought political corruption from the pulpit and in the pages of his magazine, the Christian Herald, for many years.

"I didn't realize it," he says, "but I guess I must have been something of a hypocrite at the time. I would denounce wicked politicians and bad government, yet I never got around to doing anything about it. A hypocrite and a stooge are two things I absolutely refused to be, now or ever. That's why, when the chance came, I decided that it was time for a clergyman—this clergyman, at any rate—to practice what he preached without, at the same time, becoming a stooge for anyone—not even my own Republican machine backers."

"Stooge" Charges Disproved

That is the doctor's position and his adherents quickly point out that his action in kicking ward leaders off the G.O.P. ticket, his promise to reorganize the Republican city organization and his record of independence in conducting his campaign are proof that he is nobody's stooge. It is unlikely that any of these things made Dr. Poling very popular with the professional politicians.

In this respect—unpopularity with the "old pros"—Joe Clark is the equal of Dr. Poling. The story goes (and it's true) that Chairman James A. Finnegan of the 10-man policy committee of the Democratic city committee didn't want Mr. Clark as his party's candidate for mayor, but he couldn't wiggle out of it. Mr. Clark was a victorious Democrat in city politics and he had the backing of Mr. Dilworth, who had played an important part in upsetting the Republicans in the city in the last three campaigns. "But," a Clark supporter said, "Jim and the committee finally came around and everything's fine now."

The Democratic candidate, whose family has been high in social and business life in Philadelphia for five generations, came out of exclusive Chestnut Hill in 1928 to support Alfred E. Smith—and that's when he broke with his Republican tradition. He has never severed his old friendships, though. One of his friends said: "Joe

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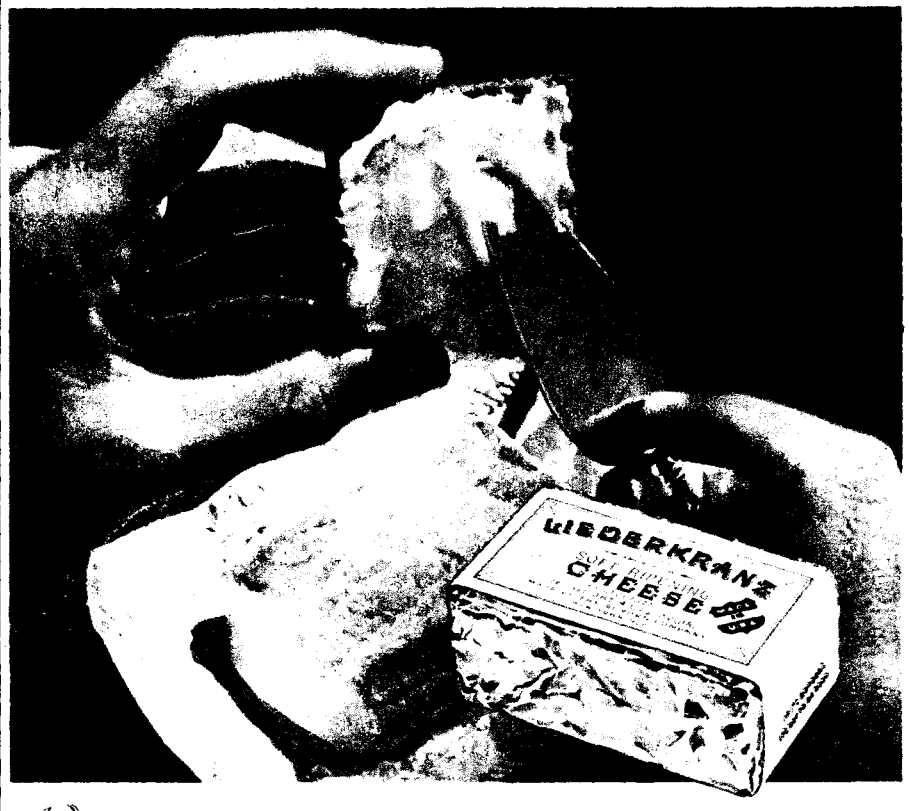

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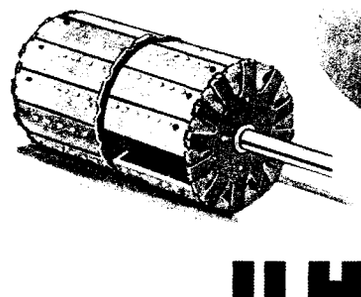

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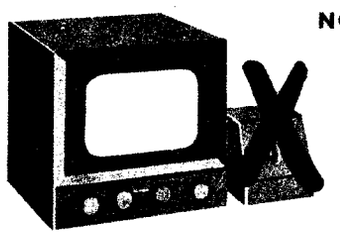

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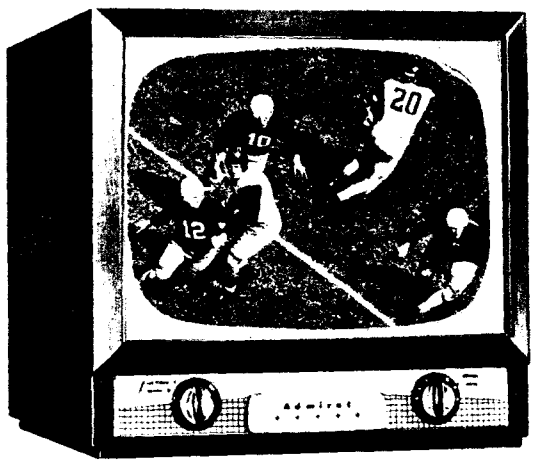

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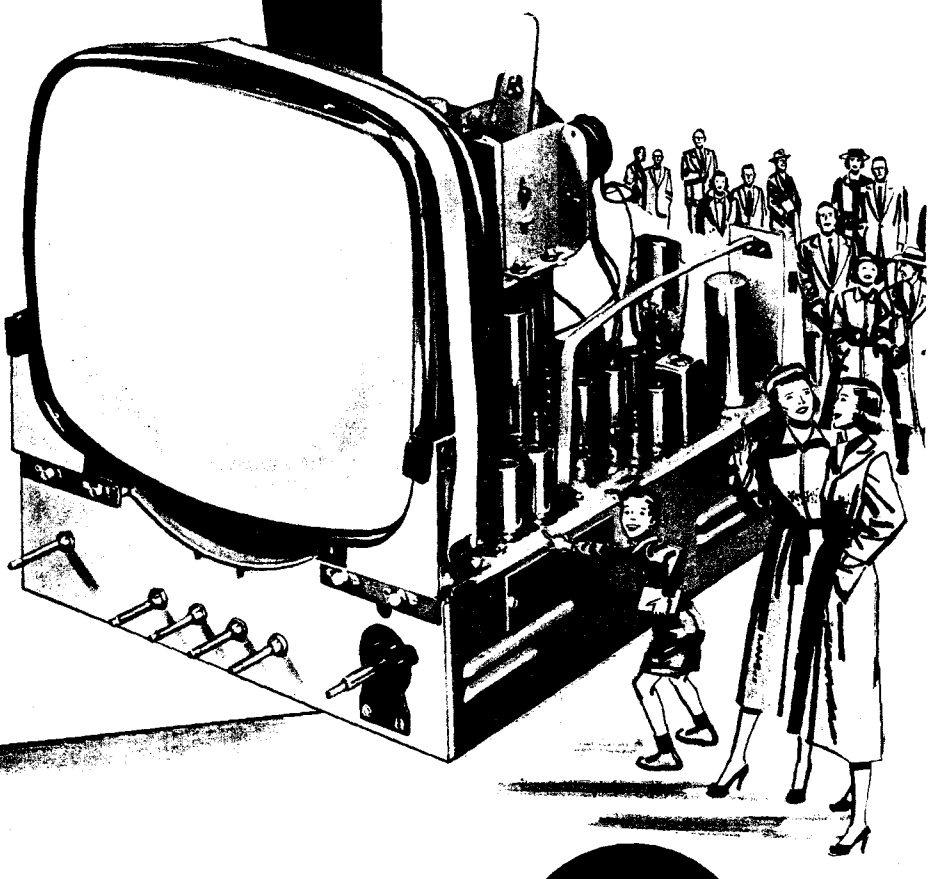

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doesn't mix politics and home. He segregates his living." Many of Joe's friends are alert, thinking, smart, social register people. They kid him about politics and he kids them right back. They tell him: "Say, Joe, take off that hair shirt."

Still, Joe Clark galls whenever he's called a "Chestnut Hill socialite" in print. The fact is that his social life is very simple. He's not a big party man, likes to have a few friends around on his veranda looking down toward the cool autumn woods. Like his opponent in this campaign, he is a prodigious worker. He has been active in many organizations, among them the Pennsylvania Merit System League, a group keeping tabs on the civil service; the Public Charities Association of Pennsylvania; the Bureau of Municipal Research; Philadelphia's famed Committee of 70 which conducted a vigorous drive for civic decency, the Philadelphia Bar Association and the Citizens' Council on City Planning.

Perhaps Mr. Clark's favorite organization is the Americans for Democratic Action. He has been chairman of the Philadelphia chapter and is busy with its work whenever he can find time away from the campaign and his job as city controller. Scarcely a political campaign has gone by since 1928 that he hasn't had a hand in, directly or indirectly, although every "old pro" in the party considers him a maverick rather than a regular.

His first personal campaign for office was in 1934 when he ran for city council. He took a licking. He was then as now a reformer in heart and action.

With Stratemeyer in Far East

Joe Clark, at thirty-nine, took time out for war. "A friend of mine called me from Washington and said war was surely coming," he recalled. "He was an accurate prognosticator and I got in before Pearl Harbor." Mr. Clark rose from captain to colonel and spent the larger part of his service as senior administrative officer of General George E. Stratemeyer's China-Burma-India air command.

Like many Americans serving in this theater, the then Colonel Clark got a bad case of amoebic dysentery. He thinks he has this persistent and recurring bug out of his system now. Mr. Clark returned to Philadelphia and his law practice after the war, but he was destined to hear from General Stratemeyer again. The general sent a call to him to appear in Washington. He told Mr. Clark: "I've just been told I'm responsible for the defense of the continental United States against all forms of air attack. Help me organize *that* one."

Joe Clark stayed in Washington long enough to assist the general in blueprinting his organization for continental defense. He doesn't talk about his war service unless he's asked. He much prefers to talk about Philadelphia affairs in which he has been active for so many years. He says: "Nobody drafted me to run for mayor. I want to be mayor because I want to spend the next four years of my life helping to make Philadelphia a better place to live in and work in. After all, this is my home town."

Mr. Clark lives in the big 22d Ward in a whitewashed stone-and-brick home he made from two cottages on an estate once owned by his father, Joseph Sill Clark, Sr., a lawyer and more than half a century ago a national tennis champion. Young Mr. Clark owns only a small part of the estate's grounds now. He lives in the pleasant house with his son Joe III, twenty-two and a student at Harvard's graduate business school, his daughter, eleven-year-old Noel, and his wife, also Noel.

Dr. Poling, by the way, lives in another section of the 22d Ward in a roomy stone house on a pleasant street called Pelham Road. Dr. Poling has six daughters and one son still living and 14 grandchildren. Most of them live away now, but the doctor and Mrs. Poling have their elderly relatives visit them for long stays. Dr. Poling inherited the home from an old friend and a parishoner of the doctor's when he was pastor of Baptist Temple. (He is a member of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church and the Baptist Temple. At one time he was pastor of New York's famed Marble Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church.)

It is probable that the candidate who carries the 22d Ward will be elected mayor, and the neighbors of both Mr. Clark and Dr. Poling are watching their maneuvering with close interest.

Both Pledge War on Grafters

There is a large area of agreement between the two candidates on what must be done in Philadelphia. Both, naturally, are committed to wipe out corruption. I asked the two candidates how they proposed to do it. Dr. Poling thought he could get at a lot of the corruption in city government by using a stronger hand in the licensing and inspection services. "That," he said, "is always a source of graft." Under the new charter, he said, all these services come under one department with broad powers limited only by the federal Constitution and the constitution of Pennsylvania. To protect the citizens who feel themselves unjustly dealt with, there will also be a Board of License and Inspection Review to which they may bring their cases for review.

It is certainly true that licensing and inspection are a source of crime in many American cities. They are, in fact, one of the simplest and most inviting forms of graft.

"I think a lot of graft develops from the lack of any morals among the politicians behind an administration," Joe Clark told me. "That's what we've had in the City Hall game here and that's why the Republican organization is frantic now. I don't think a lot of little people in city government would take bribes and levy tribute if their superiors weren't corrupt. I think, in fact, that the little people in our government here are pretty honest if they're given that kind of direction.

"It isn't only graft and we've had plenty of that," he went on. "It's inefficiency. When I took over the city controller's job, I found that we had 92 employees and were giving lousy service. I cut this to 67 and I'm convinced we're giving real service to the taxpayers. I've been able to conduct complete and frequent audits—and that's my job. Graft, as it was in the old Tammany days in New York, is just a case of everybody's doing it. And, of course, it doesn't happen when nobody's doing it."

Both candidates are agreed that the Philadelphia police and fire departments are efficient and composed of good men and true. "The only trouble is a few political-minded people at the top level," according to Dr. Poling, and almost the same words came from Joe Clark. They both agree that the new city charter, which provides for a strong mayor and a greater system of checks and balances, is going to be a good thing for Philadelphia.

Dr. Poling said that the new charter "intrigued me." He explained that it would give the next mayor the "opportunity of a lifetime."

The doctor's mention of the charter incenses both Mr. Clark and Mr. Dilworth. "Where was Dr. Poling and the Republican city organization while we were trying to get the charter through?" they ask angrily. "The City Hall gang didn't want it and there wouldn't be any charter if we hadn't gone into the streets and begged Philadelphia to vote for it."

The doctor observes that several who helped draft the charter are among his supporters.

It is on such matters as the charter and what will be done with it and the record of the Republican administration in City Hall that the slam-bang starts between Joe Clark and Dr. Poling. The doctor thinks there's something to be said in favor of the administration. He emphasizes the cost of city government which he says "is the lowest of any of the 16 largest cities in the entire United States." Joe Clark says it can be lower with efficiency and, moreover, that the city employees could be paid decent salaries, which would be another way of getting rid of smalltime graft.

Mr. Clark says the "situation in City Hall is gray, not all black." His running mate, Mr. Dilworth, puts it considerably stronger. "I think there are a lot of crooks that we haven't unearthed yet and we've unearthed plenty of them. No member of a political machine ever reformed while in office. They have to be thrown out before they get religion even if they manage to get a minister running on the same ticket with them."

Religious Theme Soft-Pedaled

That's about as far as any of the candidates will go in injecting religion into the campaign. Both Mr. Clark and Mr. Dilworth, like Dr. Poling, are Protestants, and the Democrats are trying as hard as the doctor himself to keep any religious or denominational feeling out of the political discussion. In a moment of burning campaign fever, one of Dr. Poling's press relations men did draw on William Penn's description of his settlement to label the doctor "Philadelphia's holy experiment." Dr. Poling certainly does not subscribe to this. He considers himself neither "holy" nor an "experiment." He thinks he can do a businesslike job of running the city.

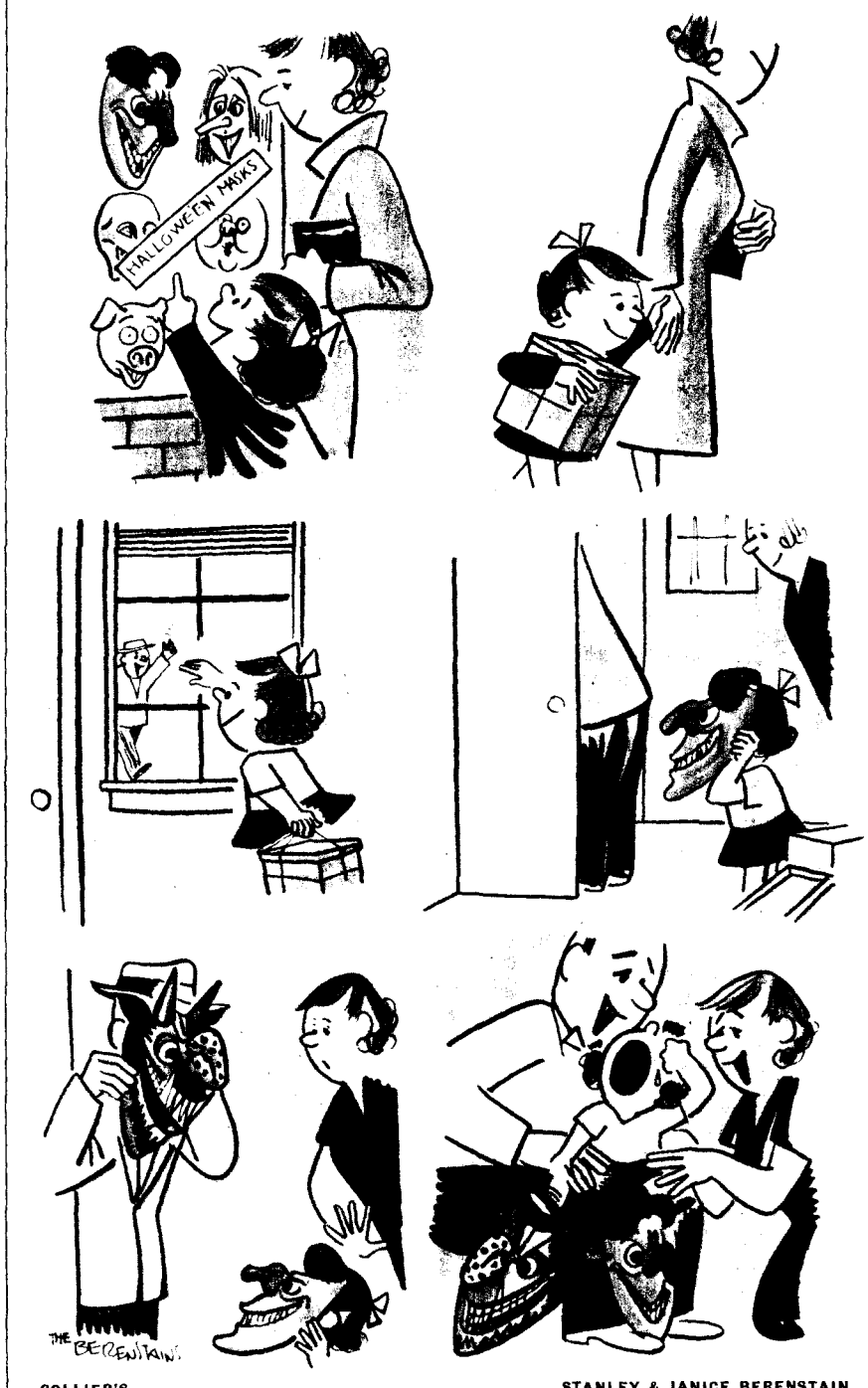
There is a plaque, green-crusted from neglect and barely seen in one of the dark recesses of City Hall. On it is inscribed this prayer by William Penn 267 years ago for the now great city on the Delaware:

"And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province—named before thou wert born,—what love, what care, what service and what travail there have been to bring thee forth and to preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee. O that thou mayest be kept from the evil that would overwhelm thee; that faithful to the God of thy mercies, in the life of righteousness, thou mayest be preserved to the end.

My soul prays to God for thee that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blest and thy people saved by His power."

The two candidates have promised in this campaign to keep evil from Philadelphia. It is safe to say that either will do all in his power to give the city honest government. Both know the ways of the greedy politicians, but it will take a tremendous effort to keep these slippery specimens out of the public till. The nominations of Dr. Poling and Mr. Clark were a victory for those who strive for decent city government; the administration of the candidate that wins could be an even greater victory. For that reason, if not for any portent of what might happen in '52, the country will be watching Philadelphia. THE END

SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

What saves overshoe mix-ups?

☐ *Safety pins* ☐ *Adhesive tape*

Want two stormy-weather trouble savers? (1) Put adhesive tape inside overshoe mates, labelled with owner's last name. (2) Save spreading colds to others — use a Kleenex* tissue *once*, then destroy, germs and all! Soothing, sturdy; *extra* soft (thanks to a special process), Kleenex is the tissue *freer from lint*. Won't aggravate sore noses.

How can you clean light fur mittens?

☐ *In a paper bag* ☐ *With art gum*

Soiled fur mittens come clean—if you shake them in a paper bag containing corn meal. Replace meal as it takes up dirt. As for creaming off soiled make-up, you'll find no other tissue can replace Kleenex. That "perfect softness plus strength" perfectly answers your beauty-care needs. Doesn't crumble as it coddles sensitive complexions.

To remove surplus grease from soup, try—

☐ *A fan* ☐ *Lettuce*

Soup's on—grease *gone!*—when you've skimmed it off by dousing lettuce leaf with cold water, then passing leaf over soup surface. To skim through scads of kitchen chores, use Kleenex. It's a grease-getter! Grand for "mop-ups." Tops for draining fried foods. Only soft, strong Kleenex gives you that handy Serv-a-Tissue box!

Know a "saving" way to tie packages?

☐ *Wet the string* ☐ *Wear a thumb protector*

For "painless" package-tying, safer mailing—wet the string before using. Shrinks when it dries; keeps package secure. And every morning, tie a string around your finger—a memo to slip Kleenex Pocket Pack tissues in your purse. 24 sheets (12 pulls)—of regular Kleenex, in a *new tiny package*. Convenient for sudden sniffles, make-up repairs.

When painting the ceiling, should you use—

☐ *An umbrella* ☐ *Rubber ball* ☐ *Serv-a-Tissue box*

Reach for the ceiling in comfort! Half of hollow rubber ball slipped over paint brush handle keeps paint from trickling down. (No messy armful!) When you keep that Serv-a-Tissue box reachable—you'll always have a soft, brawny Kleenex tissue ready for "wipe-ups." With Kleenex you get just *one at a time* (not a handful!) Saves fumbling!

Which makes skirt hemming easier?

☐ *Needlework* ☐ *Bobby pins*

Why bother basting a hem? Just fold to right length and fasten with bobby pins, every few inches. Saves work; time. Like Kleenex—the handy tissue with a "zillion" household uses. Gentle, *trustworthy*, this pure tissue contains absolutely no ground wood; which is why you won't find any weak spots or hard particles in Kleenex.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Keep Your Eye Off the Ball

By PARKE CUMMINGS

You can be inaccurate at predicting the outcome just by concentrating on the finer points

He will tell you his grandmother could have made 15 yards through that hole

FOR all too long a time I have been the type of football fan who misses the finer points of the game. What I did was watch the man with the ball to the exclusion of the other 21 players. This, it is true, has enabled me to witness quite a number of sensational runs, but it has earned me the undisguised contempt of true pigskin *aficionados* who regard my knowledge of the game as elementary.

All too often I have exclaimed: "Brother, what a run!" only to be met with the chilling rebuff: "No wonder—with them mousetrapping the right tackle like that! My grandmother could have made 15 yards through that hole!" I have also been told gently but firmly that Troogins—a great back—isn't off form today (as I seem naïvely to suspect) but is being smeared regularly on every play because the opposing guards are submarining. Oh, well, this has at least taught me that submarining applies not to water polo, but to football—although I still don't know just how.

After these and similar humiliations I finally decided to reform. I told myself: "Pretend that a football emanates some kind of dreadful rays that can cause loss of sight and eventually lead to a horrible lingering death. Keep your eyes steadily averted from that prolate spheroid at all times and watch the blockers, the floating ends and the backers-up. Who knows but that concentration on these Finer Points will eventually enable you to predict the outcomes of games as inaccurately as the experts?"

At a recent game I put this resolution into practice. A majority of my findings may not, it is true, enable future coaches to turn out higher-scoring teams or more tightly knit defensive units, but that is beside the point. The duty of a reporter is to report what he sees, whether seemingly irrelevant or not, and what seems trivial to my untutored mind may prove highly significant to the scientific authority.

His dental bill will amount to around $175

My first observation is that our left tackle—I mean our first-string *defensive* left tackle—either has hives or scratchy underwear. For the first five minutes of the game I watched him intently through my binoculars, and during that time he scratched himself on the right hip 18 times. Heffernan—the man who took his place—didn't seem to have that trouble, but I noted that Heffernan was a gum chewer. During the course of the game I then checked all the defensive left tackles (ours and theirs) and noted that seven out of the 10 also chewed gum. This ran to a higher percentage than with defensive ends, guards or *right* tackles, but I would hesitate to lay down any general rule here until I see one or two more games.

My next observation—one that I would never have made if I'd watched the silly ball—was that the opposing safety man's girl was watching the game from Portal 22, Section B, Row DD, Seat 4, and that he apparently didn't put too much trust in the fellow who was sitting next to her. He kept checking up on an average of once every two minutes, and it was on one of these occasions that our left halfback was enabled to catch a forward pass thrown into the zone the safety man was supposed to be defending. The papers subsequently described this catch as "brilliant," a fact which gave me a sense of superiority. I know better, thanks to my newly adopted policy of watching the game scientifically.

I must next report, reluctantly, that our second-string offensive right end is not a very nice fellow. The opponent who played opposite him did not think so either, although he kept his patience admirably until midway in the third period. At that point—while most of the fans were moronically cheering some play that took place on the other side of the field—I witnessed a poignant little incident that enables me to predict that our end's dental bill will run somewhere between $150 and $175. I don't know whether our athletic association will pay it, but I could give them reasons for recommending otherwise.

What do the defensive backs do when their team is faced with a desperate goal-line stand? Old bright-eyes can give you some of the answers. The other team's star backer-up went around whacking the linemen in front of him in the seat of the pants. He employed a lightly open stance, and is right-handed, and his average was two whacks per man before each play. Our own best defensive back, however, used different tactics. He simply stood and waved his clenched fists above him. They stopped us three times within their five-yard line, whereas our lads yielded two close-range touchdowns. This would seem to give the edge to pants-whacking over fist-clenching by defensive backs, but here again, I suppose, further research is in order.

The following findings—given in brief—may be lumped as miscellaneous. Our center was outspitting their center by better than a yard on every try. . . . Tackles and guards make more ferocious faces than quarterbacks. . . . Halfbacks seem to get the thirstiest. . . . When a blocker courteously helps an opponent to his feet after knocking him down, the blocker's team is more apt to be ahead than behind. . . . Hefty players perspire more freely.

They tell me that the game ended up 34-21 in the other team's favor, although, frankly, the only score I actually saw was the extra point after our second touchdown. I was watching the man who held the ball on the ground for our kicker because I wanted to see if he closed his eyes when the kicker kicked the ball.

He did—the sissy.

THE END

He kept checking the guy sitting next to her

ILLUSTRATED BY HANK KETCHAM

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Which is the better retriever — Chesapeake or Labrador? One man stands by the rugged Chesapeake (below). Another praises the sleek, powerful Labrador. Take your choice! It's a matter of opinion!

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every night in the week

on ABC Television

Saturday

Sparkling teen-age talent!

Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club

8 pm

(Nash-Kelvinator)

Sunday

"Big Top" excitement!

Super Circus

5 pm (Canada Dry, M & M Candies, Weather Bird Shoes)

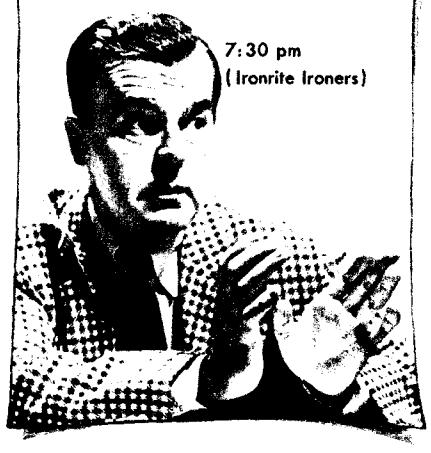
Monday

Tomorrow's stars today!

Hollywood Screen Test

7:30 pm

(Ironrite Ironers)



Tuesday

Ethel Waters stars!

Beulah

7:30 pm

(Procter & Gamble)

Wednesday

Guests! Songs! Fun!

Don McNeill TV Club

9 pm

(Philco)

Thursday

Madcap Bert Parks!

Stop the Music

8 pm

(Old Gold, Prom-White Rain)

Friday

Delightful comedy!

The Stu Erwin Show

8:30 pm

(General Mills)

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Cinderella from Cedar Rapids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

they were geniuses and celebrities, wasn't a career. She was beginning to feel she was not really an actress, and that perhaps her small talents belonged more in Cedar Rapids than New York. So ran her letters in the third year.

After four years of it, Emily Hobbs had gone back home. Tom Anderson had begun to court her the first week she was there. She loved him suddenly and deeply. They were married within two months.

She found being Mrs. Tom Anderson a wonderful thing. After the four years of a lonely, friendless New York, the Anderson farm, a hundred miles from Cedar Rapids, seemed the most exhilarating place on earth.

THERE had been only a small cloud in her marriage. It was Tom's proud notion that she had given up a life of glamor for him, and he was afraid she might find him dull after all the great wits and geniuses she had known in New York. Emily Anderson considered the Emily Hobbs of New York an aberrated and outgrown phase of her life. She would have loved to tell Tom the truth about it and hear him laugh at the lonely little liar in the rooming-house bedroom as she laughed at her now.

But two things made telling the truth too difficult. One was Tom's love. He had fallen in love with her as a glamorous New Yorker. The other was her own weakness. She was no longer a liar and her whole career as a liar seemed childish to her now. Yet she found herself enjoying its aftermath in Tom. Why not, since it pleased him, continue to be the successful Emily Hobbs, ex-friend of genius and confidante of fame? So she continued the lie because Tom's nature and even his love demanded it. And because it was pleasant to be famous in the eyes of the man she loved.

At times, she thought: We're really not married. He doesn't really love me; he loves an impostor. And every year makes it worse. We can never be close with this lie going on. And if he should ever find out!

At other times, she thought: We're as happy as two people can possibly be. It's stupid to worry about my past, or, rather, my lack of past. Tom loves me and not another version of me. It's neurotic to bother about having fooled him. That silly New York business isn't worth remembering. . . .

Looking out of the plane window, Emily Anderson remembered it, however, as if it were a bomb lying in her lap.

The plane was starting down and Tom was sitting next to her again, strapped in and holding her hand.

"I'm going to enjoy seeing New York through your eyes," he said softly. "It'll be fun taking a back seat, Emmy. And I'll try not to call you Emmy in front of your high-talking friends. It's Emily from now till we pull out. So don't worry about that. And don't worry about me sounding off like a hillbilly in front of your friends. I'll just keep my mouth shut and pretend I understand everything that's being said."

Tom paused and looked fondly at her. "What's the matter, Emmy?" he asked. "Did I say anything wrong?"

"No, Tom," she answered. "I've got a bad headache. That's why I frowned."

"It'll go away," Tom said softly. . . .

In the cab, on the way to their hotel, Emily Anderson forgot for a half hour to wince over her impending exposure as an impostor. Instead, an unhappiness came to her and then a growing despair, as if the rush of the city outside the cab were bewitching her. The great wasteland of New York was around her again, the city of tall buildings and alien streets in which she had once lost her hope and almost her identity. During the years she had lived in it, she had grown used to the hurt of failure. But now that hurt became alive in her, as if in this half hour she were being robbed again of all her dreams.

Emily Hobbs had numbed herself during the futile years she had spent here. Her failure to become an actress or even to succeed as a human being had come to seem unimportant while she had lived it. Now it became real, and not something past but something still happening. She saw the pale, staring girl writing home pathetic and desperate lies from her rooming-house bedroom as a creature too miserable to remember without tears.

She thought bitterly what a fool she had been to let Tom Anderson talk her into the trip. My God, it was like returning to an operating room where they had once cut out your spirit. Looking at her horridly happy husband, Emily was glad of only one thing: it wouldn't be necessary for her to pretend that she had a headache. A real pain filled her head as well as her heart.

In the hotel suite, where their bags were waiting for them, Emily said, "I'm sorry to spoil your first night in New York, but I really feel raggedy. I've got to go to bed."

Tom paused as he was taking his evening clothes out of a suitcase. "I shouldn't have asked you to take a plane," he said.

"It's not the plane. I just feel awful. My head aches and I—I don't want to go out." She was almost weeping.

"We don't have to go out," Tom said softly. "If you're feeling sick, that's more important than seeing ten New Yorks."

"I'd like to have dinner in the room," Emily said.

"Of course," Tom said. "You'll feel better tomorrow. I'll hire a secretary for you to help you do your telephoning and arrange things so it won't be too big a strain."

The soft, slow-spoken words made Emily feel like a pathetic clown. A secretary! Telephoning! Arrange things!

Suddenly the lies she had told, the infantile make-believe of New York fame and social success descended on her in a nightmarish array.

"I'm going to have a bath and go to bed," Emily said. "I'll unpack tomorrow."

Miserably, she watched her husband open her bag and start to hang up the new evening gowns and suits she had bought for what Tom had called "triumphal return to civilization." She must have been mad! Buying all those things for a ghost! She pressed her hands to her forehead and hurried into the bathroom.

She lay in the tub, feeling nuder inside than her nude body. New York, that had once defeated her, would defeat her again. Her marriage would never survive the clownish exposure the city had to offer Tom. She wouldn't have to confess; he would find it all out by just looking at her —lonely, friendless, and dressed up. The best thing to do was to wait until he confronted her with the truth, and to admit it —admit it and change, in his eyes, from a witty, glamorous woman into a foolish, pitiful creature.

"He's too nice to think of divorcing me," she sighed heavily, "but his love will disappear."

TOM ANDERSON looked at the clock over the elegant bar of the hotel. It was five twenty, which gave him about forty minutes to contemplate his problems. He ordered a second straight whisky.

There could be a lot of reasons for Emmy's hardly sticking her nose out of the hotel for four days. One of them could be that she was sick. She was pale and shaky enough to get by in any hospital. But there were all kinds of reasons for being sick, especially the kind of sickness you didn't want to ask a doctor to look at.

She's scared of something and she's ashamed of something, Tom thought, looking ruefully at his whisky, and I guess the answer must be me. He considered the reasons the woman he loved should be scared of him. He had never asked her any personal questions about her past in New York, about whether she had had any love affairs with any of the theater people she used to go around with. He had taken it for granted that she hadn't.

It could be I was wrong, he thought; a woman who's had affairs would be scared of having her husband meet the people she knew while she was having them.

Having figured this out, Tom Anderson scowled and felt a bit disgusted with himself. Wishing a parcel of lovers on Emmy was as stupid as it was insulting.

It's something else, Tom thought. She's ashamed of her old friends meeting me because I'm a farmer. And she's ashamed of them meeting her, because she's a farmer's wife. It's like somebody who's been rich once not wanting to parade their comedown in front of people who knew them when.

It was disillusioning that Emmy could feel that way. If she'd only discuss the thing instead of almost having hysterics every time he brought up the subject, he might help her.

"Call for Mr. Patrick Costello," a bellboy announced politely as he walked through the spacious barroom. The bellboy looked around and started toward a black-haired man with a mighty truculence in his black-eyed, sharp-featured face, standing near Tom Anderson.

"Telephone for you, Mr. Costello," the bellboy said.

"I heard," Mr. Costello said without turning his head, "and I am not interested."

The bellboy shrugged and went away.

Tom Anderson grinned at this truculent lone drinker. He remembered the name well. It had appeared in Emmy's letters from New York. Of course, there might be other Patrick Costellos. But the description he also remembered sort of fitted: "An Irish savage with a poet's heart."

Tom's grin seemed to pull Mr. Costello's attention slowly away from the rear bar shelf. He turned and saw a tall, squinty-eyed outdoor type and nodded coldly.

"Can I buy you a drink, Mr. Costello?" Tom Anderson asked.

"My God," Mr. Costello answered slowly and with a great sneer, "a fellow human being who speaks to me! Take note, bartender, and pour me a double Scotch."

"Rye for me," Tom said. "Single."

"I have recently been lynched," Mr. Costello said, moving closer to his host. "My literary remains are still dangling in the afternoon press." Mr. Costello closed his eyes and recited aloofly, " 'Patrick Costello should be ashamed of himself not only for the vulgarity which marks his new play, How Red Were the Roses, but for the exasperating monotony with which he assaulted his first-night audience.' Please tell me if I'm boring you."

"No," Tom Anderson said.

"Strange," Mr. Costello muttered. "It only proves that my natural element is not the theater but a barroom." He stared at his squinty-eyed listener and inquired moodily, "Have you ever had commerce with the dramatic critics of New York?"

"No," Tom said.

"Consider yourself blessed," Mr. Costello said. "All critics are the stepmothers of the arts. But in the theater they wear spiked shoes and carry iron shillelaghs."

"I never liked critics," Tom Anderson said. "They're like flies on a cow's tail. Make a lot of noise but got nothing to do with the production of milk."

"God love you," said Mr. Costello.

"Have another drink, Mr. Costello?" Tom said.

"Liquor is no help for the torments I feel," Mr. Costello said, "but I accept your offer." He peered at his host and added, "I don't happen to know you, do I?"

"No, but I think you know my wife," Tom said. "She used to be an actress—Emily Hobbs."

MR. COSTELLO searched the half fogs of this black Wednesday. "Emily Hobbs." Focusing on his host's expectant face, he nodded. "Emily Hobbs? Sure. Very nice girl." Then, out of a largeness of heart missing in critics, the wounded playwright added, a little vaguely, "She gave a fine performance."

"Thanks," Tom Anderson said.

"You an actor?" Mr. Costello asked.

"No, just barely smart enough to raise cattle," Tom said. "In Iowa."

"God love you," said Mr. Costello.

"It's Emily's first time back in New York in three years," Tom Anderson said. "But she's been under the weather and she hasn't been able to look up her old friends."

"A cattle raiser, a wife lover, and a gentleman," Mr. Costello said. "I am honored." He looked away suddenly and sighed. "Pardon me, here comes my fiancée. If she draws a gun and starts shooting me, don't stop her. She's the star of my new flop."

Tom watched a proud-looking, fur-coated woman approach. A prize winner, he thought—sleek, long-legged, bold-eyed.

"Hello, my poor, bruised darling," Mr. Costello said. "If you say the word I'll horsewhip the entire afternoon press."

"You promised me not to tie one on," the prize winner said in a vibrant voice. "I'm not going to have dinner with a jabbering drunk—tonight of all nights!"

"A false picture of me," Mr. Costello said. "I am appallingly sober. And I adore you—in defeat as well as victory."

"Oh, shut up and come on."

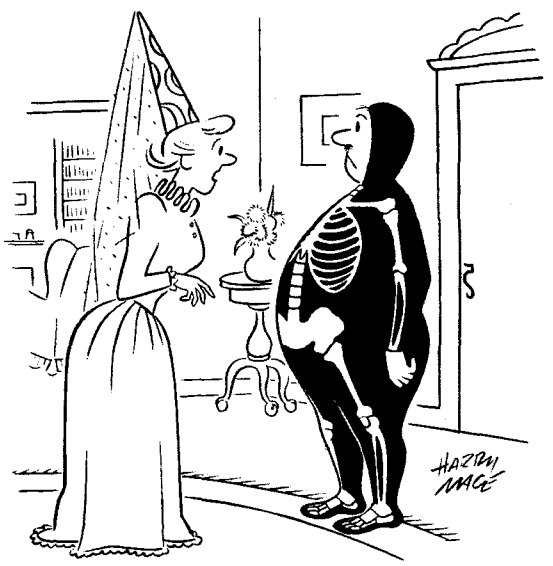
"One moment." Mr. Costello beamed at her. "I have a new friend whose name is unknown to me. Unless it's Santa Claus."

"It's Tom Anderson," his host said.

"Miss Katie Gaffney, Mr. Anderson," said Mr. Costello. "Miss Gaffney is the most promising actress on the American stage. Or was, until I blighted her career."

"That would be kind of impossible," Tom Anderson said, "from all I've heard. My wife used to write me about you."

"Heaven have mercy on all actresses,"



"Somehow the effect just doesn't quite come off"

COLLIER'S

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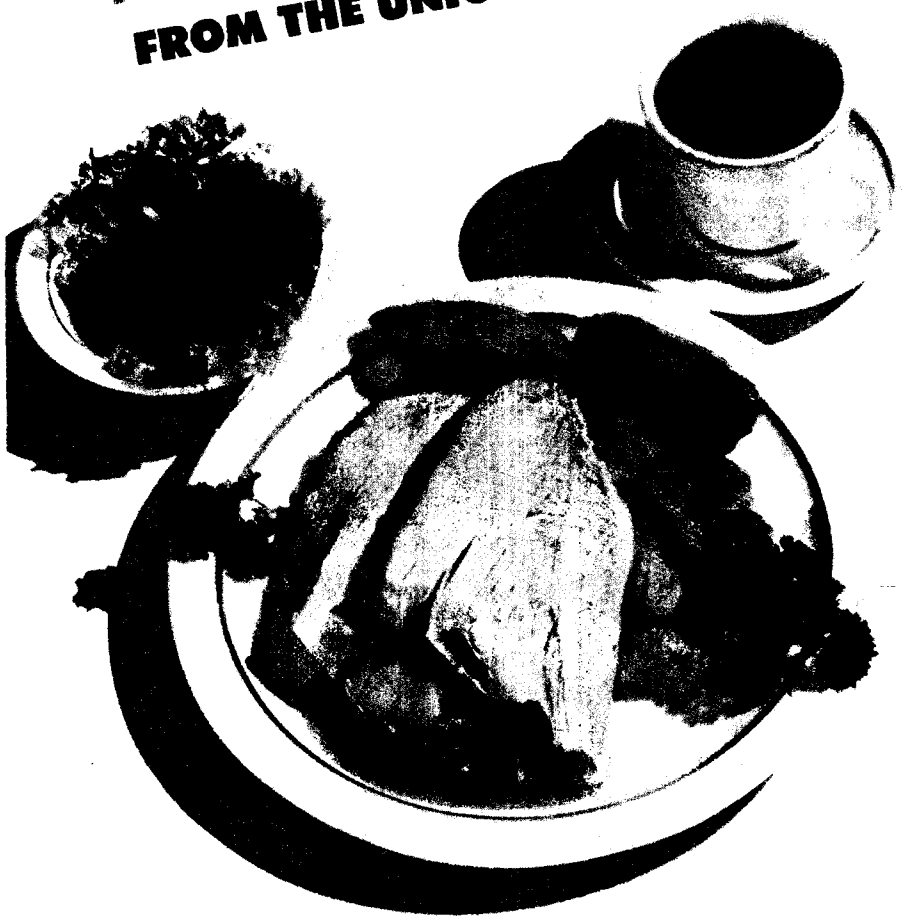

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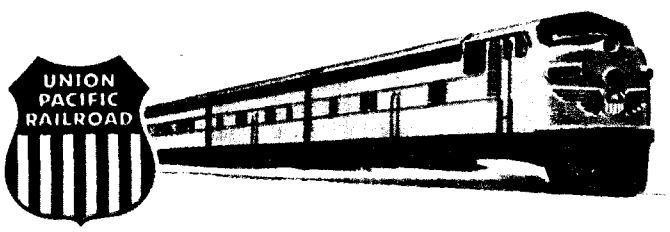

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Road of the Daily Streamliners

said Miss Gaffney. "I'm starving, Patrick. Can we go hide someplace while we eat?"

"I'd like to take you to dinner," Tom said. "The bellboy told me about a place his uncle runs. It's in a basement."

"Sounds ideal," said Mr. Costello.

"Thanks," Miss Gaffney said, "but we've got to eat with Alfred tonight. He's our bombed-out producer."

"Alfred Haas—I sort of know about him," Tom Anderson said. "He's quite a genius."

"Mr. Haas is not a genius," said Mr. Costello. "He is a tarantula and a thief. I am not dining with him."

"We've got to," Miss Gaffney said. "Please, Patrick, I despise him worse than you do. But I promised to call him. He's alone with that dead-faced dancer of his—"

"We can take him along," Tom said, and they started walking toward the hotel lobby.

An arrogant, fur-coated, red-haired woman in a startling hat and with a foamy green scarf floating from her neck greeted them. She was standing in the humming lobby like a halted parade.

"Hello," she said in a throaty voice. "Sorry about your play. I'm sure those foul critics did you wrong. They always do. They loathe the theater."

"Into each life some manure must fall," Mr. Costello said judiciously.

"Darling," said Miss Gaffney, "we're crawling off to some cellar to eat. Do come along. Mr. Anderson is taking us. Magda Morris, Mr. Anderson."

Tom Anderson looked at the famous tragedienne and was surprised to see that she was not actually beautiful. She had a large nose, a tight, thin mouth and burned-out eyes. But, beautiful or not, she was a prize winner and Tom said softly, "My wife and I would be thrilled to have you as our guest, Miss Morris."

"Who's Mr. Anderson?" Magda Morris inquired coldly.

"He's married to a friend of mine," said Mr. Costello, "and has deflected me temporarily from suicide."

"I think you know her," Tom smiled. "She used to be Emily Hobbs."

"Darling, I never remember names." The arrogant Miss Morris suddenly thawed and offered Tom Anderson a tender, girlish smile. "But I'd love to dine with you."

"I'll phone Emily," Tom said, and stepped to the shelf of house telephones.

EMILY ANDERSON listened nervously to her husband's voice. He seemed oddly excited about taking her to dinner in some basement café. It was their last night in New York, and it would be mean not to humor him.

Fixing her face quickly, she looked at the two trunks, already packed and waiting to return her unused finery to the farm bedroom. She sighed heavily. It would be their last night in more than one sense. She had decided that, tomorrow on the plane, she would tell Tom the whole story of her fraud. Everything—all the lies, and all the silly truth.

In the elevator going down to meet him, she thought suddenly: He did sound odd. Maybe he's found it all out and wants to tell *me*. The thought made her feel sick. But he couldn't find anything out. He'd been tied up with business for the four days.

Emily entered the lobby, looked around, saw Tom, and turned white. The dreaded thing had happened. They were there. Three of her major lies were standing talking to Tom—the famous Patrick Costello, the famous Magda Morris, and the famous Miss Gaffney. Emily remembered phrases from her babbling, damning letters: *Patrick is the wittiest man I've ever met and he insists I must be in his next play. Magda told me the queer, bitter story of her life. She still loves her first husband, Alfred Haas, the genius producer. And I can understand that, because Alfred is really wonderful.*

"Emily," Tom called, "here we are."

He came to meet her, beaming. He hadn't found out yet! Well, he would find out in a minute. Emily's head went up and she walked as proudly as she could toward the ugliest moment of her life.

Mr. Costello held out a hand. "The long-lost Emily! How are you?"

"Darling," said the throaty Magda Morris, "so good to see you again. I'm mad about your husband."

"Hello," said the glamorous Gaffney. "I just learned you've been buried in Iowa. Lucky girl."

THE four years of acting training that she had never used sustained Emily Anderson during the incredible four minutes that followed. Almost unable to stand—and with all thought blown out of her head—she stood and smiled and chattered; laughed, stepped into the crowded taxi; received and returned flatteries, and was Emily Hobbs, crony of the theater great.

She knew, dizzily, what had happened, as they sped through the streets. It was Tom. He had in some squinty-eyed, grinning fashion blundered the miracle into happening. He had met these celebrities by accident and talked of her. His honesty had convinced them they had known her, for how could they remember all the little Emilys they had known—these gods that sat atop the Broadway Olympus and knew everybody?

The cab stopped in a dark, empty street. Tom led the way down a flight of dark steps. A dimly lit door was lettered "Gino's Café."

And the miracle continued in Gino's Café. There were a half-dozen round tables, a smell of fresh bread and onion soup and wet sawdust, and no other diners. Gino himself was fat, and wore a chef's cap. He welcomed Tom to his bosom because Tom knew a mysterious character named Nicholas Perricino. Then, almost immediately, there were two more arrivals—the gaunt, glittering-eyed Alfred Haas, who looked like an unshaven hypnotist; and a voluptuous blonde who seemed to be under his spell. And there was talk.

Magda Morris greeted Mr. Haas, as he entered, with a strangled cry: "Oh, my God! Chinese torture! Go 'way! Go 'way!"

Mr. Haas purred and sat down between Magda and Emily. He took Magda's hand, kissed it, and said tenderly, "Always my favorite window-jumper."

Mr. Costello raised a glass of red wine and snarled, "Critics' blood! Drink it down!"

Plates of steaming onion soup appeared and the talk grew loud. Everybody made love and paid compliments and seemed at the same time to be full of rage and malice.

Magda Morris, sitting next to Tom, took his face between her hands and cried out that he looked like a Greek god, and then added loudly that she had wasted her whole life on men with dried-up, moth-eaten faces like Alfred Haas. Mr. Costello kissed Miss Gaffney and told everyone that if his wife refused to divorce him he was going to poison her. "But it may not be necessary," said Mr. Costello. "She married me for my press notices. Now that I am a pariah shunned by headwaiters, and with my name in the Broadway dust, she may rush angrily to the courts to be rid of me."

Then Emily became aware, during a discussion of why dramatic critics were without souls, that Mr. Haas was talking to her; more than that—that in an odd way, he was making love to her, purringly and excitedly, as if he were in the grip of a great emotion. He had always remembered her face—like a field flower—and her sweet, wonderful voice. She must never leave New York again; there were too few human beings in it—hardly more than a handful.

"My life is empty," Mr. Haas said, glaring at the voluptuous blonde who was eating nothing and saying nothing. "I am surrounded by zombies. And idiots." His glare turned to Mr. Costello and Miss Gaffney. "God, what it would be to have one human being beside me, whose soul wasn't rotted away with Theater!"

And Emily answered in a rippling, so-

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phisticated voice, as if she were a veteran of such tête-à-têtes, "My soul is full of cows and pigs and chickens—and Tom Anderson, Mr. Haas. But if you ever come to Iowa, I'm sure you'll find some strapping, corn-fed girl to adore you."

"That's right," Tom Anderson chuckled, and he patted Magda Morris' hand. "We've got a lot of Greek gods out there, all crazy to meet some girl who can wash dishes and make sour mash."

Fat Gino, in his chef's cap, kept piling food on the table and then sitting down a few feet away to listen and laugh, until the dinner ended.

"Gino is always here," he gurgled as they started leaving. "He is always happy to see you. You will come again? Call Gino up. He will cook food for you like for kings and queens."

"Wonderful man," Magda Morris cried out, and she kissed Gino. Miss Gaffney kissed him, too, and so did Emily.

They crowded into Mr. Haas's car and were driven to the theater where How Red Were the Roses was to be performed for the second and last time. Mr. Haas led them all into Miss Gaffney's dressing room to drink and make merry while the ship went down.

Emily, friend and genius and confidante of fame, sat in a Broadway star's dressing room and listened to the faint outcries from the stage beyond, heard muted laughter and applause (all too muted); played a game of How to Avoid Mr. Haas's Thin, Eager Hands; watched Miss Gaffney change costumes, and Mr. Costello get drunker and drunker but somehow remain not drunk at all; and kept her eye on Magda Morris.

How bright they were in defeat—all of them, including the seduction-obsessed Mr. Haas! Emily could feel the pain in their hearts, as if she had always known this glamorous, dusty backstage battleground.

The curtain was finally down forever on How Red Were the Roses, and actors milled in and out of Miss Gaffney's dressing room, kissing and congratulating one another. They wrung Mr. Costello's hand and told him they would never forget how beautiful and thrilling his play had been, and that it would be revived sometime and all the stupid critics would have to eat their words.

Emily Anderson was not surprised by the politeness and gallantry, for this was the way she had imagined it would be. When Tom squeezed her hand and whispered to her, "Wonderful people," she answered happily, "Yes, they haven't changed a bit."

MR. HAAS'S car, more crowded than when it had left Gino's, crept through the jammed streets to the next stop in Emily's night of wonders: the Stork Club. Mr. Haas led the way through masses of celebrities to his favorite table, and Emily saw the world she had dreamed of and read about but never lived in. She sat now, drinking champagne, eating scrambled eggs, and smiling back at the greetings of people she had never met. She recognized all the newspaper and magazine photographs of her rooming-house days, and thought dreamily: Good heavens, they haven't changed a bit.

"Why the hell have we come here?" Miss Gaffney demanded.

Tom, beside her, answered softly, "Emily used to write me about it. It's just as exciting as she described."

" 'Face to face with death and with the Roman pop-u-lace,' " Mr. Costello recited. "We've come here, my darling, to let them boo at the fallen gladiators. It's an old Broadway tradition—of spreading cheer in the emperor's box."

Dizzied by the wine and the roar of talk around her, Emily, unbelievingly, heard a voice suddenly cry her name. A plump man in a tuxedo and with an overhearty face came toward her.

"Emily Hobbs!" the man beamed. "What do you know! Don't tell me you've forgotten me! Charlie Bloom, your agent. Back to New York again, eh? I knew you'd never stay in the sticks."

He turned and added, in a suddenly deferential voice, "How do you do, Mr. Haas. I'm glad to see you've discovered another great actress."

"You represent her?" Mr. Haas asked softly.

"Yes, sir!" Mr. Bloom answered emphatically.

"Have her at my office tomorrow at noon," Mr. Haas said. "I want her to read something for me."

Emily stood up. "Would you forgive me if I left now?" she said. "Please don't get up, anybody. I've had a lovely evening."

Tom stood beside her as she shook hands around the table, smiling radiantly at each of the faces. Music started playing in another part of the restaurant, and Emily Anderson tried to keep the tears out of her eyes as the curtain came down on her first and last appearance in the world of her rooming-house dreams.

THE morning was bright and cold as the taxi drove to the airport. Too sleepy to talk, Emily sat with her head on her husband's shoulder and smiled at her last night in New York. Then she smiled at the bright, cold morning. More remarkable than all the things that had happened during that night was the happening of this morning.

The agony of being a liar and a fraud had left her. She had no impulse to confess, and it seemed that, actually, there was nothing to confess. Her "past" appeared completely to have vanished. She wondered why this was, and a happy but confusing answer came to her. Her daydreams in the lonely New York rooming house seemed suddenly as much a part of the theater as the reality she had finally met last night. She had been part of the ache and failure of Broadway, as much as Mr. Costello and Miss Gaffney and the purring Mr. Haas. And she had lived in the never-fading illusion of success, just as they did when the curtain came down on their defeat last night. People like her, who dreamed and got nowhere, were as much a part of the theater as Miss Gaffney and Magda Morris.

Besides, Emily thought, with her eyes peacefully closed, I don't feel guilty any more, because the lies I told won't ever make Tom feel that I'm more important than he is, and that I belong in some more wonderful world than his. Because now he's met all my old friends and seen my old world, and he knows them as well as I do.

She laughed suddenly, and Tom said, "What's the joke?"

They were out of the taxi and hurrying toward the waiting plane. "Nothing, except I was remembering how wonderful you were last night," Emily said, "and how worried I was about that Magda Morris making off with you to some Grecian cave."

"I still can't understand," Tom said, "how you can pass all that up and come back to Iowa. That fellow Haas would have given you a starring part. I could tell by the way he talked."

"So could I," Emily said, smiling, "by the way he talked—and pinched."

They got on the plane and took their seats.

"We both made kind of a hit, I thought," Tom Anderson said. "They're very exciting people, and I'm glad we saw them together. Now I don't have to worry ever about who they were, or what they were."

"I'm glad we saw them, too," Emily said, "because it was like—like sharing my past with you."

A uniformed messenger appeared in the plane's doorway, carrying a long flower box. "Miss Emily Hobbs?" he said.

"Right here," Tom Anderson said.

The messenger left, the plane door closed, and the engines started. Tom opened the box. It was full of red roses. A piece of paper was pinned to the long stems. Emily removed it and saw that it was a torn page from a theater program announcing the play title in large letters: How Red Were the Roses.

Under the title were scribbled the words: *They last longer in Iowa—Katie and Patrick.*

THE END

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America Walks in Comfort

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

anthropologists, our feet are the most distinctive parts of our anatomy. It was through their development that, evolutionarily speaking, we learned to walk upright and become human. They distinguish us physically as clearly from our cousins, the great apes, as do our high and mighty brains. Indeed, some experts think that it was the erect posture made possible in large measure by our feet which led to the development of our craniums and intelligence.

Walking on two feet is quite a balancing accomplishment. (Ask any one-year-old who is trying to master the trick.) It is possible only because our feet are ingenious mechanisms with a unique combination of flexibility and strength. Each foot has 26 bones—a quarter of the body's total in the two together—which interlock so intricately that we have 137 joints per foot. These give the feet the ability not only to make quick, continuous, half-conscious adjustments to maintain our balance but also to absorb the total of many tons of shocks we pile on them every day. In addition, to supply muscular energy and carry off waste materials, our feet have among the body's largest concentrations of blood vessels and sweat glands.

In spite of all this complexity, our feet are so rugged that if we stuck to fairly even and resilient underfooting, such as the floor of a jungle affords, going barefoot would be fine. But not long after our ancestors gave up the arboreal life and began developing truly human feet, they also started venturing beyond the confines of the jungle. Necessity, in the form of some favorite hunting place where the ground was rocky, probably mothered the invention of the first shoe, made of bark or some animal's hide, many thousands of years back in prehistoric time.

Two Old Egyptian Customs

By the beginning of recorded history, shoes were commonplace, though they sometimes were considered too precious for general wear. Ancient Egyptian men of wealth, for instance, used to go about barefoot most of the time; but they were followed by a slave carrying a pair of sandals for the master to don when he felt like being particularly grand. In fact, Egyptians thought so much of their shoes that they even put them to medical use. A favorite headache remedy was to burn an old sandal and inhale the smoke.

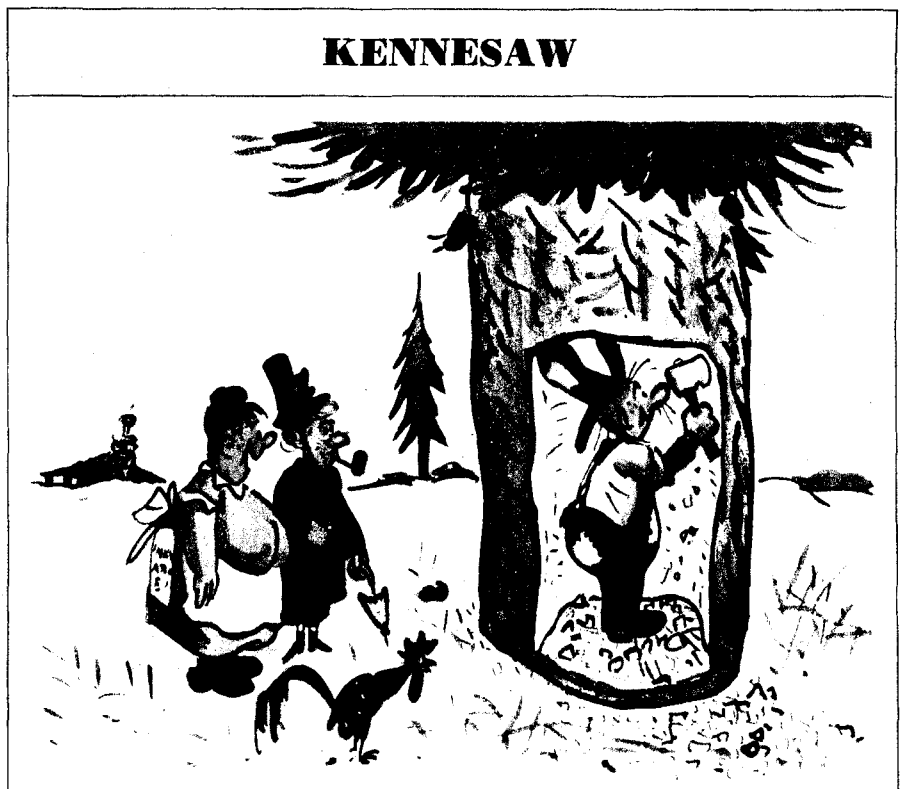
Style for style's sake got an early start. More than 3,000 years ago the Hittites of Asia Minor were wearing shoes with useless but eye-catching turned-up toes. For some reason, this particular style has kept popping up all through history. In medieval England it took the form of the "crakow," which had a pointed toe so long that it had to be tied to the knee to make walking possible and which finally so outraged conservative opinion that Parliament passed an act banning it. Just a couple of years ago, a high-fashion designer revived it in a modified form and made it popular, briefly, as a woman's evening shoe.

From ancient times to about 200 years ago, the shoemaking process progressed very little. In the early days of the U.S., just as in old Egypt, you either made your own or went to a professional who took a very few measurements and did the whole job by hand with tools so simple that even Stone Age man possessed them. Some sort of shoe could be made with the aid of nothing more than a knife for cutting the material and a needle for sewing it into a shape vaguely fitting that of a foot.

In the eighteenth century a Lynn, Massachusetts, shoemaker, John Dagyr, got so many orders that he had to hire help. He had the bright idea of setting one assistant to cutting out the material, another to sewing together the uppers, and reserving only the finishing operations to himself. For this invention of a rudimentary factory system, he became known as the father of American shoemaking.

Although Dagyr worked only on order, his shop system—due to the tremendous demand—spread rapidly. Some of the shops, unable to supply enough shoes on a custom-made basis, increased their rate of output on "unbespoke" pairs. These were put on auction or in retail stores. The idea caught on quickly and, by the beginning of the nineteenth century, more unbespoke shoes were being sold than custom-made.

The first results of this primitive mass production system were exceedingly crude. There wasn't, for instance, the slightest difference between a left and a right. If great-grandmother was so frivolous as to remove her shoes during some preacher's three-hour sermon, then had to fumble to get them back on, there was a certain convenience in the lack of differentiation between them, but it scarcely made for comfort.



COLLIER'S "Kennesaw's makin' me a cedar closet" REAMER KELLER

It was a chain of inventions, launched in 1846 by an ingenious New Englander, which emancipated the shoe industry from the small shops and made possible the modern shoe-that-fits. Elias Howe, Jr., was by no means the first to conceive the idea of attaching a needle to some sort of device which plunged it back and forth through the material to be sewn. But it was he who had the brilliantly simple inspiration of putting the eye of the needle in the point, an inspiration which resulted in the first really practical sewing machine.

Numerous improvements had to be made to adapt the machine to shoemaking, but they followed quickly during the next decade. They made it possible first to form the uppers, then to attach uppers and soles and finally to turn out the whole shoe by machine. And because of the speed and variability the new procedures gave to the shoemaking process, they led to greater and greater refinement of detail, until today the industry can economically mass-produce shoes to fit nearly every type of foot not actually deformed.

Before the machines, an expert shoemaker worked two long days to turn out a single pair. Now the rate of production is 10 pairs per worker per day. Indeed, so efficient have the machines become that hardly any Americans any longer go through the years of apprenticeship necessary to learn the difficult art of making a complicated modern shoe by hand. The few remaining custom shoemakers, who make a fetish of handwork, have to import many of their workmen from Europe, which still makes a considerable proportion of its shoes by hand.

The modern shoemaking process begins amid one of the foulest stenches known to the human nose—namely, in a tannery. Though various combinations of rubber, plastics and other materials—generally lumped together by shoemakers under the name "composition"—account for about half the outer soles and a large number of heels, leather still is by far the chief shoe material, as it has been since time immemorial. Far back in prehistoric time, some cave man discovered that he could make the hides he wrapped around his feet tougher and longer-lasting by letting them lie for several weeks wrapped in the bark of certain trees. The modern process of turning hides into leather is basically the same.

Hides (chiefly cattle, but also horse, goat, kangaroo, lizard and several other kinds) arrive at the tannery packed in salt and so thoroughly "ripened" that when I drove into an upstate New York town to visit one of the world's largest such plants I was aware of something peculiar in the air as soon as I entered the outskirts. When I reached the tanyard, the odor was so strong it seemed impossible that human beings could work in the midst of it.

"Now you know," one of the tanners said, grinning the grin reserved for visitors, "why only the sons of tanners ever become tanners. You have to be born next door to a tanyard to be able to work in one."

Whereupon he demonstrated his own inborn obliviousness by sitting down to eat his lunch on a pile of unwashed hides. I declined his invitation to join him.

There could be no more appropriate setting for the grisly business of curing hides than the cavernous gloom of a big tannery. The one I saw consisted of a couple of acres of 10-foot-square concrete pools separated by narrow walkways and each containing several hides steeping in liquid tannin extracted from the bark of oak, hemlock, quebracho and similar trees. Tanners wandered nonchalantly along the perilous walks, stirring the hides with long poles and occasionally shifting a few from one pool to another with the aid of overhead cranes. The hides start this tanning process in pools of weak tannin solution, and progress, over a period which may last as long as six months, through a chain of pools with gradually stronger and stronger solutions.

In the course of a long series of washing, scraping, steeping, splitting and pressing operations, however, the hides lose all trace of their tannery foulness and take on the pleasant aroma of well-finished leather by the time they reach the shoe factory. Arriving in big sheets, the leather goes first to machines which cut or "dink" out the inner and outer soles, the heels and the vamps, toes, counters and sundry other shapes for the uppers. Each of these irregularly shaped pieces must vary slightly in size at several different points to make shoes of differing sizes. And this calls for machines with ways of contracting or expanding their oddly contoured bites.

Women Who Stitch the Uppers

From the cutters the queer, seemingly unrelated bits of leather which go into the uppers proceed to the stitching rooms. "Skivers" bevel the edges of each piece, so that it will fit snugly with its neighbors, and send it on to the long lines of sewing machines (usually tended by women, who make up about 56 per cent of the shoe industry's 200,000-odd workers). On the machines, whose sibilant *whiz-stop, whiz-stop* gives these rooms a restless air, the operators deftly stitch the odd bits of leather into the neat, trim shape of a shoe's upper.

Uppers and inner soles meet in the lasting rooms. Carved out of kiln-dried rock maple, the lasts have the approximate shape of a human foot—approximate because no two feet are exactly alike and also because certain details in the lasts vary for different styles of shoes. "Lasters," who are among the most highly trained workmen in the factory, place the inner sole on the bottom of the last, pull the edges of the upper down over it, tack them there and set them aside, sometimes for several days, so that the leather will hold its shape permanently.

In spite of all their bosses can do to discourage the practice, the lasters insist on holding a supply of tacks in their mouths as they work. Most of them swear that this is perfectly safe, that they never swallow a single tack. But their fellow workmen will tell you, grinning, that if you listen closely when a laster passes by, you can hear a faint rattle of tacks deep inside him. And one of the legends of the craft is that a laster can sway twice as far as anyone else from a standing position without falling because his feet are weighted by tacks which have worked their way down.

After lasting, the shoe gets its heel and outer sole, which may be attached with cement, stitches or nails, or with some combination of these. And sometimes the whole process is varied so as to eliminate the inner sole or to attach the outer sole to the upper before slipping in the last.

But few shoemakers would ever dream of eliminating the operations which usually make up about the final 20 per cent of the total—namely, the trimming, cleaning and polishing, top and bottom, which give a new shoe its pristine splendor. For it is that splendor which attracts many of us, after a glance at the shoes we're wearing, into a shoe store.

A recent fad among San Francisco bobby-soxers gives a good example of the importance of this look of newness in a shoe. These girls doted on white buck Oxfords. Before they would wear the shoes, sometimes even before they left the store, they rubbed them with dirt to give them a

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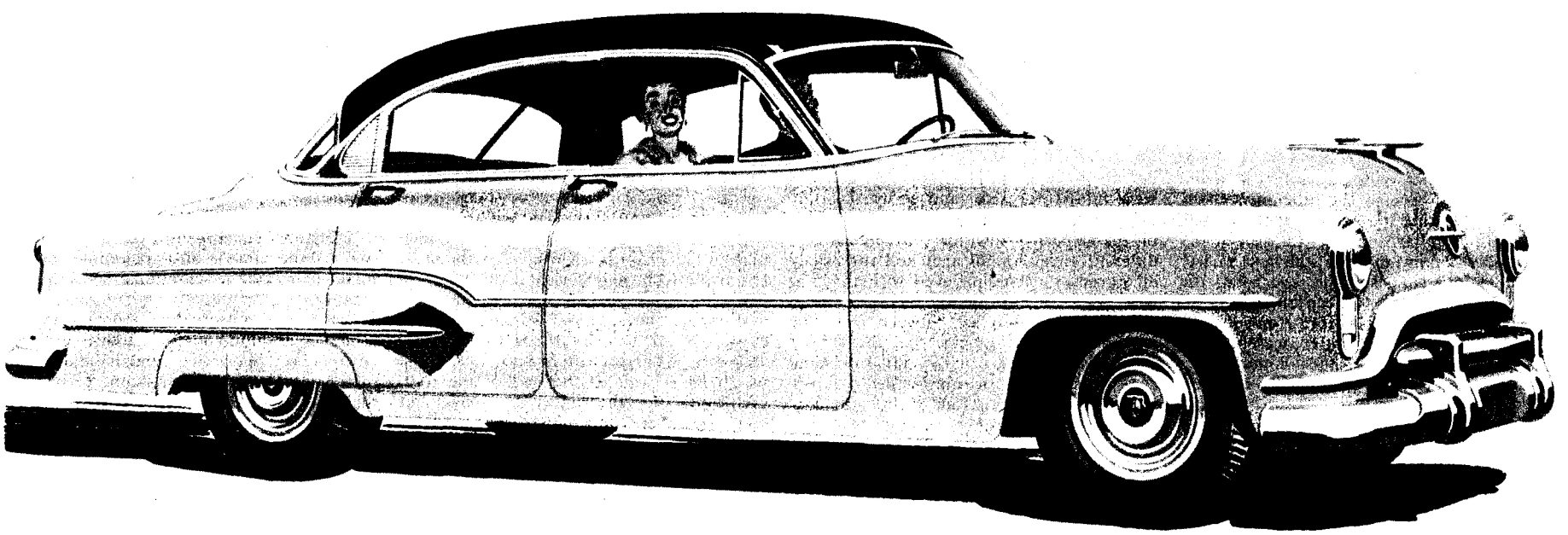
*Below, glamorous "Rocket 98"—running mate to Oldsmobile's famous Super "88." *Hydra-Matic Drive optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated subject to change without notice.*

"98"



A General Motors Value

"ROCKET" OLDSMOBILE

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grimy look. Even so, they wouldn't buy them unless, at the moment of purchase, the shoes were absolutely spotless.

Spotlessness, however, is an extremely simple requirement for the shoemakers to meet, compared with the problem of getting to the retailers shoes in the proper sizes to fit all their customers. It was an early English king who gave the shoe business its sizing system. In 1324, King Edward II took time out from matters of state to decree that an inch equaled three barleycorns laid end to end. Some shoemaker shortly discovered that 39 barleycorns (13 inches) was the length of the largest foot in the kingdom. That foot was designated, appropriately, size 13, and other sizes were graduated down from the standard a barleycorn at a time, each full size being one barleycorn, or one-third inch, shorter than the next larger.

(Later this somehow got changed so that size 13 now is only a little over 12½ inches long, but sizes still vary up and down from that, one third of an inch per full size, one sixth per half size. And still later, when shoemakers began taking into account the width of the foot across the ball, its widest part, they dropped the barleycorn terms and measured the difference between each width from AAAAA to EEE in prosaic sixteenths of an inch.)

In spite of the mathematical messiness of all these fractions, the system works well for fitting us with shoes of the proper length and ball breadth. If these were the only ways in which our foot sizes varied, the system would work perfectly. Unfortunately, some arches are low and others high. Heels differ in width and protrude at the back in curves of different shapes. Some feet have short, stubby toes, and others have long ones which may be either thick or thin. And there are numerous other variations.

This is where last styles come in. By varying arch heights, heel widths and shapes, toe depths and other proportions of the lasts, shoemakers create a wide range of styles among which customers can choose those best suiting the individual shape of their feet. What often happens, though, is that a customer likes the appearance of a certain style and insists on buying it even though it isn't suited to his feet.

One Foot Is Usually Larger

"And that," says Dr. Benjamin Kauth, podiatrist and director of the American Foot Care Institute, "is one of the chief reasons why many people wear ill-fitting shoes. If everyone chose a style for its fit and comfort first and its looks second, almost everyone whose feet aren't actually deformed could be fitted with good, inexpensive, mass-produced shoes. Of course, the fact that almost everyone has one foot slightly larger than the other makes for some trouble. But if you get a size to fit your larger foot, you probably can avoid the difficulty, because the other isn't likely to suffer. Fitting the smaller foot, though, will cramp the larger."

Besides making shoes in sufficient variety of sizes and shapes to fit everyone, the manufacturers have to keep close track of gradual changes in our feet from generation to generation and differences between one part of the country and another in order to make sufficient quantities in each size and shape.

Today, for instance, the average woman's foot is a 7½B, a size and a half larger than a generation ago; the average man's is 8½D, about one size larger. Chief reason for the increase, of course, is that we have been eating better and growing larger in general. In part, however, the increase in women's sizes is more apparent than real. Small feet no longer seem so important beautywise as they once were, so that fewer women now insist on squeezing into shoes too small for them.

But these sizes are for the country as a whole. In the experience of one of the nation's largest retail chains, feet in the East are generally shorter and stubbier than average. They grow progressively longer and narrower as you go west—with a few exceptions, such as southern Texas, where they are smaller, and Minnesota, where they are a size larger than in the surrounding area.

Another variation is in the number of pairs bought per year by different age groups of the two sexes. Adult men last year averaged 1.84 pairs of shoes apiece. Adult women bought 3.84 pairs each. But boys bought only 1.26 pairs apiece, while girls took more than any other group—4.68 pairs each.

By far the greatest variations are in our tastes for colors, decorations and other nonessential items of fashion. Between a shoe fashion and a fad, such as last year's brief rage for velvet uppers, shoemakers distinguish a vast difference. A fad can pop up any time and die out within a few brief weeks or months. But a fashion usually gets its start at the beginning of a season and runs, with a few judicious changes, for several seasons.

A big recent development has been the proliferation of new styles of what used to be called sneakers. Not long ago sneakers were mostly for kids, and about the only differences among them were in the heights of the uppers. Now there are dozens of different styles for all ages and for nearly all purposes, including even formal, or at least semiformal wear.

The chief difference between this type and the standard shoe is that the rubber sole and the upper, usually canvas or some similarly tough fabric, are bonded together by vulcanization instead of by stitching. This helps give sneakers a tough resilience which makes them especially adaptable for sports wear. They are made in different styles for many different sports, ranging from basketball and handball to field hockey, touch football and even Little League baseball.

But the manufacturers' most remarkable achievement is adapting this type of shoe to nonsports purposes. Now it is made in both men's and women's styles to go with almost every type of dress short of white ties and strapless evening gowns. In these sleek, chic styles, you have trouble finding any resemblance to the old canvas shoes you wore without socks when you were a kid.

Though some shoemakers, particularly in the high-fashion field, recognize such seasons as winter, summer and "resort," by far the most important seasons for the industry as a whole are spring and fall. During the coming week, from October 29th to November 1st, several hundred shoemakers will exhibit their lines at a four-day National Shoe Fair in Chicago. Thousands of retailers from all over the country will be on hand. Bearing in mind what the customers back home have been asking for, or willing to accept, they will place orders which will launch the spring, 1952, fashions.

But the fashions won't be by any means the same in all parts of the country. White shoes, for instance, go well in small towns but are very difficult to sell in large cities. In the North, where women often wear suits, low-heeled Oxford styles are popular, but they have little vogue in the South. Gray suède is a good item in the West but a poor risk in the East.

There are even variations in shoe taste between cities. Los Angeles likes uppers made of cotton, nylon and other fabrics, but San Francisco can't abide them. Denver women enjoy stilting about in pumps with platforms three quarters of an inch high or higher, but in Kansas City the maximum platform height is half an inch. St. Louis men have a flair for red, tangerine and copper shoes, colors which leave Chicago cold. In Pittsburgh a favorite men's style has a narrow toe and an outer sole which flares wide at the ball of the foot, giving the shoe the shape of a spade; but one shoemaker who supplies large numbers of these shoes to the steel city says that, to his knowledge, not a single pair in this style ever has been sold in Philadelphia.

In the armed forces, which this year will buy some 15,000,000 pairs of shoes, there is also a big range of styles from ordinary dress Oxfords to superrugged parachute troopers' boots. But the Quartermaster Corps' chief purpose in shoe buying is long life expectancy per pair. As the result of a long-range experimental program conducted in co-operation with the shoe industry, the Army has developed a type of plastic-soled shoe which gives 17 times the wear of its pre-World War II service shoe.

The sharpest taste difference of all, however, is between men and women. In general, the latter always are on the lookout for new styles and are not only willing but anxious to try them. But the launching of a new fashion in men's shoes is an extremely precarious undertaking.

"It is an axiom of the shoe business," the sales manager of a large chain of retail shoe stores told me, "that you cannot push men into adopting a new shoe fashion. You have to nudge them along gently, or they will slap you down. When it comes to their feet, they are superconservative. It takes years to get a new men's style really going."

Along with their conservatism, however, men have another shoe habit which endears them to the retailers. They hardly ever enter a shoe store without buying at least one pair. Women, on the other hand, will keep a salesman busy showing them different styles for half an hour or more without making or even intending to make the purchase of so much as a pair of shoelaces.

At one of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue shoe stores, where I spent an afternoon, I saw how this works. A portly dowager entered, announced that what she wanted more than anything else was to sit down and rest, did so and proceeded to try on shoes just to pass the time. She was still at it when I left.

"Patience," the manager told me, with a sigh, "is the primary virtue around here."

COLLIER'S

"He's always a perfect gentleman . . . until he's out with a girl"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

New Light on a Garbo Legend

It was in this store, too, that I got the low-down on a shoe controversy which has engaged the attention of millions, off and on, for most of a generation. It is not true, as has been intimated in a popular gag, that the U.S. Navy might find it profitable, in a time of shipping shortage, to launch Greta Garbo's old shoes. There's nothing at all gunboatish about them. On the other hand it's equally untrue that, as certain columnists have suggested, she has an unusually small foot. She frequently buys several pairs at a time at this shop, and her size, the manager informed me, is 8½B, just one size larger than average.

It is in New York that men most steadfastly resist anything new in shoes. New York women, on the other hand, are even more insistent on new styles than women are in other parts of the country. In Dallas, oddly, according to one manufacturer of high-style women's shoes, the situation is reversed. Men there are comparatively open-minded, but the women are considerably more conservative than elsewhere.

Of course, the local shoe shop's merchandising methods have a good deal to do with these variations between one part of the country and another. A Texas retailer of women's shoes neatly demonstrated this in the case of a new color, a cocoa shade of brown. At first the color was called Balenciaga. It flopped, apparently because women weren't sure how the word should be pronounced. The Texas retailer was caught with a large order of shoes in this shade. In an inspired moment he changed the name to dusty palomino. Overnight, it became a sensational seller in his locality.

Some old, conservative shoemakers resent such fashion-conscious foibles in their customers. "Shoes are fundamental," one of them told me. "It's a shame to put all that doggy stuff on them."

But most of the manufacturers look on the public's more outrageous demands as challenges to their ingenuity.

"I know," the head of one large firm puts it, "that a lot of the old-timers in this business feel fashion is a good deal worse than spinach. But to me it would seem pretty dull to make shoes that were merely good construction jobs. It's exciting to try to guess which way people are going to jump fashionwise and then to make shoes to fit them for the jumping. Why, if I thought they'd catch on, I'd make shoes with turned-up toes *and* heels, so you couldn't tell whether they were coming or going. And who knows? Maybe that's next year's big idea." THE END

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Football Is My Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

up pins in a bowling alley and did all the chores kids do to keep themselves going and to augment the family income. I never cost my father a nickel for pocket money or clothing, once I started working.

Many times while coaching college football I have sweated out the eligibility of a star player whose marks were shaky, but deep down I have always been sympathetic, for I was one of the poorest students in the history of American education. To this day, I am one of the world's worst spellers. It took me two terms to get out of the fourth grade and my first few weeks at Parkersburg High were enough to scare me right into the mills of the Parkersburg Iron & Steel Company.

My father always allowed us to make our own decisions, within reason, and I told him I didn't think I was cut out to be a student. I did all right in mathematics, but Latin was just Greek to me. I went into the mills as a grease boy, but gradually worked up to where I earned $20.00 for a 40-hour week.

It wasn't easy work. After my first day I came home so exhausted and physically spent that I practically collapsed in my mother's arms. I remained at the mill for more than two years and I found that the work, while laborious, was also toughening. It matured me physically and mentally. And I never let my interest in sports lag. Over every week end I played whatever sport was in season.

There were neighborhood baseball teams in Parkersburg and I played with one called the Elbrons. I was an outfielder and a part-time pitcher. I could go get 'em in the outfield well enough but I couldn't do much with the pitching. In football, I played at tackle, for reasons I'll never know. The older fellows ran right over me and whenever I stopped a play, which wasn't often, it was more or less an accident.

Not Much Future in Millwork

While the millwork was making me rugged and I was being promoted frequently enough, I realized there wasn't much future there and decided to return to high school. When I re-entered in the fall of 1909, I was approaching my eighteenth birthday and was older than most of the boys. And, because of my experience in the mills, I acted older than my years. We had no coach, no uniforms to speak of and played our games on the Y.M.C.A. field. I was asked to coach the next year and I hardly can claim that my debut in the profession which was later to be my lifework was a howling success. We won exactly one game, beating Marietta Academy 11-10, and I ran 70 yards for a touchdown, so my lone coaching victory was a tribute to my legs, rather than to my brain.

Possibly it was because of that one lonesome victory in 1910 that Parkersburg High had a paid coach in 1911, Bob Cooley, who had played at Purdue a few years earlier. It was my first experience with an authentic coach and he made a punter out of me in five minutes. He taught me to hold the ball out in front, to keep my leg stiff and turn my toe in and down.

That fall, we didn't lose a game and one of our victories, over Clarksburg, West Virginia, High by 45-0, turned out to be one of the most important games in my life, for it was through this game that I met Harry Stansbury. He was looking for football players for West Virginia Wesleyan, and Floyd Hanifan, the Clarksburg coach and a Wesleyan alumnus, recommended me.

It may serve as an insight into Stansbury's character that he was out seeking football material for Wesleyan while still a student. Harry was a quarterback on the football team, pitched for the ball club, managed the basketball team, arranged the schedules and wrote the publicity. These varied talents of his were later utilized when he was appointed athletic director first at West Virginia Wesleyan and then at West Virginia University.

Harry was a hustler even then. Aggressive, yet personable, he convinced me that I should enter Wesleyan, although I had never given college a thought, having my sights set on playing ball in the majors. The bill of goods Stansbury sold me influenced my entire future. Had I not enrolled at West Virginia Wesleyan, I doubt very much that I ever would have become a football coach and it was Harry who introduced me to my future wife, Miss Genevieve Horner, a co-ed at Wesleyan.

Although I promised Stansbury I would enter Wesleyan in the fall of 1912, I wasn't passing up my baseball career, either. I had been playing semipro, or town, ball around Marietta, Ohio, for about $10 a game, and one of the scouts I met, Doc Risling, got me an offer from Altoona, Pennsylvania, in the Tri-State League.

I can still remember the thrill it was when I heard from Altoona. My brother awakened me about six in the morning and told me it was time to get started with our newspaper route. "I don't have to work any more," I told him, as I lazily rolled over. "I'm on my way to becoming a millionaire. Altoona is going to pay me $125 a month just for playing baseball."

My parents and friends made a great to-do over my leaving Parkersburg to make good in Altoona. I think that send-off at the railroad station was the reason I stayed in baseball. Later, when Charley Babb, the Altoona manager, handed me my release, plus five bucks for transportation, I wouldn't go home. It was pure conceit, but I wasn't going to face the gang and let them know that I had been licked that easily.

The day I was released I got a wire from London in the Canadian League offering me a tryout as an outfielder, with my transportation to be refunded when, and if, I made good. My finances being what they were, the offer might as well have been from London, England, instead of London, Ontario.

While I was debating the wisdom of wiring home for money, I received another telegram, this from Saint Thomas, Ontario, and accompanied by transportation, telling me to report there as a pitcher. I went to Saint Thomas and in less than five innings convinced them that I wasn't a pitcher, after which I hopped the interurban to London to begin my career in professional baseball under Frank Bowerman, who had been a catcher for the Giants of John McGraw.

Eligibility rules in those days had a three-way stretch, and my season in the Canadian League did not interfere with my college football. When I arrived at Buckhannon to enter West Virginia Wesleyan, Stansbury and some of the other members of the team met me at the station. Among them was Honest John Kellison, who was to become my close friend and confidant. John played tackle alongside of me at Wesleyan and with the Canton Bulldogs, and was my assistant and right-hand bower at four different schools as well as with the Eagles.

In time, "Kelly," as I always called him, became closer to me than my own brothers. He lived with me in our apartment, and when my wife died last April, it was to him that I turned for consolation. I don't think, however, I made too good an impression on him when we first met that day in 1912 in Buckhannon.

"What end are you going to try out for?" asked John politely.

"I'm going to *play* right end," I told him, just like that. I was that sort of cocky kid.

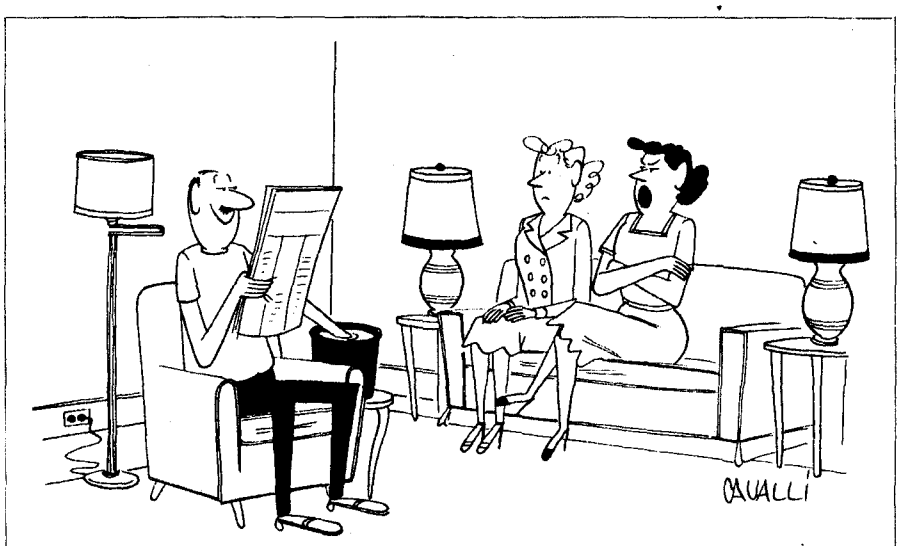
Headguards for Ears Only

Football in those days was a lot more primitive than it is today. Headguards were merely leather contrivances to protect against cauliflower ears. Mine had been given to me by a harness maker in Parkersburg, and it had achieved a certain fame because it had been made for Dick Hoblitzel, a local boy who had played first base for Cincinnati and the Red Sox in addition to football.

If the headguards were crude, they were more protection than our shoulder pads, which were just pieces of felt you could roll up and stick in your pocket. Hip pads were unknown and the only protection football pants afforded were thin strips of reedy bamboo for the front of the thighs. The equipment may have been primitive but the training was rugged. John Felton, a Dickinson graduate, was our coach, and he scrimmaged the entire squad three times a week. And after practice, the squad ran four miles up and down the adjacent mountains.

West Virginia University was our "big" game, although I doubt if the Mountaineers even knew it. They were the second date on our schedule, while we were merely the opener for them. We not only had never beaten West Virginia but we had never even made it close. They had whaled us by scores of from 36-0 to 78-0, and the only times we had ever scored on them, back in 1902 and 1906, the Mountaineers won by 24-2 and 54-4.

After we had won our first game, from Glenville Normal, we began preparations for West Virginia with no new plays added. I was alarmed at this and asked our assistant coach, Tubby McIntire, if I could suggest a new play. Tubby, who later coached Steve Owen, the now famous coach of the New York football Giants at Phillips University in Enid, Oklahoma, consulted with



COLLIER'S

"For Heaven's sake, ask him what time it is by his new waterproof wrist watch!"

DICK CAVALLI

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Coach Felton and obtained permission.

I rigged up our old Parkersburg High punt formation and they added a running play to it, a sort of crude crisscross. I would go back from end to the kicking position and Stansbury, the quarterback, would take my place at end. Instead of punting, I'd run with the ball, hand it to Stansbury when I reached the line of scrimmage and he would go around the opposite end.

The entire school turned out to see us off to Morgantown. We were cheered individually and collectively as we boarded the special train—a day coach, of course—which was to take us to Morgantown. It was the first manifestation of college spirit that I had ever seen and it impressed me tremendously. I made a silent vow that if it were within my power we would return to Buckhannon with a victory. I'm sure Stansbury, Kellison and the others felt the same way.

The game started out in the old, familiar way. We were hardly warmed up before West Virginia blocked a punt for a touchdown, and in the second quarter one of their backs broke loose for 70 yards and we were behind, 14-0. Just before the half ended, we scored. I had been carrying the ball from punt formation on about two of every three running plays but we missed the try for the extra point and we trailed 14-6 at the half.

In the third period, Stansbury threw me a short pass on their 20 and I went across to score but again we missed the conversion. By now, as we began to dominate the play, the game became really rugged. I still carry a scar on my lip as a souvenir of that afternoon. With about five minutes remaining to play, I made a 40-yard runback of a punt to put the ball in West Virginia's territory.

Stansbury called for a line play and it was stopped cold. While the pile was untangling I sneaked out to the left side line and threw myself flat on the ground. I had been alternating between right end and the backfield and figured the man playing opposite me would not miss me. Stansbury faked handing the ball to the fullback on a line plunge, dropped back and passed to me in the clear. I scored and this time we drop-kicked the extra point to put us in front 19 to 14—and there we stayed.

Underdogs Celebrate Victory

The news of Wesleyan's first victory over West Virginia stirred up a tremendous celebration, not only back home at Buckhannon, but throughout the state. Our rooters had phoned the score on ahead and at each stop of the special on the way home, there were crowds at the stations to cheer us and to make sure that it was really true that little Wesleyan had toppled mighty West Virginia.

It was about this time that I fell in love. At Stansbury's suggestion, I attended a meeting of the Literary Society. He took Genevieve Horner and brought her roommate, Willa Post, to be my date. I gave Miss Post quite an earache during the evening but all the time I was talking to her I had my eye on Genevieve. She was slim, somewhat under medium height with coal-black eyes and an infectious smile. I made up my mind then and there to ask her for a date and, if possible, marry her.

My first request for a date with Genevieve was turned down, possibly because her roommate hadn't given me much of a build-up. Indeed, I found out later that when the girls returned from the meeting of the Literary Society, Miss Post's only remark concerning me had been, "Why do I always have to pick a lemon?"

Genevieve didn't even know I was on the football team and if I thought her attitude toward me would soften as a result of our triumph at Morgantown, I was sadly mistaken. A few days after the game I passed the girls, bearing my wounds proudly as a hero should, and Genevieve remarked to Willa, "How would you like to have a lip like that coming at you?"

Eventually I broke down Miss Horner's resistance and we had a well-chaperoned romance. The only place you could date the coeds was in the parlor of the girls' dormitory, always sharing the room with some other couples. You could, occasionally, sneak a walk along the banks of the Buckhannon River but it was risky.

It wasn't, of course, all moonlight and roses at Wesleyan. There were still football and basketball. The game against West Virginia was only the second college football game I had played in my life but I don't think any other game ever moved me more. I was understanding college spirit for the first time and appreciating the warm friendship that springs from men striving side by side on the athletic field.

Wesleyan defeated West Virginia again the following season, this time by 21-0 in a game played at Fairmount. I scored two touchdowns, one on a pass from Stansbury and another on a pass from Guy Morrison.

A Day He Will Never Forget

While those triumphs over West Virginia were the emotional high lights of my football career at Wesleyan, the best day I ever had playing college football was against Georgetown in Washington in 1913. I caught a dozen passes in this game, scoring twice, once on a gain of 70 yards.

Georgetown was coached by Frank Gargan, who had been a star at Fordham in his undergraduate days. He later returned there to coach and also coached at New York University. Frank wrote a letter to a friend of his in Wheeling, West Virginia, a copy of which I still have in my scrapbook. And even now, I can't help blushing when I read it. Wrote Gargan: "I don't think I ever remember seeing a better man for the reception of forward passes than Neale of Wesleyan. No other end can get away with forward passes as Neale can." End of quote, end of blushes.

After the Georgetown game, which we won 16 to 6, Stansbury took me out to dinner in Washington at one of the city's most popular restaurants. This may seem like a simple thing today but it was a red-letter event for me back in a period when the coach used to give each player a half dollar to spend for dinner.

While we were eating, a group of Georgetown students came into the restaurant and began giving Georgetown yells. Stansbury, winking at me, asked the waiter, "What are they cheering for? Georgetown was beaten, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," said the waiter derisively, "but who beat 'em? A bunch of pickups from West Virginia Wesleyan." That cooled Harry and me.

For all of the informality with which players were recruited in those days, as I had been by Stansbury, and for all of the ease with which boys transferred from school to school, football wasn't a game played by tramp athletes. Or "pickups," as the waiter chose to term them. Indeed, there may have been more true college spirit than exists in some schools today, where players are lured by golden promises from the alumni.

Football was fairly elemental then, in its equipment, its strategies and its concepts. There were no huge crowds. Frequently the spectators lined the playing field and the end zones. Indeed, in that same Georgetown game, I remember being tackled and flung up against a board fence back of the goal posts by Harry Costello, of Georgetown. As we were getting to our feet a fan leaned over and said to Costello, "He beat you here, didn't he, Harry?"

In the meantime, of course, I had been spending my summers playing professional baseball. I had trials with Cleveland (not the American League team but an American Association club which had been put into that city to forestall the Federal League which was then in the process of formation), but I wound up in London again.

When I left school in the spring of 1913 to play baseball, I started a heavy correspondence with Genevieve. I finally got around to meeting her family that fall when we played at Fairmount and we had an un-

(Based on Hartford Claim #75396)

Our guests left at midnight and we had all gone to bed. About 2:30 a. m. I was awakened by a strange light. I got up and found the overstuffed chair in the living room in flames from a carelessly discarded cigarette. As my husband got our small daughter out of the house, a neighbor turned in the alarm. But before the fire could be brought under control, furnishings worth $5,087.12 were destroyed. All we had was a $3,000 Household Contents Insurance policy...which the Hartford paid us. But, *by being under-insured*, we lost $2,087.12!

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THEY EVACUATED wounded . . . brought up ammunition . . . flew reconnaissance . . . ferried personnel . . . laid telephone wires. *They proved to be the most versatile military vehicles ever used in combat.*

FOR CENTURIES men had dreamed of flying straight up. Many had tried. None fully succeeded—until 1939. On September 14th of that year America's first practical helicopter made its first flight.

IT WAS DESIGNED by . . . built by . . . and flown by . . . Sikorsky engineers.

MILITARY AIRMEN encouraged and sponsored further development. Sikorsky engineers worked tirelessly for over two years on a newer model . . . twice the size of the original. And their work bore fruit.

ON JANUARY 14, 1942, the first helicopter designed for the Army Air Forces made its maiden flight.

IMPROVED Sikorsky helicopters saw service in World War II . . . not under fire, but under conditions which taught valuable lessons, hastened development.

THE FOLLOWING years saw no let-up in Sikorsky engineering effort. Always the goal was: *better* performance, *greater* dependability. And when the fighting started in Korea, Sikorsky helicopters were ready to prove their worth in battle.

THEIR performance was spectacular.

THANKS to continuous engineering effort—and close cooperation between Sikorsky and military planners—helicopters had given your Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Forces the priceless advantage of having a front-line "jack-of-all-trades" to carry out missions once thought impossible.

AND TODAY a growing helicopter industry—born of Sikorsky's pioneering—is readying still more advanced aircraft for even wider military duties... and for new fields in civilian aviation, where their uses seem limitless.

TRUCE TEAM AIRLIFT—Ferrying officers and specialists to advanced positions was a routine helicopter duty in Korea. Four Sikorsky helicopters, including the big S-55 and three of the smaller S-51's, carried United Nations negotiators to the cease-fire talks at Kaesong.

SEA RESCUES—Carriers of the Fleet use Sikorsky helicopters as plane guards, thereby releasing destroyers for other duties. These helicopters have fully proved their ability to pull "ditched" pilots from the water and deposit them on deck quickly and efficiently.

LAND RESCUES—Used as ambulances, Sikorsky helicopters gave our fighting men the fastest evacuation possible to behind-lines hospitals in Korea. Many of these men would have died of wounds or been lost to the enemy but for this swift rescue technique.

PEACETIME USES—A mail-laden S-51 lands atop the Los Angeles Post Office on one of many daily trips between the airport and 43 nearby points. Over a half a billion letters have been flown since 1947. Other commercial uses for the versatile craft are constantly being developed.

United Aircraft CORPORATION

East Hartford, Conn.

MAKERS OF PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES • HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS
CHANCE VOUGHT AIRCRAFT AND SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS FOR THE
UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES AND THE FINEST AIRLINES IN THE WORLD

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derstanding about being married. I bought her an engagement ring in Canada while playing with London in the summer of 1914 and wrote her about it. I was rather surprised when she wrote back, "I'll believe it when I see it."

I seriously questioned the wisdom of returning to Wesleyan in the fall of 1914. I had played two years of college football and basketball and all I had to show for them was an assortment of bruises, a scrapbook of flattering clippings and about $250 worth of debts. I felt I was on the way up in professional baseball. And getting in hock through college football didn't seem precisely the formula for a successful marriage, for by now Genevieve had not only seen the ring and believed it but she had accepted it.

Although I remained out of school that fall in an effort to build up a nest egg for my marriage, Stansbury persuaded me to return in the winter to coach and play with the basketball team for the season of 1914-'15. We won the majority of our games, although at South Bend we lost to Notre Dame, coached by Jesse Harper, who had been Knute Rockne's football coach. The game was unusual in that neither side substituted. Dutch Bergman made eight field goals for the Irish, while I shot six for Wesleyan as well as six fouls, this being in the days when one player shot all the free throws.

In the spring of 1915, I joined Dayton of the Central League, but didn't last long. Dayton had too many outfielders and literally gave me to Ducky Holmes, who was running the Saginaw Club in the South Michigan League. Before I reported there, however, I became a husband. Genevieve and I were married in the Methodist Church at Clarksburg, West Virginia, and took off for Saginaw together.

It didn't take Genevieve long to learn that the way of the professional athlete is at least as hard as that of the transgressor is supposed to be. I was going fine at Saginaw when the South Michigan League simply blew up and I was out of a job. I landed with Wheeling, West Virginia, in the Central League and had my best season in baseball there, batting over .800 in six games.

I prefer to believe that my success at Wheeling was due to Genevieve, in part at least. She opened an entire new chapter in my life and gave me added incentive. She never worried about my career and, because she thought I was the best, she wanted me to be the best. She was the driving force I needed.

It was because I had the responsibilities of a husband that I took my first college coaching job in the fall of 1915 at Muskingum College in New Concord, Ohio. The position, which paid $500 for coaching both football and basketball, was offered to me by Bob Montgomery, the son of the Muskingum president and today president of the school himself.

Muskingum had 22 boys come out for football and the high light of the season was the fact that we scored on Washington and Jefferson. In that section, where Ohio, West Virginia and Pittsburgh come together, W & J was a power in those days. The coach was Bob Folwell, who later coached at Navy and Penn and was the first coach the professional Giants ever had. His team had beaten Yale the week before they played us and we scored as many points as Yale had, although I must also admit that W & J scored considerably more points against Muskingum than it did against Yale.

Cincinnati had drafted me from Wheeling for 1916 and I made the grade as a big-league outfielder only because of the understanding of Charley (Buck) Herzog, the Reds' manager, and a casual basketball game that I played in Newport, Kentucky.

When I went over to Cincinnati to sign my 1916 contract, I ran into a couple of boyhood friends, Emmett Furlong and George Donovan. They invited me across the Ohio River to watch them play basketball with the Newport Catholic Club. Trailing at the end of the half, they asked me to play with them "for old times' sake," which was a polite way of ringing me in. We won in the second half but I had no way then of knowing how important those 20 minutes of basketball were to become to me.

In the stands that night was Lou Widrig, treasurer of the Cincinnati ball club. The Reds were going to release me during spring training but Widrig prevailed upon Herzog to keep me. He still remembered the basketball game in Newport. "If he can play baseball anything like he can basketball, he'll help our club," Lou told Buck. So I hung on by an eyelash, to eventually wind up three years later in the World Series.

I still take a lot of ribbing over the fact that I led the Reds in batting with .357 in that Series and that eight of the White Sox players were later banned for life from baseball for conspiring to throw the Series. I've always held to the opinion that the ill-famed Black Sox of 1919 tried to play it on the square after the first game and that our pitching was too much for them.

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Cincinnati had a great pitching staff in Dutch Ruether, Hod Eller, Slim Sallee, Dolf Luque, Ray Fisher and Jimmy Ring. In support of my belief that the Sox were leveling after the opening game when they saw that the money promised by the gamblers wasn't forthcoming, how else can you explain the fact that Eddie Cicotte, allegedly one of the ringleaders of the Black Sox, came back to beat us 4 to 1 in one of the later games?

To sign off on my baseball career, I'll repeat a description Larry Goetz, the National League umpire, gave to a friend of mine who had never seen me on the ball field. He knew Larry had grown up in Cincinnati and had often seen me play.

"What kind of a ballplayer was Greasy?" repeated Goetz. "He was what I'd call a 'sick cat' player. You'd see him up at the plate and you wouldn't give a nickel for him but somehow in the clutch he'd bloop one over the infield or dribble one through for the hit that beat you. Or else he'd make an impossible catch in the outfield to save the game."

I'll have to take Larry's word for it.

The inside story of Greasy Neale's coaching career at seven colleges is told in next week's installment. Football lovers will find thrills aplenty. Order Collier's at your newsstand now

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Fleischmann's Superb Straight Whiskies Blended With Fine Grain Neutral Spirits

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Sudden Death for "Mr. Million"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

bloodiest of Labor Days, it began to foam over.

Periodically, the National Safety Council sends literature to the nation's radio stations for use during station breaks; by mid-August every piece of this earnest propaganda carried a stinging reminder: *"Don't YOU be one in a million!* Help postpone that millionth traffic death, due in December." On August 31st that startling *MILLION* was conspicuously tied into NBC's grisly pre-Labor Day show featuring on-the-spot accident recordings from coast to coast.

As footballs thudded on school playgrounds, and the leaves soddened underfoot, the American genius for big-time publicity hauled harder and harder in a fantastic tug of war with Death.

The press associations led the fight. On September 9th, the International News Service sent out Troy Gordon's feature on the forthcoming millionth casualty; within a month, you could hardly read a public print without seeing new evidence that the word *MILLION* had picked up a very special meaning, relating to cold slabs in the morgue. An issue of This Week magazine used annual statistics on automobile fatalities to work out an article describing Mr. Million, the typical traffic victim, with as close detail as an FBI file on a fugitive kidnaper.

Radio and television hammered the grim word into homes all over the country. Gabriel Heatter throbbed it, Kate Smith and Ted Collins reported their growing distress, Lowell Thomas pounded it doggedly, the Town Meeting of the Air viewed it with alarm. In Los Angeles, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, which originally had planned to use the *MILLION* angle sparingly in its annual October traffic campaign, got caught up in the snowballing drive—and made traffic-safety history with a three-way coast-to-coast hookup of radio, TV and movies that, with consummate showmanship, had comedians Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis performing in deadly earnest for the first time.

As effort began to pay off, early November showed improvement. Weekly fatality figures dropped toward 1950's matching week. One week they were no worse. But, the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, the Safety Council had to decide soberly that the next seven days might see the works. Allowing for returns not yet compiled, the awful total was right around 999,250.

For Paul Jones, holiday week ends—Christmas, Fourth of July, New Year's, any time when celebrating Americans take heavily to the road—have long consisted of the perpetual ringing of the telephone in his Winnetka, Illinois, home, as press, radio and inquisitive private citizens check up on how many have been killed so far. Even Mrs. Jones is used to it.

This Thanksgiving was worse than ever. Already aware that the sands were running out, the newsmen were covering even more closely than usual.

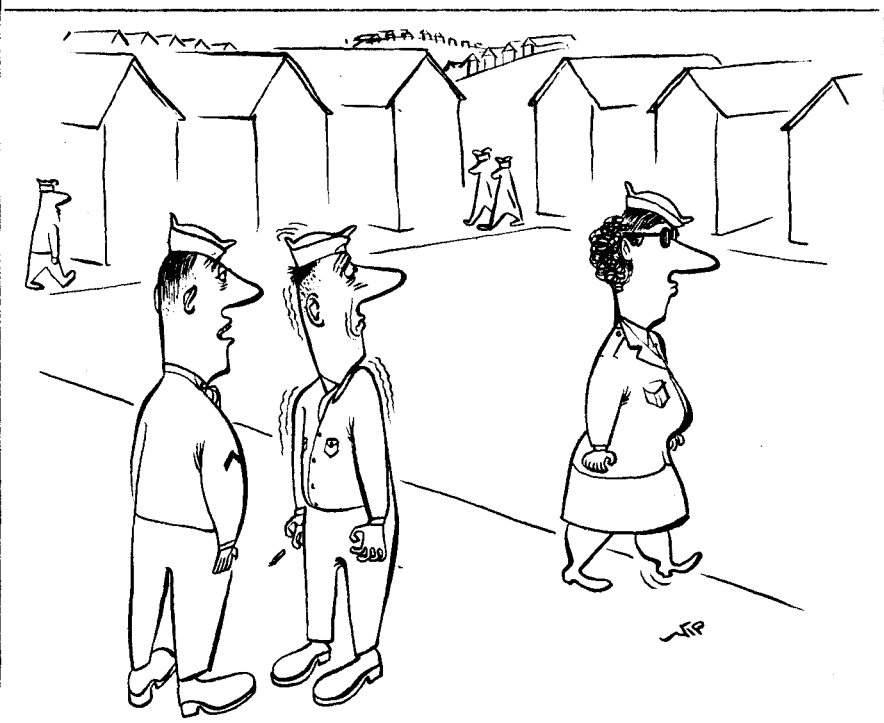
But this time the Joneses' ordeal had a brighter side. This was no Labor Day massacre. Maybe it was the football broadcasters, sandwiching among their commercials those exhortations to the crowds not to be that "one in a million." Or maybe it was the cumulative effect of the *MILLION* slogans by now painted on billboards and pedestrian crossings throughout the nation. Whatever was doing it, apparently enough drivers were using enough restraint to modify the worst. By Monday noon the known total was barely over 999,600.

Was that good? On dismayed second thought, it unmistakably meant: *This* is the week. Unless Americans en masse gave up use of their cars, the craziest optimist could not believe they wouldn't kill more than 400 of their compatriots in the next seven days.

Long-prepared plans went into gear. Every small-town wire-service correspondent in the nation was alerted to haunt local and state police stations and phone in traffic killings on the hop. Bureaus all over the country messaged the running totals to the Chicago offices of the Associated Press, United Press and International News Service ("ST. LOUIS ADD 3—16"), which, in turn, relayed them to Jones (who was beginning to feel as if he were back on his old job as city editor of the Cleveland Press). Then, twice a day, all three services checked with the Safety Council, got the official nation-wide totals, and put the figures on the wire.

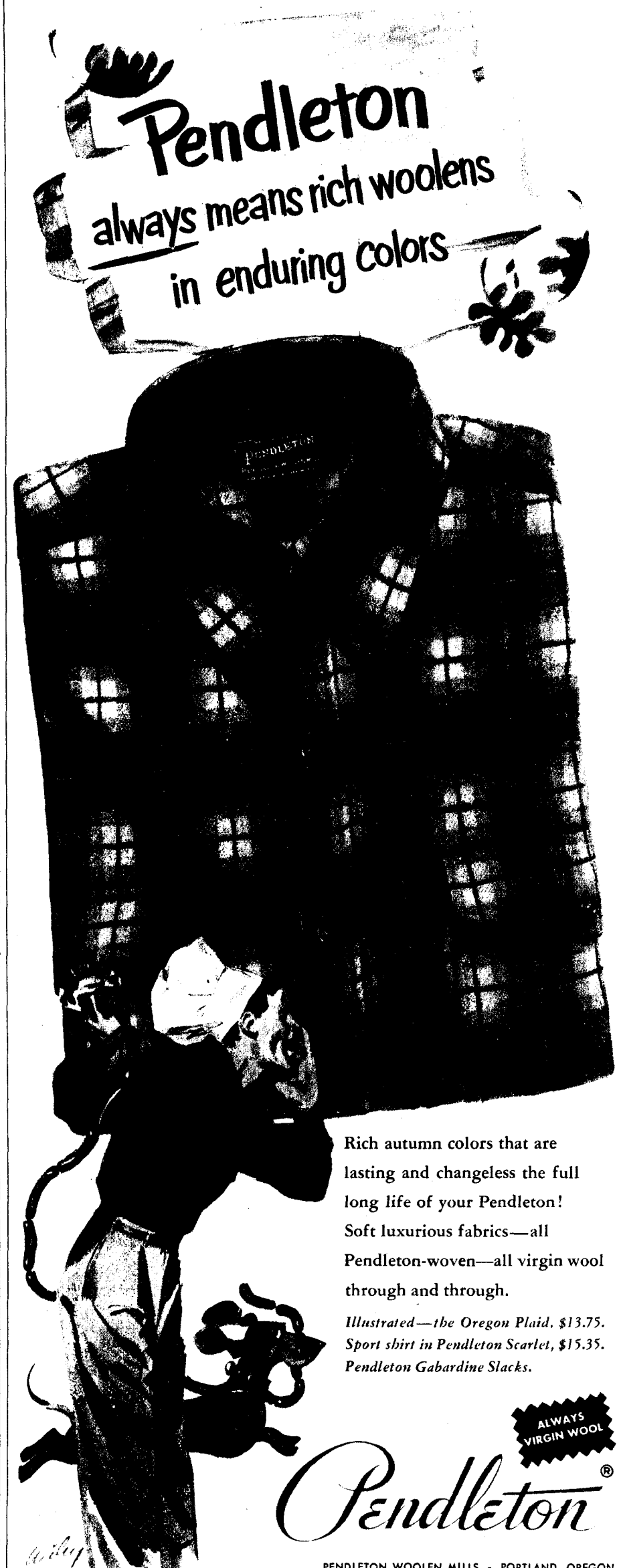
A dismal job, no less so because Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday looked as if regu-

VIP'S WAR



"Stick around a few months . . . You'll think she's Susan Hayward"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH



Rich autumn colors that are lasting and changeless the full long life of your Pendleton! Soft luxurious fabrics—all Pendleton-woven—all virgin wool through and through.

Illustrated—the Oregon Plaid, $13.75. Sport shirt in Pendleton Scarlet, $15.35. Pendleton Gabardine Slacks.

ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

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lar weekday traffic had not got religion like holiday traffic. Human beings—brittle bone, mangled flesh, seeping blood—were dying uselessly at a rate of close to 90 a day. Thursday was a touch better, at a mere 78, but the iron clamp of apprehension nevertheless closed its jaws in the Thursday overnight roundup:

CHICAGO, NOV. 29 – – (INS) – – THE MILLIONTH AUTOMOBILE FATALITY WILL OCCUR SOMETIME SATURDAY, DEC. 1, THE NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL FLATLY PREDICTED TODAY.

THE TOTAL OF FATALITIES STOOD AT 999,936 AT THE TIME THE STATEMENT WAS ISSUED LATE LAST NIGHT.

COUNCIL STATISTICIANS ARE CONFIDENT THAT THE SLACKENING OF AUTOMOBILE KILLINGS DURING THURSDAY, NOV. 29, MEANS STILL MORE IMPROVEMENT FRIDAY, NOV. 30.

NEVERTHELESS, FATALITIES NOT YET REPORTED, PLUS DEATHS OF MOTOR VICTIMS STILL ALIVE BUT PROBABLY DYING, PLUS MINIMUM CARELESSNESS, ARE BOUND TO ACCOUNT FOR A MILLION WELL BEFORE SATURDAY MIDNIGHT . . .

The Denver Post played the same line as many another paper in its eight-column spread: "IT MUSTN'T HAPPEN HERE TOMORROW." The Miami Herald's summary was best: "CRIME OF CENTURY TO CLIMAX."

Friday was better. But even so, the nation went into Saturday morning with a bare 12 deaths to go.

The millionth should have been an unbalanced suicide driving off a cliff. But in real life symbols seldom work out that neatly.

* * *

Not troubling about headlines, merely pursuing as usual the business of pushing light ahead of it, the December 1st sun climbed the Appalachians, started sparrows chirping on the campus of Butler University in Indianapolis, drifted gray light into Chicago's overcast Loop. High in the Daily News Building, Carroll Arimond, soft-spoken AP editor in Chicago, saw morning filter through with some surprise.

A solid hour since dawn down East, and nothing yet. Wondering what the reason was, he chomped at the last of a bacon sandwich, and thought what a story it would be if nothing happened all day. Without knowing it, he was waiting for Mary Callahan, of 300 Wasington Street, Worcester, Massachusetts, to finish her tomato juice and oatmeal.

Only seven years old, Mary was hardly old enough to have absorbed the gist of the *MILLION* idea which she had heard reiterated so often in the last week, both on the radio and at St. Anthony's parochial school. Breakfast over, Mrs. Callahan checked the bright chilly weather through the kitchen window, decided there was no excuse for children underfoot indoors on such a pleasant Saturday, and sent Mary out to play. Blue ski pants, red windbreaker, green scarf around her brown hair—as she bounced her ball against the brick wall so handy next door, Mary made a most emphatic bright spot, the only such thing on the whole slatternly, weather-worn street, its high-shouldered tenements soon to be torn down to make way for industry.

Papa's 1938 coupé, badger-gray but still lively under the hood, stood at the curb, nose-to-tail with cars of similar vintage. Procurement hitches had temporarily slowed down work at the foundry, so Peter Callahan wasn't working this Saturday, was, in fact, still luxuriously snoozing.

In his first burst of grief, moments later, he savagely reproached himself for having been sluggishly asleep when it happened.

The ball bounced wild from a broken brick and Mary missed it. It rolled straight for the catch basin across the street where she had lost a new ball the year before. The door-to-door bakery truck was cruising a trifle too fast down the line of parked cars. Mary flashed out from between the cars too soon for brakes to have proved much anyway. As Harold O'Riarty, the luckless driver, stood over her, calling for help, quavering with shock himself, not daring to touch her, she looked very relaxedly asleep. She was a pretty, plump child, but slight-boned, showing no sign of injury. Broken necks do not bleed; soft, brown hair easily conceals seeping lesions. Mary Callahan was No. 999,989.

Of 1950's pedestrian fatalities in towns, 22%, or 1,900 were under 14

It was 8:48 Eastern standard time. Out in the Central time belt, in Elgin, Illinois, Branch Hargrover, his wife Avis and their mongrel Moocher were already on their way. Branch usually stayed home Saturdays, being the promising kind of junior executive who has a clean desk late Friday. But he needed some extra cost sheets to work into the report that had come home in his brief case. Avis had urged driving in for them early. That way she could get a start on Christmas shopping and, on the way back, ask the vet to clip Moocher's periodically destructive claws.

When the executor works up the Hargrovers' estate, their new ranch house, up a side road five miles from town on U.S. Route 20, will be a good buy for someone.

All that's wrong with four-lane U.S. 20 is that, between Cleveland Avenue and Bartlett, Illinois, it runs through Cook County, meaning it's lined with all-night joints. The stretch begins and ends most appropriately with cemeteries, and has car-wrecking lots interspersed between the joints.

At 3:28 A.M., Vergil Peale, railroad section hand, had downed his last swallow. While fumbling for the starter, he had fallen asleep at the wheel, safely stationary in the parking lot.

At 7:59 A.M. Central standard time, he came to, groggily studying a windshield obscured by a misty day. With his boardinghouse bed in Elgin uppermost in mind, he found the button this time, gunned the motor, and executed a sweeping curve into U.S. 20, homeward bound.

Visibility was fair. Branch might have dodged Vergil if Moocher, never happy about riding in the back seat, had not just leaped up front. For a few seconds—just the wrong seconds—the big, jostly animal was a first-class distraction.

Vergil was badly cut up, but, as drunks do, fell easily. All anybody could say about the Hargrovers was that it was lucky they hadn't yet started a family. They were Nos. 999,990 and 999,991 on the traffic-death score sheet. The vet was handy, only a mile or so away, to put Moocher out of his misery.

17% of all drivers involved in fatal 1950 accidents had been drinking

What's left of their new two-door sedan and of Vergil's old high-front jalopy can still be inspected in the second lot on the right, eastbound from Elgin.

By now it really looked as if Death was on the loose. At 9:53 EST, Henry Eichel, sixty-seven, retired plumbing salesman, who lived with a married daughter at 1219 Race Road, three miles outside Baltimore, merely slowed down when he came to the corner, clearly marked by a stop sign, where Race Road intersects high-speed, arterial U.S. 40. Every Saturday, Henry shopped for his daughter at a grocery store down the road. The family's neat green car probably could have made that weekly hesitation-and-turn unaided. This time the routine was decisively interrupted by a Gibraltar Transport tractor trailer loaded with airplane parts, wheeling the limit at 55.

Men Henry's age seldom survive being thrown 40 feet, even if they don't land on concrete. Even men as husky as Frank Bulaski, aged thirty-seven, of 191 Ambury Avenue, Bayonne, New Jersey, seldom survive when the whole rig overturns—as this one, buckled by the terrific impact, did. In 15 minutes the bulletin was in Chicago. Five deaths in 10 minutes, fresh on the chart. These two brought the total to 999,993.

Of every 100 drivers in fatal urban accidents in 1950, 7 "disregarded traffic control device"

What was misty overcast around Chicago was rain in New Orleans, beginning around 9:00 A.M. Mrs. Carlotta Helm, forty-four, had wisely brought an umbrella when boarding the streetcar to go downtown to look into a preholiday foundation sale. She failed to find what she needed, agreeing good-naturedly with the polite salesgirl that her problem was "a little special, madam." A momentary slackening in the downpour that met her on emerging inspired her to try another store across Canal Street.

With her umbrella well pulled down, solidly conspicuous, Mrs. Helm dutifully waited for the green light and then struck out across one of the widest city streets in the United States.

Just who was to blame is hard to say. Halfway across, the rain was again pouring solid. The windshield wiper on the cab turning left into Canal, driven by Horace Legayere of 621 North Broad Street, could hardly cope with it. Mrs. Helm, No. 999,994 died in the ambulance—though she was still alive, if unconscious, when Officer George Holl of the New Orleans traffic detail got to her at 10:17 CST.

One in six fatal traffic accidents last year occurred in rain, fog or snow

Six so fast was a heavy jar. As the teletype chattered, radio and TV cut deeply into the scheduled Saturday morning programs, to give the grim details.

Newspaper make-up men stolidly blocked up headlines to summarize the shape of things to come.

Their tenor was shifting from the miniature hope of "FIVE SO FAR" to the sudden pessimism of "SIX TO GO" . . .

* * *

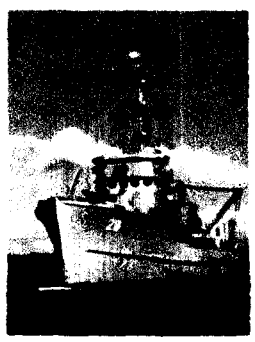
Privates first class Bernard Crump, of College Park, Georgia, and Irwin Brecky, of Westbury, New York, had virtually cut themselves in the night before when they left Fort Knox, Kentucky, on week-end passes to drive to the Crumps' old red brick Georgia home. They had taken turns fighting truck traffic on narrow mountain highways the latter part of the night, and had sworn wearily at the five miles of construction between Calhoun and Cartersville. But coffee every three hours had helped, and the fine new four-lane highway as they approached Marietta was reassuring.

From 6:30 P.M. to 10:46 A.M. is, however, a lot of driving. With Brecky at the wheel, young Crump drowsed off, telling his friend to wake him at Buckhead, on the outskirts of Atlanta, so he could pilot him to the house. In any proper sense he never waked again. The long leftward curve after Moores Hill Road on U.S. 41 is no driving problem—if the driver's eyes are open. Irwin's were not. The shiny little sedan rolled and dropped 15 feet into the pine woods, shearing off a sizable tree and five

NEXT WEEK IN COLLIER'S

The Inspiring Story of Archbishop Cushing

He has made a remarkable record as leader of 1,300,000 Catholics in the important Boston Archdiocese



Men of the Mine Sweepers

They're all heroes, with a proud motto summing up a stirring saga: "Where the fleet goes, *we've* been!"

Will Eva Cost Perón His Throne?

Argentina's henpecked government is tottering—and the reason is a woman scorned, who seeks revenge

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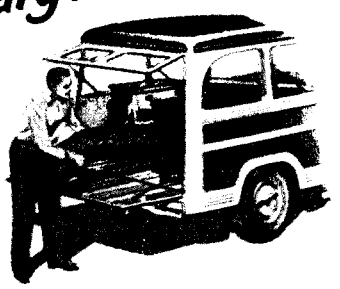
Costs You Less ...Gives You More!

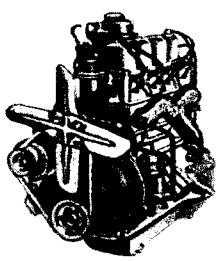
WILLYS costs up to $400 less THAN COMPETITIVE STATION WAGONS

The Willys carries the lowest price-tag of any full-size station wagon . . . and owners will tell you it's *more* useful for business and pleasure . . . *more* maneuverable in traffic . . . *more* frugal on upkeep . . . *more* in demand when you trade. Road-test the smooth-riding, six passenger Willys and you'll see why more people buy it than any other station wagon!

MORE usable space for bulky cargo



Seats removable to give extra big load space—4 ft. high, nearly 5 wide, 98 cu. ft. in size. Wide full-hinged tailgate opens flat with floor, supports 1,000 lbs.



MORE mileage with its Hurricane engine

Sensational F-head *HURRICANE* literally squeezes more power, more miles from every drop of regular gas. Its 7.4 compression tops any engine in its field!

WILLYS makes sense

—IN ECONOMY —IN EASE OF DRIVING —IN COMFORT

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saplings before crunching to a halt on her side. The gasoline caught fire from the cigarette that Irwin had trusted to keep him awake. But chances are good that both boys were unconscious when the flames reached them and made them Nos. 999,995 and 999,996.

Non-collision accidents on rural roads caused 26% of 1950's traffic deaths

At 10:32 Mountain time, Sandy Brant, ranch hand for John Hendie at the Smoke Mountain Ranch southwest of Denver, was paying absolutely no attention to the pretty seventeen-year-old girl beside him in his raggedy old roadster. He was wondering if it really would make sense for him to buy a new saddle in Denver.

Lillias Hendie, the boss's daughter, was paying still less attention to this middle-aged, brown-faced cowboy, meditating instead whether the new dress she had on would get by at the dance a week from Saturday at Ten Pines High School. She was young enough to have passing thoughts of how pretty Crystal Creek Canyon was, even in winter, with a skin of snow on the ground. Sandy, who drove Colorado 74 through there practically every Saturday on his regular day off, saw only the oil-top surface of the road. Sun had dried it off nice after that spurt of snow around daybreak.

They had started late, and the highway, snaking and undulating between the creek and the rocky mountain wall, had begun to feel interminable to Sandy. Near the picnic ground, where there are always a few tourists in summer, he came around a long curve right on top of a slow pickup truck and impatiently passed it, never bothering to figure that visibility ahead was cut off by a tuft of pines. The car that popped from around the pines caught him short. Colorado 74 is a scant two-laner. His choice was creek or mountain. He chose mountain.

The old roadster started to turn over in the narrow ditch, then the rocky wall caught her. Sandy was mashed all out of shape. The fabric of the top burst, throwing Lillias face down on the gravel. When the ambulance from the Silver City mortuary finally got there, she was still unconscious, but the only major damage —miraculously—was a broken collarbone and a slight crack in the pelvis that later knit perfectly. If you leave out her face, that is. People had been saying for some time all she had to do was lose five pounds and she'd be a mighty beautiful girl. The ambulance driver is not likely to forget the way her blue eyes looked at him out of that mass of raw flesh the instant she came to. But Lillias didn't count in the million. Sandy did, poor devil. He was No. 999,997.

Three to go and the day not half over. In Chicago, the council tried to make it clear that so small a set of figures could not be responsibly projected into the future. But all over the nation, rewrite men did elementary arithmetic and produced headlines like the Boston Globe's: "MILLION BY ONE O'CLOCK – – COULD BE." The New York Daily News's C. M. Batchelor, famed for his "Inviting the Undertaker" editorial cartoons on highway safety, had long since finished off his drawing of a shamed nation.

But Boston's one o'clock dragged past. So did Chicago's. San Franciscans were illogically relieved when the sun crossed their meridian and began to sink toward the Golden Gate. But it made no sense to long for sunset. That meant darkness—the long, fatal December darkness.

An observer 10,000 miles from the earth would have seen the shadow of night welling over New England, lopping obliquely over the whole Atlantic Coast, speeding westward and westward.

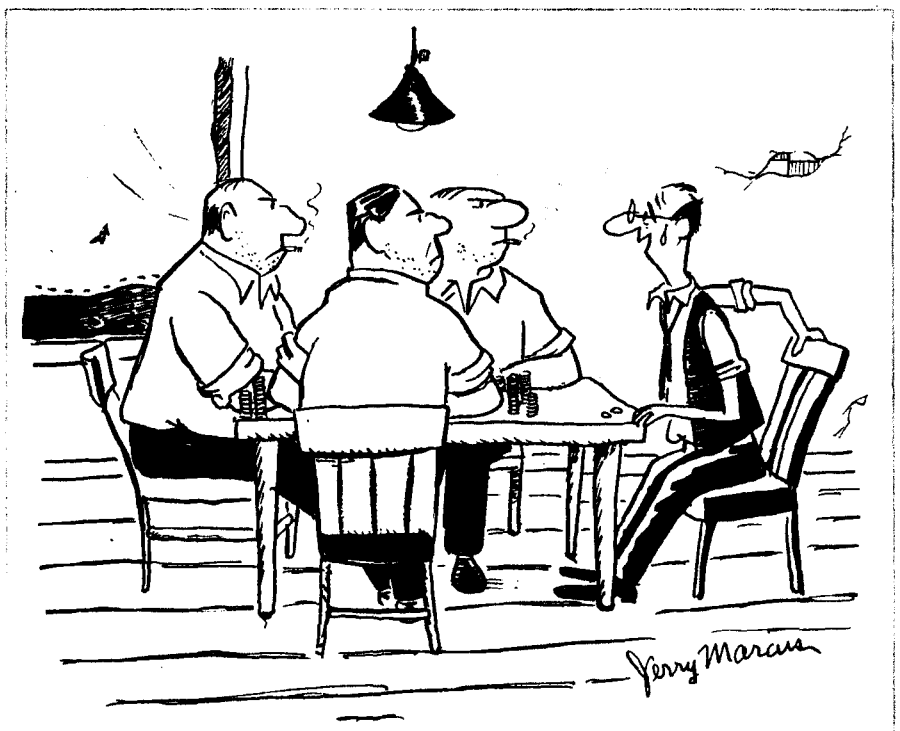
At 6:11 EST in northern New Jersey, it was dark as a pocket, clear and windy. Hazel Kirkpatrick said something unladylike when, duly stopping, looking and listening at the grade crossing east of Whitehouse Station, she saw an east-bound headlight and made out the first of the standard four whistle blasts wailing down the wind. A long freight would fix her nicely, with Duncan's train, due at 6:16, three miles away. Other women's husbands weren't investment counsels, didn't commute to New York, didn't have to work all day Saturday on tax situations as the year began to close. A man working so hard, carrying such responsibility, deserved to be met promptly.

But the delay was brief. The long string of lighted coaches was highballing for fair. Hazel could make out it was full of troops. Christmas in Europe for them, poor kids, she thought as she eagerly urged the station wagon across the four tracks the instant the last car thundered past.

She needn't have worried about being prompt to the minute. The westbound express, with Duncan standing wearily in a smoker vestibule, was running just late enough. At 6:15, a split second after the sudden grabbing of brakes knocked him half off his feet, his wife became No. 999,998.

"Collision with train" killed 1,500 Americans last year

It was 10 minutes later, 3,000 miles away in Lynwood, California, when Marvin Burch started to close up



COLLIER'S — **"Well, gentlemen, I think I'd better quit while you're still ahead"** — JERRY MARCUS

"MARVIN'S TV—RADIO—Smiling Service" after a tough but not unusual Saturday. Before climbing into the little panel truck with the same name and slogan on it, he took his usual, almost automatic, proprietary glance at the shop. It squatted, casual as a mushroom, against a wilderness of vacant lots at the corner of Century and Norton, just off the main drag, roof crowded with TV aerials. He thought again that that cluster of aerials was better advertising than any amount of lettering.

The sun was lowering toward a hazy horizon as he buzzed home a block and a half to the dumpy little frame house he was buying at 3331 Norton—an old house for this brashly developing neighborhood east of L.A., maybe fifteen years old. The brakes squealed and the little truck rocked end for end as he pulled up. He was an uninhibited driver, but he had yet to put a scratch on her.

Janey met him at the door, ruefully pretty. "Hon," she said, "you got to go out again."

"I have not," Marvin said. "This time of day Saturday I'm a home type."

"But you got to," Janey said. "It's Mrs. Manx. She says she's having trouble with her set."

"Oh, no," said Marvin, shoulders slumping. "Not way out there again."

"Honey," Janey said, "it's a shame. But it was Mom called about it. And you know how she is."

Marvin knew. He had not been displeased when Janey's mother had persuaded this Mrs. Manx, a crony of hers up in Pico, to buy her $499.50 set through him. A nice piece of business, even if it was 11 miles from the shop. But ever since he installed it, it seemed like, something had "gone wrong" every three weeks, and he had been forced to make the long trip, usually for nothing.

"Mrs. Manx told Mom she was having people in for the evening."

Marvin kissed her and let the screen door slap to.

"Drive careful, hon," Janey said.

Even without the developing haze—it looked like an early season dose of L.A.'s famous "smog"—Marvin had a dirty drive ahead, on highways streaming with traffic between Pasadena and Long Beach. Tired, vaguely out of temper, he whipped the panel truck along, on the verge of muttering out loud about grouchy old women who gave parties on nights like this.

Peevishly, he ran the stop sign at Downey on Imperial Highway. Bushes masked the northwest corner, so he never knew about the rolling-stop, southbound taxi that just missed making him a new statistic. Three hundred yards farther, he swept past a creeping jalopy under inadvisable circumstances, but Imperial Highway has fine wide shoulders and the oncoming coupé had room to dodge. He did take all precautions making his left on Rosemead. Light traffic or not, you didn't just dive into that stuff.

The thickening smog irritated his eyes and reminded him to turn on parking and tail lights. The next major intersection was already a chiffonlike welter of confusing colors as neon signs lighted up the smog. On he sailed, green light with him, his mind temporarily off Mrs. Manx while he beefed about indiscriminate use of neons.

At Anaheim Telegraph Road, he met another hash of colored mist. But the three-second yellow light was plain enough and a touch on the accelerator shot him through in time. He had plenty of room to miss a car nudging out from Anaheim to catch the new green light on the nose.

Engineering has done about all it can for Rosemead-and-Whittier. The green-yellow-red lights stand out clearly, the left-turn lanes are generously marked and have raised dividers, the gas station, the hamburger drive-in, the paint store, the trailer sales office, all stand well back and leave excellent visibility. But any such intersection of main traffic arteries is mean, even without thick weather. A business coupé was nosing out of the gas station into Whittier, apparently looking for a hole in westbound traffic and not bothering to check the intersection. Marvin swung wide and missed him—closest call yet.

When he pulled up at Mrs. Manx's white cottage at 4861 Parsons Boulevard, things were so thick he could barely make out the lowest girders of the Pico water tower a few rods away. Mrs. Manx was whiny, and watched him suspiciously while he tinkered. As he had suspected, there was nothing wrong with the set that she couldn't have fixed with the front control knobs. In 15 minutes he was back in the little truck, making his left on Whittier, headed home and glad of it, though still too irritated with the world in general to feel hungry.

The Whittier Narrows Project, damming up the natural basin northwest of Pico, calls for raising Rosemead above the eventual water level into a fancy four-lane causeway with frequent culverts. The big job is being rushed. As Marvin braked for a red light at Rosemead, two huge loads of outsize concrete pipe for the project rumbled northward athwart Whittier—he saw them in the swimming haze of smog and neon as a strange procession of gigantic gray zeros. He didn't notice the gray sedan fretting in the southbound left-turn dock, nervously gunning its motor at the stream of cars headed its way, aghast at the idea the light might change before it could make its turn into Whittier.

Under these conditions nobody was seeing much. The driver of the third load of pipe certainly didn't see the sedan start its move in abject miscalculation of the speed of the huge tractor trailer coming into the intersection. The gray car took the full smash of 30 tons on its right side, just as the changing lights blinked yellow.

The brutal unexpectedness of what he saw almost blacked Marvin out. There it was, instantaneous, like a trick in a movie, not 10 feet away—the high snout of the huge tractor, the shiny gray car crumpled against its right bow. The tractor door opened and a stocky man climbed out. With the queer carefulness sometimes shown by people in panic, Marvin dragged his hand brake on, fumbled his door open and ran, arriving at the wrecked sedan just as the trucker reached for its left-hand door handle.

The battered door opened wide, and the boy fell out in a sort of relaxed squirm that brought his face uppermost. He wasn't quite dead—at least blood was still flooding out of his thin-lipped mouth. Just a kid, a bony kid in a blue-and-brown sport jacket with no lapels.

"Don't move him," Marvin said, pointlessly harking back to first aid. "Wait for the doctor." Then he realized that the car's radio had somehow survived the smash and was playing soft, Lombardo music—suddenly interrupted by an urgent baritone:

"We interrupt this program for a special news bulletin. Traffic deaths have reached nine hundred ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred ninety-nine. Mrs. Verna Mundelheim, sixty-one, critically injured yesterday by a hit-and-run driver as she approached the Spokane office building where she worked as cleaning woman, died at 4:49 P.M. Pacific Coast time today . . ."

The boy in the street bubbled for an instant longer through his own blood—then abruptly stopped and slumped a little.

"He's gone," the trucker said. "I seen them go that way in the war." The radio went on:

". . . Who will be the millionth? . . ."

"God Almighty!" said the trucker. "This guy *is* the millionth!"

Marvin broke—scrambling for his truck, crazily remembering to release the hand brake, swirling left through an undeserved hole in the traffic pile-up. His wild turn swept him within six inches of the staring trucker.

"Looks to me," the trucker told the dead boy, "like somebody will be the millionth-and-one before he gets home."

Death nodded agreement, drew a line under the current work sheet, tore it off and began another. THE END

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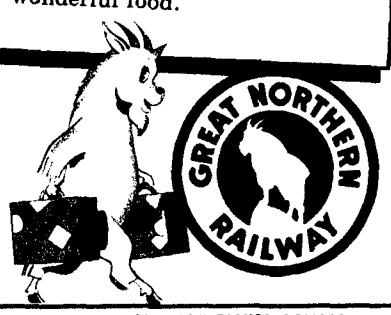

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Reclining Figure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

extension phone was slammed into its cradle, then a moment of silence.

"Is that quite clear, Mr. Blaise?" Miss Wayne asked sweetly.

"I'll be there," Blaise told her, and hung up. He should have realized that the old nut would be listening in. He had known Lucas Edgerton for two years and the relationship had begun and continued in this same furtive, secretive manner, never free from these complicated rendezvous and schoolboy codes. He looked at his watch. Just eleven and a half minutes until eleven thirty-eight.

IT HAD begun nearly two years before in Ellis Blaise's tiny second-floor gallery in New York. The holidays were approaching and in the "main hall," a cramped twelve by twenty, Blaise was showing a variety of French paintings, water colors, drawings and etchings priced at five hundred and less in the hope of catching some Christmas business. In his own office, an even smaller room, he was exhibiting eight "primitive" paintings of city scenes by Harris Little, a Negro clerk in the Department of Sanitation, who was Blaise's own discovery.

It was two thirty now on this cold, raw December afternoon. Blaise was sprawled on the couch in his office with a pile of catalogues from other galleries when he heard the gallery door open and close. He put down his catalogues, sat up on the couch, and lighted a cigarette. At first glance, he thought the gallery had rarely received a more unpromising visitor. He saw an elderly man whose exact proportions could only be guessed, because he was wearing a tight flannel jacket over at least two, perhaps three, sweaters. A flannel shirt, the collar also askew, was anchored by a brown bow tie. The trousers were gray flannel, and the shoes, deplorably muddy, were or had been gray suède. The whole effect was suggestive of a Bowery flophouse.

Blaise got up and went to the doorway. The visitor, with an expression of acute pain, was standing before a small water color by Pascin.

"Anything I can do for you?" Blaise asked politely.

The visitor turned. "Yes. You can set fire to all this junk."

Blaise peered uncertainly at the old man.

"This junk," continued the visitor, "is what gives modern painting a bad name."

"If you're interested in bad names," said Blaise, "just stick around. I'm warming one up for you. What did you expect to find here, one flight up over a chain store—Vermeers?" He turned back into the office. Over his shoulder, he added, "Beat it. Try the Modern Museum—they like eccentrics."

He sat down on the couch again and took another cigarette. He turned to the desk for matches, and when he swung around again the old man was in the doorway, peering in. Ignoring Blaise, he came closer to the Harris Little that hung just inside the door. It was a glaring study of an East River dock.

"What's this?" asked the visitor.

"Rembrandt," Blaise said. "One of the few paintings he did of New York."

The visitor turned to look at him. "You're a snotty boy. Are you generally this rough on customers?"

"Customer? What makes you think you're a customer?"

"This." Turning back to the painting, the old man lifted it from the hook and down to the floor. Then, moving swiftly around the room, he did the same with all eight paintings by Little. Blaise watched, openmouthed. "My name is Lucas Edgerton," the old man said. "How much?"

"They're by Harris Little. He's unknown. This was his first show and—"

"What the hell do I care? I don't go by shows. How much?"

"If you take the lot, how about two hundred and fifty each?" Blaise put this forward tentatively, but Edgerton only nodded sullenly, took a frayed, folded check from his pants pocket, and bent over the desk. "My office will call to arrange about shipment," he said while he filled in the check.

Blaise said, "I'm sorry I didn't roll down the red carpet for you, Mr. Edgerton."

"You're doing fine," Edgerton told him. "Don't crowd your luck, son." He went out into the other gallery and paused for one last look around. "What I said still goes," he shouted. "Set fire to this junk!"

Blaise was waving the check to dry it. "Yes, sir, Mr. Edgerton. Anything you say, Mr. Edgerton. Thank you, Mr. Edgerton."

The old man's glare lightened to a smile. Then he disappeared into the hall.

And that was the start of it. Blaise immediately assembled another group of paintings by Harris Little and wrote to Edgerton asking for some critical comment for the catalogue. The instant reply was an obscene, sulphurous refusal. In the next mail, however, came a glowing eight-page panegyric to be used as an introduction to the catalogue.

Whatever they thought of Harris Little, collectors could not ignore Lucas Edgerton's position in the realm of modern art. His own collection had assumed legendary proportions. The exact extent of his hoard was a mystery to all but a few intimates, but clues trickled from these sources, indicating vast quantity and extraordinary quality. He was rumored to have more than a hundred Cézannes, equal quantities of Renoir and Degas, great vaults and bins crowded with masterpieces of Seurat, Manet, Pissarro, Sisley, and all the impressionist masters.

Edgerton never allowed the public to see his treasures. He was, however, the author of several books on modern painting, largely savage attacks on every taste but his own, and these were illustrated with paintings from his collection. Each publication brought a flood of letters from collectors and scholars pleading for a chance to see the paintings. In all but a few cases—chosen unpredictably, as was typical of Edgerton—the supplicant was turned away. If the writer was a well-known collector or critic, or a celebrity in any field, Edgerton would write a personal, insulting reply. None but the most thick-skinned ever wrote twice. . . .

After the second Harris Little exhibition, with the obvious and precious mark of favor contained in Edgerton's preface to the catalogue, Blaise became known as Edgerton's dealer. It was a profitable and rewarding relationship, but at times so stormy that Blaise found himself thinking wistfully of quieter days in the Army. Under the layers of ego, selfishness, arrogance and greed that coated his great client's personality, however, there was a passionate love of art, a real sense of the quality in painting. Also, even at his maniacal, infuriating worst, Edgerton maintained some sixth sense that told him when he had driven Blaise or any other associate to the quitting point, and he was then capable of rare charm, generosity and consideration.

BLAISE made his way along the highway and turned into Emerald Lane on the dot. As he started toward the boulevard, a limousine driven by a chauffeur came in from the other end.

"Mr. Blaise?" the driver asked, and, when Blaise nodded, he climbed out to open the door. Blaise settled himself, and the car headed swiftly into the ocean highway, turning north toward Santa Barbara. They covered ten or twelve miles, then turned off into a narrow road. Then, on the

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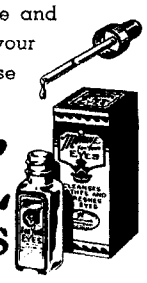

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left, Blaise saw high, spiked iron gates. There was a tanned, husky gateman, and a tough-looking, unpedigreed dog was yelping around him.

"Just like Fort Knox," Blaise said.

"Doesn't mean a thing," the driver said. "Mr. Edgerton thinks it scares off tourists. Matter of fact, that's the only part of the place is fenced off at all, and anybody can walk right on up from the beach. But I guess Mr. Edgerton gets a kick out of it."

The house, when it was finally visible around the bend in the driveway, was tremendous.

Blaise got out of the car. A handsome girl, about thirty, was coming toward him from the house.

"I'm Miriam Wayne," she said. "I hope our telephone conversation didn't make you mad."

Blaise smiled. "I've worked for Mr. Edgerton for quite a while."

"Then you know."

Blaise nodded. "Yes, I know. I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd asked me to swim to a buoy and rendezvous with a submarine."

SHE laughed, but only briefly. A window on the second floor of the house flew up and Lucas Edgerton leaned out of it. His speech of welcome was characteristic.

"Damn it, Blaise, what the hell do you think I brought you out here for? Come on up here. You, Miriam, wait in the library."

"Sweet, isn't he?" she murmured. "This way, Mr. Blaise."

Blaise went in and stopped short with the door half closed. Correspondence, photographs, the books and the legends should have prepared him for Edgerton's pictures in bulk, but the impact actually left him standing in the open doorway. The enormous hall was all but plastered with paintings, hung frame to frame and from the floor up. Moreover, there was no apparent artistic chronology in the grouping, so that a massive cubist Picasso all but obliterated a delicate Manet; an enormous, vivid Matisse was in shocking contrast to the neighboring canvas, a sunny, placid Seurat.

As Blaise started up the broad, winding stairs, he saw that this area, too, was a jumble of paintings. Here some of the contrasts were even more disconcerting: there were superb classical paintings mixed in with the bold moderns. Halfway up, hung a good six feet above eye level, was a fabulous, tiny Vermeer. Blaise went up a few steps, then leaned back along the rail for a better view.

Edgerton came into the upper hall, and Blaise pushed himself upright. "Sorry," he said. "I resisted everything else, but that little Vermeer got me."

Edgerton smiled. "It gets everybody. Some collection, ain't it?"

"Stunning. Why don't you hang it so it makes some sense?"

"Makes sense to me," Edgerton said.

He led the way into his own quarters, a large room with big, curtained windows, monastically furnished with a large table, a narrow bed against the wall, and two modern chairs. There were no paintings on the walls, but a few canvases were stacked in a corner.

Edgerton closed the door. He sat down at the table and waved Blaise into the remaining chair. "Nice trip?"

"Pretty good," Blaise said.

"Everything all right at the hotel?"

"Fine. It's kind of an eyesore, though."

"Out here," Edgerton said, "that's a showplace." Then his grin faded abruptly. "How's business?"

"Pretty good," Blaise said. "I sold a Van Gogh, an early one."

"Junk," snorted Edgerton.

"And a Cézanne," Blaise added, unruffled by the interruption. "The still life from the Haller collection."

"Haller let it go, eh? Fathead ignoramus. Only decent painting he had." As Blaise smiled, Edgerton roared hotly, "What the hell are you laughing at? If it wasn't for me you wouldn't even be allowed in Haller's house."

"Very true," Blaise said. "And it's kind of you to remind me from time to time. Keeps me from getting a swelled head."

There was another pause, longer this time. Blaise was thinking back to Jonas Astorg, wondering how he knew Edgerton's decision and whether or not to precipitate a howling rage by divulging the leak, when Edgerton suddenly blurted it all out: "I want to sell some paintings. If you can handle an important job without falling over your feet, speak up and say so."

"Sure," Blaise said. "Why not?"

"It doesn't seem to mean a hell of a lot to you," Edgerton said.

"I've learned to control my emotions," Blaise told him. "Makes me a better salesman, as a matter of fact. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Nothing special, that is. For all I know I may live to be a hundred, but I'm well past sixty and too much of my estate is tied up in paintings. Some idiot from Washington might come down here and put a ridiculous value on everything, and then where do I stand?"

"You might duck some taxes. Ever think about leaving part of the collection to a museum?"

"No numskull tourists come gawking at my collection when I'm alive and they won't come after I'm dead. No, sir. Not a bloody single painting to any museums, schools, libraries or phony foundations."

Blaise laughed. "Public-spirited as always, eh?"

"Public spirit, my eye!" Edgerton exclaimed hotly. "What the hell did the public ever do for painting, or for any art? Show me where the public ever rushed around to help a painter with a new idea. Hell, no! For all the public cares, the guy can starve. Then, in fifty years, when their ignorant eyes are opened by people with taste, the public whines that art should be a public trust, it belongs to the people. Well, anybody that doesn't know yet what I think of people can read my will and find out."

"I could argue with you," Blaise said, "but it's *your* blood pressure and they're *your* paintings. Where do I start?"

"Go talk to Miriam," Edgerton said. "She'll give you a list of what I want to sell."

Blaise stood up. "I'll get busy."

"Don't get busy. Take it easy. If word gets out that I'm selling paintings, you'll bring prices down. Play it smart. Take one at a time and pick a spot."

"I thought of loading them on a push-cart and hawking them up and down Fifty-seventh Street," Blaise said dryly.

"And don't be funny," Edgerton said. "Get over to the library and start to work."

BLAISE went into the library and found himself in a long, low room a third of which was the library, the remainder a gallery for more of the Edgerton collection. A row of index and filing cabinets separated the two sections.

As Blaise came in, he heard an angry voice from the larger area:

"I know there's a sale coming. I've got to know what the old man is planning to let go. Don't get coy with me now, Miriam. I've got to know." Then he heard Miriam Wayne's cool, easy voice saying, "Ask your father. Or ask the rundown floozy who takes so much of your time. Or just go on sweating. You won't find out—"

By this time, Blaise was at the row of cabinets. He rapped on the nearest one. "Anybody minding the store?"

Miriam Wayne had already moved a few steps away from her companion, a tall, handsome young man in a linen shirt and trousers. "This is Ellis Blaise, Simon," she said. And, to Blaise, she said, "This is Simon Edgerton."

Blaise put out his hand, and young Edgerton shook it firmly. "Glad to meet you," he said. "Dad told me you were coming."

Aside from the incongruity of hearing Lucas Edgerton called "Dad," Blaise's first reaction was that Edgerton had told Simon no such thing. Then Simon said something about a date on the beach and left with more composure than Blaise would have

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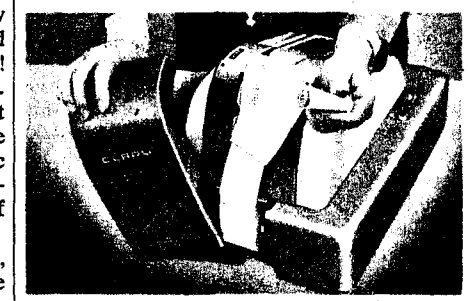

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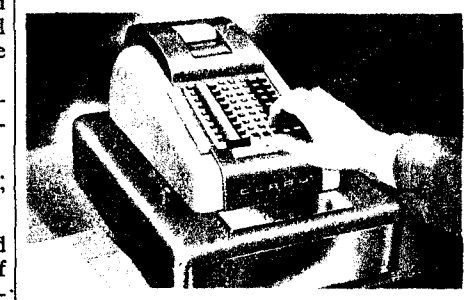

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expected from the agitated man whose voice he had heard.

"The son and heir?" Blaise asked.

"Himself."

"I didn't frighten him, did I?"

"The Edgertons," she said sourly, "are a high-strung, sensitive clan." She unlocked a section of a card index, and started through the wads of cards with deft, practiced fingers, occasionally flipping one card aside. In his first chance to study her, Blaise saw that she was truly a handsome girl. She had a high, narrow forehead, keen blue eyes, and a fine nose a shade too long to be really beautiful. Her only make-up was lipstick, and her black hair was pulled back in a tight knot that set off her clear, white skin. There was something oddly prim about her. She reminded Blaise of what he used to call the curator type—earnest, intelligent students who haunt the museums and libraries.

"How long have you worked for Edgerton?" Blaise asked.

"This is my second year."

"Rugged kind of a job?"

"We get along." She turned her head to glance at him. "You manage with him, don't you?"

"The three thousand miles between us helps a lot. I'm not sure I could take it on a day-to-day basis."

"He's a bully," Miriam said. She was locking the cabinets, from which she had drawn a stack of cards. "Like all bullies, his bark is worse than his bite."

"His bark is so bad," Blaise said, "I don't think I'd notice it when he bit me."

She smiled. "I promise you, you would." She put the cards on the desk before him. "These are the paintings Mr. Edgerton wants to sell. They're scattered around the house, the gallery and the vault. When you're ready, I can assemble them all in here for you. Now, do you want to browse or talk?"

"For now," Blaise said, "I'll browse."

"All right. I'll do some chores and see about renting a car for you. Cigarettes are in the boxes, and that's the bar over there." She took one key from the carved gold ring. "This is for the files. Mr. Edgerton said you were to have it. I made the catalogue of the collection and you're the only outsider who has had access to it."

"Thanks," Blaise said. "I'll try to prove myself worthy."

"It's Mr. Edgerton's secret, not mine."

THE rest of the morning and the early afternoon flew by as Blaise began to absorb the extent and scope of Edgerton's collection. Starting in 1908, the old man had steadily and shrewdly amassed great examples at prices that were ridiculous. Then, with taste and foresight, as each trend in painting manifested itself, Edgerton stayed abreast or ahead. When the depression loomed, he applied himself to the great classical masters, buying from dealers and collectors with money problems. Glancing over the prices paid for paintings by Vermeer, Giorgione, Rembrandt and El Greco, Blaise could see why the old man now had a tax problem of his own.

At two o'clock, an elderly houseman brought his lunch. Blaise stopped working and ate it, and afterward wandered around in the gallery. He was at the far, shadowy end, where most of the light came from the soft glow of the reflectors fitted to each painting, when he noticed that the door was open. A pretty girl was watching him. She had a highball glass in one hand and smoke curled up from a cigarette in the other. She came inside, resting her elbows on the dividing bank of cabinets. Blonde hair hung down to her shoulders, and deep brown eyes leveled on him candidly as he approached.

"I'm Cass Edgerton," she said. "I'm here to inform you that we have papers ready proving that Uncle Lucas is incompetent and can't dispose of anything."

"I want to be around when he hears about that," Blaise said.

The girl shuddered. "I don't." Then she smiled. "The whole Edgerton family was on hand to get a look at you at lunch."

"I ate in here," Blaise told her. "Miss Wayne arranged it."

"I'll bet she did," she said.

Blaise let it pass. "I'm sorry I missed the whole Edgerton family lunch. Sorrier, now that I know what I missed."

Her smile widened. "Charming. A pretty speech. You have a way with you, a smooth manner that has probably enabled you to victimize hundreds of rich young girls."

Blaise moved around to her side of the cabinets. "Are you a rich young girl?"

"Can you imagine Lucas Edgerton with a poor niece?" She followed him to the desk, bringing her glass. Her warm, sunny smile seemed to give the bleak library a new and friendly charm. Rich or poor, thought Blaise, a stunning girl.

"How many Edgertons, all told, did I miss at lunch?" he asked.

"Just a few. To get on with the inventory, you've met Uncle Lucas, of course."

Blaise nodded.

"Uncle Lucas is my guardian, counselor, friend—more a father than an uncle. Then there's my cousin, Simon, not just a cousin but a true pal; and then there's me, Cassy, a creature of silk and flame, elusive as the wind."

"You're quite a talker," Blaise said.

"I can kick it around," she said, "but I didn't come here for small talk. I came in to pump you. How much of the Edgerton treasure are you peddling, to whom, and for how much?"

"Shouldn't you ask your uncle that?"

She laughed, with an edge of bitterness. "What? And be cut off without a shilling? In the summer of 1935, when I was nine years old, I asked him a question and I still treasure the grunt with which he replied."

Blaise gently took the glass from her hand. "You don't want to say all that. I'm just one of the hired hands."

She didn't seem to resent this. "I pictured you in black broadcloth," she said, "with a neat Vandyke and eyeglasses on a black silk ribbon." She looked him up and down. "Art expert, my eye! With those shoulders?"

"It's mostly padding," Blaise said.

"And you're handsome, in a mean, secretive sort of way. I expected to find an old man I could wind around my little finger."

"Stay with it," Blaise said. "I've been wound around some little fingers that couldn't compare with yours."

She started to smile, then turned as Simon Edgerton came in. "Come in, Simon. This is Ellis Blaise and he's just about to become putty in my hands."

Simon came in so warily that Blaise could feel his guard up. "Has she been drinking?" he asked Blaise.

Cass answered first. "Not me. Not with old Carrie Nation Blaise on hand to snatch it away. I am already a better and finer woman for having known him."

"Don't mind Cassy." Simon ran his hand lightly over her hair. He lifted her easily from the desk. "Come on. This man has to work. I'll walk you up and down till you sober up."

THEN Lucas Edgerton's rasping voice cut in on them. "Simon!" He was standing in the doorway with a small, wiry, dark man in work clothes. Edgerton came over to the desk with short, funny little steps, as if he were literally hopping mad. Edgerton confronted his son. "Simon, I told you never to set foot in here. Did you understand me?"

"Yes, sir," Simon said hastily. "I came in to pick up Cassy. We were just leaving."

Edgerton walked to the gallery end of the room, and, as he passed his son, he said quietly, "Get out."

The man in work clothes stepped out of the doorway to let Simon pass. He betrayed no reaction at all to the ugly little scene between father and son, and the others quite plainly took his presence for granted.

Cass stood by the desk until Edgerton turned back. She faced him defiantly.

"I've got some work to do, Cassy," Edgerton said, almost apologetically. He beckoned to the man in the doorway. "Come on in, Victor."

"The nice part about living here," Cass said to Blaise, "is that you don't have to leave home to go to the fights."

Edgerton moved down the gallery and, as Cass went out, pressed a switch that turned on the overhead lights. In the cruel glare, he looked old and haggard. He reached out to adjust the position of a canvas, and Blaise saw that his hand was trembling. The man he called Victor stood beside him and studied the painting, a fine Degas nude.

"It requires only to be restretched, Mr. Edgerton," he said. His voice was soft, with a vague Latin accent. "The canvas is a trifle loose."

Edgerton nodded. "This is Victor Grandi, Blaise." He waited for Blaise to join them.

Grandi extended a small, remarkably tough and muscular hand. "Mr. Edgerton has told me about you," he said, in the same soft voice, which was oddly suited to his stained and shabby clothes.

"Victor does all my restoring, cleaning, sees to the framing—"

"Handy man," said Grandi.

"When you've had a chance to examine what I want to sell," Edgerton continued, "you want to go over it with Victor."

"You are a dealer, Mr. Blaise," Grandi said. "You know that very often a dirty canvas or a poor frame hurts a painting."

"All right, Victor," Edgerton said impatiently.

Grandi lifted the Degas from the wall. "I am at your service, Mr. Blaise. My shop is on the grounds. I hope you will come to see it."

When Grandi had gone, Edgerton started groping in the bulging pockets of his corduroy coat. "Came over to give you a lead on that Degas. About a year ago, some benefactor wanted to buy it for the local museum. Your kind of a public-spirited boob," he said. "You'll hit it off fine." He fished out a folded paper. "Here's the letter."

Blaise took it. "Thanks. I'll check on it."

Edgerton left, and Blaise unfolded the letter. It was an inquiry on behalf of Andrew Kullman, a movie executive whom Blaise knew as a collector. It was a good introduction to Kullman, whether or not he was still interested in the Degas.

BLAISE picked up Cass Edgerton's discarded highball, to return the glass to the bar, then stopped short. The stack of index cards was gone. He made a quick search of the desk and the nearby furniture. He was down on his hands and knees for a better view of the carpeted floor when Miriam Wayne came in. Blaise got up and looked at her sheepishly. "You picked yourself one hell of a custodian for your precious files," he said. Her eyes narrowed as Blaise walked past her to the bar. "The Edgertons dropped in," he went on. "There was assorted badinage, then harsh words, and, when the smoke cleared away, egg all over my face. The cards you picked out for me were gone."

"Was it Simon?" the girl asked.

"The company included the squire himself, young Cassy, Simon and a handy man called Grandi. You pick one."

"Simon, I suppose," she said. "He was tearing down the road as I drove up."

"What accounts for his furor?"

Miriam poured herself a drink. "Did Mr. Edgerton find Simon here?"

Blaise nodded. "That set off the harsh words. By the way, can you assemble another set of the cards?"

"Oh, yes. That's no problem."

"So all that's happened," said Blaise, "is that Simon knows what's to be sold. Why should he care? Has he stolen some paintings?"

Miriam flushed. "I don't know." She turned the glass in her hands. "He's in trouble, Mr. Blaise. Can you help him?"

"It's not my line of work," Blaise said.

"No, I suppose not." She put her glass down. "You're staying for dinner, aren't you?" When Blaise nodded, she started out. "I'll tell them up at the house."

Blaise waited until she was at the door. "Where do you suppose Simon was headed in such a hurry, Miss Wayne?"

She hesitated. "I think you're right to want to stay out of a family quarrel. It isn't your line of work."

"Okay, Miss Wayne," Blaise said. "See you at dinner." . . .

"I am worried," Jonas Astorg said, "and when I worry, I hate to worry alone. I share my problems with my associates. It makes me feel a lot better, and it is an indication of my complete trust."

Kenneth Lurie was standing by the table, in Astorg's room at the Ocean Inn, idly turning the drawings in a large portfolio laid open there. Lurie was a big man, well over six feet, and his dinner jacket seemed to be poured over him. His skin was dark, but it didn't look tanned, and the hairline

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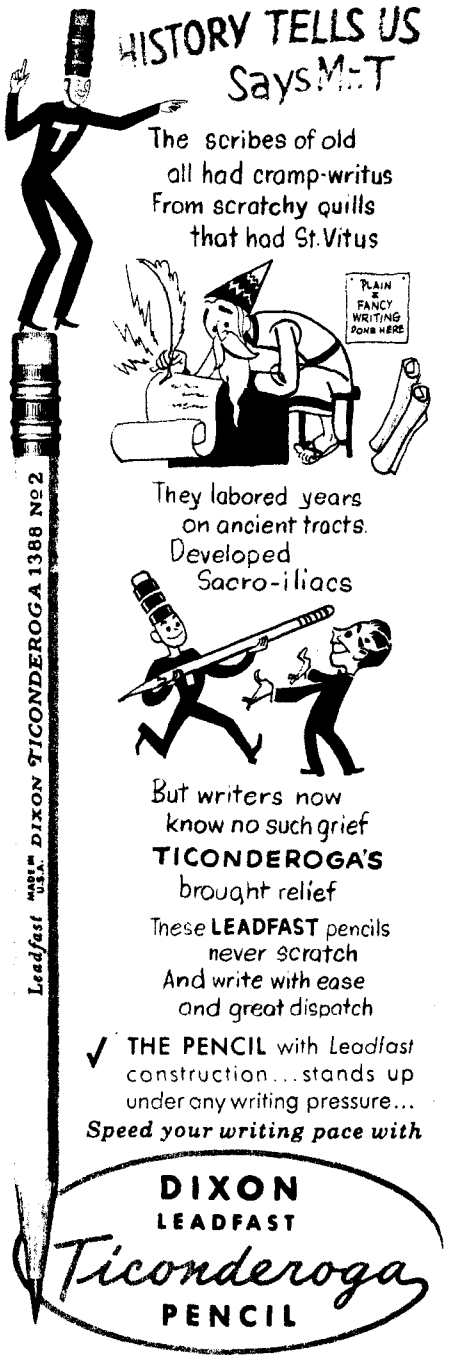

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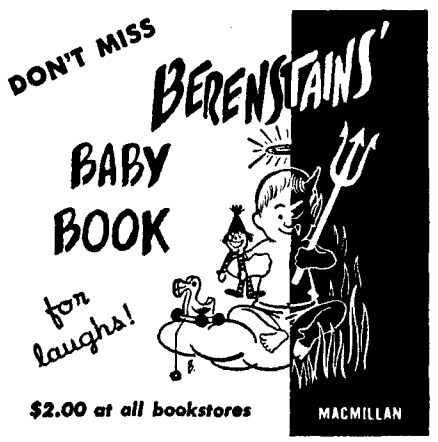


came down to give him only a short forehead. He was attractive, in an odd way. "It's too soon to worry," he said. "A little precaution is all the situation calls for."

"I'll be interested to hear your prescription," said Astorg.

Lurie walked to the open doors leading to the balcony, and stepped out. He looked left to Blaise's room. "Not home yet?"

"He's not the answer," said Astorg.

Lurie stepped back into the room. "He's more or less got to be."

ASTORG put his glass down with an impatient gesture. "You'll think I'm joking—Blaise is honest."

Lurie seemed to dismiss this. "Everybody's honest. I'm honest, too. There are points of departure."

"Well, if he's got one," Astorg said irritably, "his is somewhere off in space. I know Blaise a long time. He worked for me once. I fired him for telling a customer the truth about a Corot I was selling."

"Did he stand to make anything on the sale?"

"Yes. Blaise brought the customer in. That's why he felt a responsibility."

"Which way do you think Edgerton would turn if Blaise wasn't available?"

Astorg looked at him. "What kind of a question is that?"

"Suppose Blaise got a better job, or didn't care for this one? What the hell—a dynamic fellow like that, anything might happen."

"Edgerton used to do business with Ford Manson," Astorg said. "He might again. The quarrel was trifling."

"Have you done business with Manson?"

Astorg smiled. "Ford Manson is an art dealer after my own heart."

"So, in the last analysis, we're worrying about nothing," Lurie said.

The telephone rang, and Astorg picked it up. "Wait a minute," he said, and buried the mouthpiece in his lap. "Simon Edgerton. He wants to come up." As Lurie slammed his glass down on the table, Astorg said, "I told him not to come here."

"Let him come up," Lurie said. He moved to the windows, drawing the heavy curtains. In a moment, there were footsteps in the hall and Astorg was ushering in Simon Edgerton. He looked bright-eyed, flushed with excitement.

Lurie said, "Hello, Simon."

Simon was already explaining. "I know you told me to stay away, Mr. Astorg, but this is important. I've got the list of what's to be sold. Here." He thumped the cards on the table, and added, "I took a chance. By now, I guess Blaise knows I've got them, but I don't care."

Astorg looked up at Lurie, who was thumbing rapidly through the cards.

"He's right; it *is* important," Lurie said. "Not one of our paintings is to be sold."

Astorg nodded. "'Our paintings,'" he said, "is a felicitous phrase."

Lurie snapped the rubber band around the cards and handed them to Simon. "Can you get into the gallery tonight?"

"Later on—after midnight. There's a window I can manipulate."

"Return the cards," Lurie said; and, as Simon gave him a puzzled look, he went on: "Drop them back of something—where they might have been overlooked."

"It won't work," Simon said. "Blaise knows it was either me or Cassy."

"How the hell do you know he's even missed them yet?"

Young Edgerton shrugged. "He's bound to have. And suppose he's already told my father?"

"I doubt it," Astorg said. "If he says anything, he's admitting that he pulled a boner."

Simon smiled again. "Maybe. It's worth a try." He sighed heavily. "God! I feel better."

"We are all much relieved, Simon," Astorg said.

Lurie walked with Simon to the door. He closed and bolted the door after him. "Want a drink?" he asked Astorg.

"No," Astorg said. "Sit down, Lurie."

Lurie sat down. "What's so sinister?" he asked. "We're in the clear."

"Maybe." Astorg's voice was casual, a little distant. "I haven't told you this, Lurie, because I wanted first of all to know what Edgerton is going to sell right away. Nathan Ordmann came into my gallery a couple of weeks ago." At Lurie's questioning look, he repeated, "Yes, Nathan Ordmann. He told me the curator of the San Francisco Museum brought Lucas Edgerton to his—Ordmann's—home to see his paintings."

Lurie said, "My God!"

Astorg nodded. "Something like that flashed through my mind."

"What happened?"

Astorg leaned forward. "Edgerton walked right past the Renoir. His only comment was that it was too early for his own taste."

Lurie looked at him for a moment in wide-eyed surprise, then laughed out loud. "I told you. Edgerton never knew just what the hell he had in those vaults."

Astorg shook his head. "Nobody forgets a painting like that. Ordmann paid me sixty thousand dollars and thanked me for giving him a bargain."

Lurie seemed to be groping for an answer. "Edgerton is getting a little nutty."

"About some things," Astorg said. "Not about paintings." He stood up, looking down at Lurie. "It's rare. Priceless. Granted that Edgerton has a lot of Renoirs. How does he walk by this—his own? Even comments on it. It doesn't make sense."

"Maybe the comment is the answer. He doesn't like the early paintings. He's had this forty years and forgotten it."

"It bothers me," Astorg said slowly.

"Serves you right," Lurie said bitterly. "Our deal was that you would hold the paintings, or get them to Europe, but you finally decided that, since Edgerton was so old and never looked at other collections, it was worth taking the chance. You knew there might be trouble."

"There hasn't been any trouble."

Lurie laughed. "And that worries you?"

Astorg nodded. "Yes, my friend. That worries me very much."

BLAISE was in the sunroom of the main house, idly glancing through a stack of magazines, when he saw Victor Grandi tramping along the beach down near the water's edge. He stepped out into the bricked patio. Grandi saw him and raised his cane in greeting. When Blaise came closer, he saw that the other man was still in his stained, rumpled clothes.

In a matter-of-fact tone, Grandi said, "I do not dine with the family, Mr. Blaise. I have a kitchen in my shop, and in the village there is a superb supermarket. You are familiar with them?"

"I've passed by," Blaise said.

"Astonishing! Every conceivable thing under one roof. Caviar! Automobile tires! Endive is flown in daily by giant planes. I believe one can also purchase spare parts for the planes."

"Just so they don't sell modern paintings," Blaise said, laughing.

"It will come," Grandi said. "This great country will become impatient with the laborious methods by which artists produce paintings one by one. There will be an assembly line. A Cézanne will block out the canvas, arrange the composition; a moving belt will carry the painting to the next easel, where a Manet will fill in the background; then a Renoir to do the figures and on to a Redon to paint in some flowers."

"Who signs it?" Blaise asked.

Grandi shrugged. "General Motors." He turned to look back at the house. "We can walk a little yet, if you like."

After a few steps, Blaise said, "That was an ugly little scene in the gallery, wasn't it?"

"It is useless to concern yourself with extraneous matters, Mr. Blaise," Grandi said. "Under that heading I would certainly include the relationship between Mr. Edgerton and his son."

"Why?" asked Blaise.

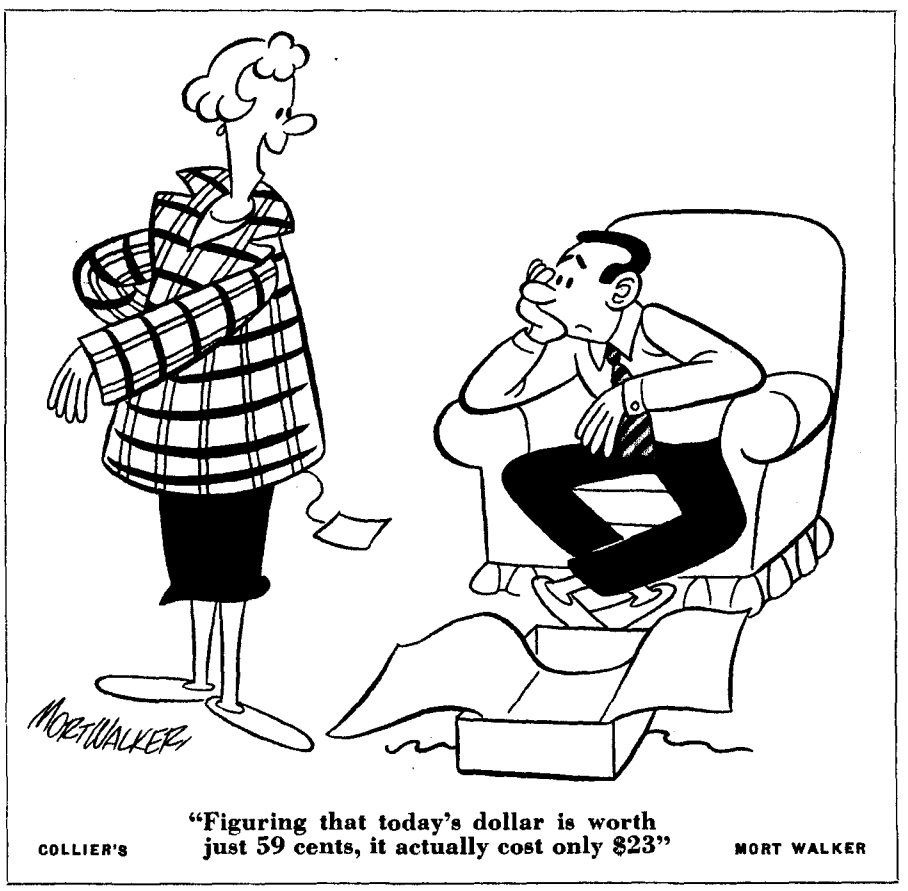
"You can expedite the eruption of an infected area by lancing it, but you cannot otherwise cure it. Matters have gone too far. There is a morbid area, but it will, of its own accord, come to a head."

"And cure of its own accord?"

"Kill or cure," said Grandi. "I believe that is the common phrase." He looked up at the house and then said, "Good night, Mr. Blaise. I think the family is waiting for you."

"Good night," Blaise said. He watched the other man tramp down the beach, then turned thoughtfully back into the house.

Edgerton was in the sunroom now, with a tall, white-haired man. When Blaise was introduced, he learned that this was Dr. Corum, a critic who, like Edgerton, had been a passionate and early advocate of modern painting, one of the few authorities Edgerton ever cited in his conversation and writings without blistering contempt. Wesley Corum was in a dinner jacket, and even Edgerton had made some concession to the dark by wearing a reasonably well-preserved blue suit. With it, however, he



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was wearing a hideous brown flannel shirt and an electric blue tie so far askew that it was under his ear like a hangman's knot.

Edgerton was in a good mood now, taking Corum's comments on his clothes with good humor. "Trouble with Corum," he explained, "is that he's been on so many lecture platforms that he instinctively puts on a tuxedo every night. It's a conditioned reflex, as if he was one of Dr. Pavlov's dogs."

CORUM smiled, then rose to greet Miriam Wayne, who was coming into the room. He briefed her on the conversation. "Actually," he said, "I like dressing for dinner. I think women, too, approve of it."

"Probably so does Mr. Edgerton," Miriam said, as Edgerton handed her a glass. "And probably that's why he doesn't do it."

"Even the help talks back to me," Edgerton said. "After I've spent a lifetime building up the toughest personality on the West Coast. Sad, ain't it, Blaise?"

"Who knows?" Blaise said. "You may still turn into one of those gruff, lovable old characters."

He got to his feet to greet Cass Edgerton. She was in a black linen dinner dress which left her shoulders bare, and the long, lustrous blonde hair was coiled in a knot. The change gave her a poised, cool beauty.

Edgerton looked at his watch impatiently. "Simon coming down, Cassy?"

"I believe he's gone into town," she said.

Edgerton looked annoyed. "Town? What's in town?"

Cass shrugged her smooth bare shoulders. "Maybe freedom from fear."

The old man winced, and Blaise saw instant regret in the girl's expression. She reached out, as if to touch his hand. Then the houseman announced dinner. Edgerton, Dr. Corum and Miriam Wayne went in together, Blaise and Cassy following.

"Just like one of the family, aren't you?" Cass said.

"You may call me 'Uncle Ellis.' "

"I think I've got all the relatives I can handle right now," she said, smiling, "but I'll pencil you in for something."

She seated the little party with an experienced hostess' ease. Blaise sat on her right, at the foot of the huge table.

Edgerton, naturally, dominated the conversation. He teed off with an outburst against art schools, then switched to the incompetents who ran the government. These twin tirades lasted through the soup.

"You're old-fashioned, Lucas," Corum said. "Actually, I think you mean well, and care about people."

"What people?" demanded Cass.

"Cassy's right," Edgerton said. "I don't give a damn about people." He leaned toward her, but without anger. "Only mistake you make, Cassy, is in calling me a reactionary. I'm a liberal. I say let people do as they damn' please. I don't do anything for the people and I don't want them to do anything for me. Ain't that being liberal?"

"You wouldn't think he'd ever read a book, would you?" Cass said. "Unfortunately, it was printed a hundred years ago."

The argument ended as abruptly and arbitrarily as it had begun. When dinner was over, Edgerton led Miriam Wayne and Dr. Corum to the library. Cassy went into the sunroom, where a television screen was glowing with animated cereal boxes. Blaise tagged along to the library, but Edgerton dismissed him after making an appointment with him for the next afternoon. Blaise came back to the house, but Cass was gone and something like crudely materialized ectoplasm was bubbling inanely on the television screen. He poured some brandy, then wandered into the main hall for another look at the paintings. He was on the lower stairs when the houseman, Jennings, came through.

Blaise made up his mind suddenly. "Oh, Jennings, I gave Mr. Simon a book this afternoon. He promised to leave it for me. Which is his room?"

"To the left," Jennings said. "At the far end of the hall."

Simon's room was a comfortable combination bedroom and study, and Blaise searched it thoroughly without learning more than that Simon Edgerton was an extremely well-dressed man. Dozens of shirts were laid out neatly in the drawers of the chest, and rows of suits hung in the deep closets. Blaise frisked these quickly, still with no luck in his search for the vanished cards. Finally he moved back to the door, turned out the lights, and stepped out into the hall. He heard a rustling sound, and turned to find Cass Edgerton watching him.

"You *are* becoming one of the family," she said. "That used to be Simon's room."

"I was searching it. You want to whistle for your uncle or for the police?"

"I don't know you," Cass said, "but I do know Simon. I don't think I want to whistle for anybody."

Blaise took her arm. "Let's go outside."

"I know just the spot," Cass said, and led the way. She picked up a shawl in a closet downstairs and steered him out, away from the house, to a cabaña near the water's edge. There was a stack of beach pillows and pads. Blaise knocked some off the top and carried them to a clean, dry, hard spot. She sank down on one of the pads, sitting cross-legged, like a little girl.

"If this was just a ruse to get me out here," she said, "it's not a bad idea at all."

"It's a great idea," he agreed. "I'm sorry I didn't have it."

"You don't find me irresistible here in the scented dark?"

Blaise laughed. "You're jumping a couple of chapters, Cassy. This one is about Simon."

"So it is. I caught you red-handed. I nearly forgot."

He gave her a cigarette, then a light. "Is Simon in any trouble, Cassy?"

"Would you be searching his room if he wasn't?"

"You're fond of him, aren't you?"

"Yes, of course." Thoughtfully, she added, "More than that, I guess. We two have always been a sort of united front."

"Against his father?"

"Not exactly. It sounds like that, doesn't it? Actually, to keep from being trampled. You know Uncle Lucas pretty well—how would you like to be his son?"

"Aside from his prospects," Blaise said, "not at all."

CASSY said, "I've lived here since I was a little girl. In many ways, Uncle Lucas has been kind and generous. It didn't matter so much to me that he liked children less than paintings of children. But it mattered a lot to Simon. When we were kids, it mattered a great deal. Now, of course, he's weak and sullen. It seems silly to say that he didn't have any advantages—the son of Lucas Edgerton—but it's true."

"I think I know what you mean," Blaise said. "I'm not a troublemaker. I was searching Simon's room because I'd like not to make any trouble."

"What do you think he's done?"

"Probably stolen some paintings. Until recently there was no catalogue of the collection and it was just lying around in heaps. My guess is that Simon took a few paintings. Now, with the sale coming up, I think he's rattled." He waited for some comment and, when she didn't make it, he said, "How does that sound to you?"

"Awful," Cass said. "Mostly because I suppose it's true."

"I haven't a shred of evidence, you know," he admitted. "Aren't you accepting a harsh judgment rather too readily?"

"It's happened before," said Cass. "I'm not surprised, except at his being such a fathead. About two years ago," she continued, "a collector brought a Van Gogh drawing to Dr. Corum. It happened to be one Dr. Corum remembered from the collection, and, not knowing much about the home life of the Edgertons at the time, he made a beeline here." She shook her head as if to clear it of the memory. "It was Simon, of course. He'd sold the drawing to some dealer."

"Remember his name?"

"Norden. Hugh Norden. Why?"

"If he's been at it again," Blaise said, "a dealer must be helping him. He couldn't do it alone. Is Norden still around?"

Cass shrugged. "If he is, I doubt if he has any nerve left. He wasn't prosecuted, but when Uncle Lucas finally finished with him, he could barely walk out of the house."

He tried a shot in the dark. "Ever hear Simon mention Jonas Astorg?"

"Not that I can remember."

"If I knew exactly what he sold, and to whom, I might be able to do something."

Cass said, "Why don't you ask Miriam Wayne?"

"Is that feminine intuition?"

"More or less," she admitted. "I don't like her, but I wouldn't go by that alone. She knows every item in the collection and she's got most of it under lock and key—her lock and her key. What could he do without her help, or knowledge?"

"It may have happened before she came to work."

"Then why would he be burning up for a look at her catalogue cards?" Cass said. "If the paintings were gone before the catalogue was made, he'd know the cards didn't matter."

BLAISE stood up, then reached down to give Cass his hand. He pulled her up, and for a moment she stood close to him. "You're a smart girl, Cassy."

"I think that's the first time anybody ever took me out to the beach at night to tell me that."

He smiled down at her. "Are you tempting me or teasing me?"

"Which would be the most fun?"

Blaise took her arm and started back to the house.

"Am I being spurned?" she asked.

"Just until I decide whether you're interested in me or only in what happens to Simon. I'd like to help him, Cassy, but I'm working for his father."

"What possible difference can it make if the Edgerton collection contains a few square feet more or less of canvas?" Cass said. "It stopped being a collection years ago. Now it's a mania. He doesn't even own it any more. It owns him, and all of us. Many's the night I've longed for nerve enough to get a bucket of kerosene and a box of matches and go to work on it."

"It would make quite a bonfire," said Blaise, "and it would solve Simon's problems." He took her arm. "Hold your fire, Cassy—I'll think of a tidier way out."

"Will you?" They were in the dark shadow of the gallery now, and she stopped to look up at him.

"It just means shifting my loyalty a few degrees," he said. "It's all in the family."

"Softly," Cass murmured. "A little moonlight, and your moral fiber cracks wide open."

"Just as well," Blaise said. "It was getting a little tight." He bent his head, but before their lips could meet, a cold voice cut in between them. "I beg your pardon," said Miriam Wayne. "Here are the keys to your car, Mr. Blaise."

Cass stepped back, and Blaise took the keys. "Just what I wanted," he murmured sheepishly.

"You might have waited, Miriam," Cass said. "It took me hours to get him to that point. Now I'll probably have to start over from scratch."

"I'm sure you'll manage very nicely," Miriam said. "Good night."

"Good night, dear," said Cass, as the other girl walked swiftly away. Blaise heard a door slam viciously. Cass laughed out loud. "Miss Wayne is steaming," she said. "I can tell from the well-manicured sound of that voice."

"Does that give you so much pleasure?"

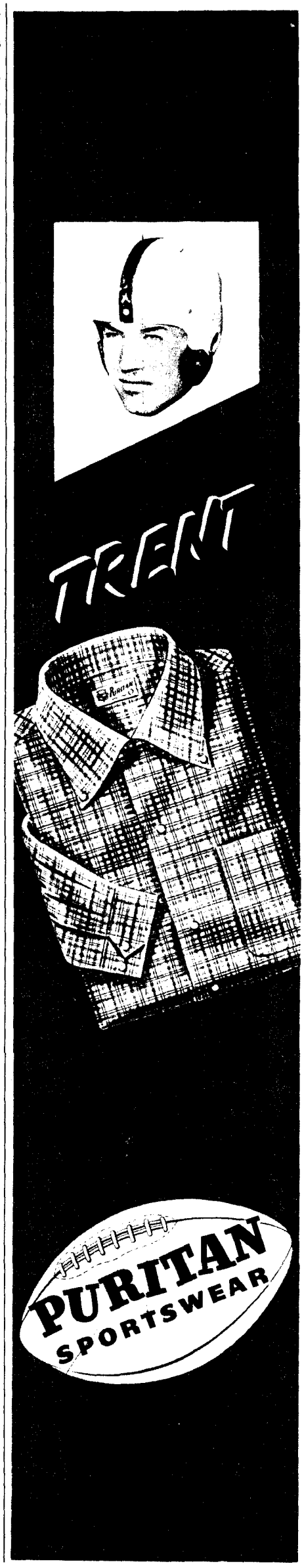
Cass took his arm. "This haunted house is a hotbed of feuds and intrigue."

"I ought to have a talk with Simon," Blaise said. "Off the premises, I think."

"He's got a girl," Cass said, "and a lot of the time they go to the Lido—that's a night club on Sunset Boulevard. Her name is Molly Dann."

"I'll give it a try."

"Want me to come along?" asked Cass,



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and when Blaise shook his head, she ventured, "Are you angry at me?"

"I did have an impulse," Blaise told her, "to turn you over and smack you until some of that hard-boiled veneer peels off."

She stared at him for a moment, then shifted her gaze. "I know," she said. "I'm sorry." Her eyes were misty. "This is a lousy place. You're a fool to stay." Blaise put his hand out to her, but she turned and went quickly into the house.

PAUL WELDON was sprawled on the couch in his darkened studio. There was some light from the street lamps in the quiet Hollywood street high up in the hills above the city, and he could hear his model, Molly Dann, humming in the studio bathroom which was her dressing room. His eyes ached with the strain of a hard day's work but he rose from the couch, snapped on the work lights, and stepped back to study his work. The painting was a seated nude, the tones of flesh and background airy and delicate, the body glowing with the translucent quality he worked so hard to achieve. The drawing, however, was foreshortened and grotesque, as if he were trying to impart not grace but power.

The model, Molly Dann, came in, dressed now except for the jacket she was just buttoning over her brassière. She was a beautiful girl with a stunning figure. Her features, like Molly herself, were big, and her short black hair and olive skin gave her a barbaric beauty.

Molly stood behind the artist, studying the painting. "Is that how I look to you?" she said. "Why do I even take off my clothes?"

"Maybe it's force of habit," Weldon said waspishly.

"I was telling a friend about your painting," Molly said. "All that lovely flesh you spend hours sweating over—and the hideous way you make the body come out in the end." Daintily, she added, "My friend said you ought to see a doctor."

Weldon whirled on her, his fists clenched.

"Touch me," said Molly, "and I'll put my foot through that canvas."

Weldon glared at her. "Why do you needle me?" he muttered. "Leave me alone."

"Who calls who?" Molly demanded. "Who has hysterics when I pose for other painters? Why don't you try leaving me alone?" She picked up her purse.

"Where are you going, Molly?"

"I've got a date. I'm meeting Simon Edgerton at the Lido."

He blocked her path. "Why, Molly?" he pleaded.

"Because you give me a pain, buster." She stepped around him and went to the door and opened it. "Want me to pose tomorrow? I'll see if I can make it. Depends on what time I get home tonight." She gave him a big smile and went out.

Weldon stood by the window, watching as Molly moved gracefully along the road that wound down to Hollywood Boulevard. He let the curtain fall back, took his hat, and started swiftly down the stairs. He followed Molly's route to Hollywood Boulevard. When he was a block away, he saw her just getting into a cab. He called, but she ignored him or didn't hear him. His steps slowed down as the cab drove off.

The Lido was in that part of Los Angeles known as "the Strip." It was a section of Sunset Boulevard between Hollywood and Beverly Hills but belonging to neither and dependent on the county for all municipal services. It was the accepted location for most of Hollywood's theatrical agencies, decorators' establishments, and smart little dress shops. It was also the center of the night life in the community, its whole length being dotted with places ranging from smart spots like Ciro's and Mocambo to dreary little clip joints.

The Lido was in the first category, full of subdued glamor, with a good band and a fair-sized dance floor. . . .

Blaise had returned to the Ocean Inn at ten o'clock and telephoned the Lido from his room. Simon Edgerton had not yet arrived, nor was there a reservation in his name, but the manner in which the headwaiter asked for a message indicated that Cassy was right and that Simon was a habitué. Blaise had changed his clothes and driven to the Lido in the car hired for him by Miriam Wayne. Now he was at the circular bar, having taken a seat that gave him a good view of the entrance to the main room.

The women shared a lacquered, consistent beauty so much alike in details of make-up, hairdo and dress as to seem to be the product of one great cooky cutter. There was a cowboy star, in white buckskin, who wore his ten-gallon hat into the dining room, and a party of drunken oilmen, each of whom, in some standard ceremony, delicately pushed a dollar bill into the strapless décolletage of the checkroom girl. She rewarded them with squeals and giggles, regarding them with blank hatred as they moved uproariously into the other room and she fished uncomfortably for the currency in her bosom.

At eleven o'clock, Simon Edgerton arrived with Molly Dann. Blaise settled his bill at the bar and followed them into the main room. Simon looked up as Blaise approached the table. "Hello, there," he said warmly. "Alone?"

Blaise said, "I'm a stranger in these parts." Simon beckoned to a waiter, who brought another chair. There was a bottle of whisky on the table, ice, soda and water. There were also, he noticed, three glasses.

"This is Molly Dann," Simon said, and introduced Blaise. "Art expert," added Simon. "Great pal of my father's. Molly's in the racket, too. She's a model."

"Just for laughs," Molly said.

"She gets more whistles than laughs," Simon assured him. He smiled his friendliest smile for Blaise. "Looking for me?"

"As a matter of fact," said Blaise, "yes." He returned Simon's frank stare. "Expecting me?" he asked.

"You boys want to spar in private?" Molly asked.

"Maybe you ought to go powder something," Simon said.

"Sure," Molly said amiably. "Don't fight, boys—play nice." Simon looked after her tall, undulating figure for a moment and so did a number of the other men in the room.

"Hell of a nice girl," said Simon.

BLAISE marveled at the change in Simon, the great assurance there had been in his greeting. "Miriam Wayne gave me some cards from your father's catalogue—the paintings he wanted to sell. I had them on the desk in the gallery. They vanished."

"Too bad," Simon said. "Makes you seem kind of a mug, doesn't it?"

"I don't enjoy the prospect of telling your father."

"Can't say I blame you," Simon murmured. "I've heard he has a lousy temper."

"You bloody little fool!" Blaise said. He saw Simon's expression change to instant apprehension. "How long do you expect to get away with this? The first time your father takes an inventory, or remembers some pet piece you've already sold, he'll light rockets under you. Don't give me any more wisecracks. If you want me to, I'll help you. If you want to go to hell in your own wheelbarrow, I'll give you a push."

"You've been talking to Cassy," Simon said.

"What if I have? She's worried."

"Is that why you're here?" asked Simon, and when Blaise offered no reply, he went on: "You won't believe this but, as it happens, I haven't done anything."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Work it out," Simon said. "In time, perhaps I'll tell you."

Molly Dann was coming back to the table. "Everything all right, boys?"

Blaise was standing. "I'm just leaving."

"You just got here. Stick around," she urged.

Simon didn't add anything to the invita-

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tion. "Tell Cassy not to worry," was all he said.

Blaise nodded, and went out through the bar to the parking lot. Before he could give his check to the attendant, a small gray convertible pulled in from the street, the tires squealing as they scraped on the dividing curb. A tall, loose-boned man climbed out of the little car, stooping to duck the top. As the attendant scribbled a number on a check for him, Blaise heard him ask if Mr. Edgerton had arrived.

"Yeah, he's here," the attendant said, and the new arrival took the check and went past Blaise into the night club. He wore thick glasses and had a concentrated, anxious look. Blaise looked after him, then turned back to the driveway as the attendant asked for his check.

"I'll take a walk," Blaise said. "I'll come back for the car."

THE attendant nodded and sank wearily down on the steps, turning up the volume on a little portable radio tucked into a niche in the wall. Blaise walked up Sunset Boulevard, west to the first intersection, then turned into a street that fell away in a perilously steep grade. He came into the parking lot of the club from an alley. The little gray convertible was parked nearby. He struck a match and leaned in to look at the license strapped to the steering-wheel post in accordance with the California law. The car was registered to Hugh Norden, 772 Pickett Lane, Hollywood.

He saw the glare of headlights and ducked back into the alley, retracing his steps to the Lido entrance. He got his own car and parked on the opposite side of the street, headed for Hollywood. He stretched himself comfortably across the seat, lighted a cigarette and turned on the radio. The air was full of the standard nightly hosannas sung to the used-car dealers of the community, a group of frantic specialists who miraculously suspended all economic law in order to buy any used car at a handsome premium while simultaneously selling similar vehicles for a fraction of their worth. He switched to a dolorous string ensemble sawing at standard classics under the auspices of the most conveniently situated burial park in all Los Angeles.

In about twenty minutes, he saw the gray convertible come up the Lido driveway, heading east into the boulevard. In the flow of traffic, following the car ahead was easy.

The trail was brief, involving only one turn—into a canyon below the Strip—and then a climb of two or three blocks to Pickett Lane. He saw Norden leave the car and go into the house. After a moment, Blaise walked up and pushed Norden's bell, and the door instantly clicked open.

He hesitated in the hall, then heard a door opening above. A high-pitched, questioning voice said, "Yes?"

Blaise made no reply and he heard the voice again. "Simon? Is that you, Simon?"

Blaise went up to the landing. The man he had followed was standing in the open doorway. "Mr. Norden?" Blaise asked. "I'm a friend of Simon Edgerton. I'd like to talk to you."

Norden watched him come up the last few steps. He had furtive, darting eyes behind the thick glasses and they flickered over Blaise uncertainly. "Did Simon send you?" he demanded.

"His father sent me," Blaise said, stepping up in time to get his shoulder against the door that was instantly slammed in his face. Norden was frail, and it wasn't hard to push inside. He found himself in a small, crowded living room in which books seemed to overflow from the rows of shelves to the floor and over the furniture. Norden backed away. Facing Blaise, he fumbled behind some old volumes, and, as Blaise took a step forward, Norden was waving him back with a gun.

Blaise obediently retreated.

"What do you want?" demanded Norden.

"It's not a holdup. My name is Ellis Blaise. I'm an art dealer. Right now I'm working for Lucas Edgerton."

Norden considered this.

"Put the gun away," Blaise said. "It's a silly damn' thing to be waving at visitors."

"How am I to know?" Norden pushed the gun back into its niche behind the books. "What's old man Edgerton want with me?" He was fumbling in his pockets for cigarettes and he lighted one with hands that trembled slightly.

"He probably thinks you're leading his son into paths of evil," Blaise said calmly. "And by the way, are you?"

"No. That was years ago. I haven't had anything to do with Simon in—"

"Before you get too far into that," Blaise told him, "I followed you here from the Lido." While Norden digested this, he added, "And you were expecting him when I rang your bell?"

"Personal matter," Norden muttered. "Anyway, what the hell business is it of yours?"

"I told you. I'm working for Edgerton."

Norden rubbed his cigarette out. "Tonight was just a personal thing. We're friends, but I haven't touched anything from the Edgerton collection since we had that trouble."

"How is it Edgerton didn't prosecute?" Blaise asked.

"Ask him," snapped Norden.

"I will."

"You're getting it all wrong," Norden insisted. "I'm a dealer. Lots of important movie people buy from me. Simon came along with some drawings—nothing sensational—just fair impressionist drawings. After all, he's Simon Edgerton. And these drawings could be something his father gave him. I sold them openly, nothing undercover about it."

"Did you tell your customers they were from the Edgerton collection?"

"Strictly speaking," Norden said, "they weren't. It would have been a misrepresentation," he added virtuously. "I thought Simon needed some money and was selling some of his personal things."

Blaise looked at him skeptically.

"You say you're a dealer," Norden said. "All right, put yourself in my position. A man like Simon Edgerton offers a few drawings. What would you do—call the police?"

"What's your business with Simon now?"

"I let Simon use this place once in a while," Norden said hesitantly. "He's kind of a ladies' man and—" At the look of amusement Blaise gave him, he stopped abruptly. "Well, then get the hell out! You asked me and I'm telling you."

"Thin," Blaise said sadly. "I'd like to be around when you tell Lucas Edgerton that story. Or when the police get around to it."

"You're dumb," Norden said bluntly. "Do you think I'm chump enough to get mixed up with that fire-eating old man again?"

"I'm puzzled," Blaise admitted. "It would be a sucker trick."

"Yes, it would." Norden's initial terror seemed to have given way to a confident exhilaration. "If Edgerton sent you, tell the old hellion that I'm in the clear. Whoever sent you, tell him that." He held the door open, jerking his thumb to the hall. "That's all."

"I can just picture you in the clear," Blaise said. "What you mean is, you think you've covered your tracks."

Norden leaned against the door in an easy, arrogant pose. "Haven't I?"

Blaise laughed. "This room and everything in it look hot to me. And the hottest thing in it, my friend, is you."

"I'm in a different line now," Norden protested mildly. "In a way, I'm a consultant." He closed the door, easing Blaise into the small, dark hall, and then there was the rattle of a bolt and chain.

TRAFFIC was thinned out now, and Blaise had an easy drive to the beach. The night clerk at the Ocean Inn gave him three messages, all from Cass Edgerton, all within the last hour, and he heard his telephone ringing as he opened the door of the suite. It was Cass again.

"I've been calling you," she said. "Have you been ignoring me?"

"You know better than that," he told her. "I just got in."

"Well, so much for my outraged vanity. Did you talk to Simon?"

"At some length, Cassy. Say, that's quite a girl he's got. Built like—"

She interrupted him sternly. "That was not your mission. There is such a thing as being too observant. What about Simon?"

"I think he's in the clear," Blaise said. "I've only got his word for it, but I don't think he's been dipping into the family treasure."

"And you're not mad at me?" Cassy asked.

"No. If you had waited another split second, I would have told you so. Then you could have gone peacefully to sleep."

"Think you're smart, don't you?"

"Yes," Blaise said. "Good night, Cassy."

She laughed. It was clear and friendly. "Good night, Ellis."

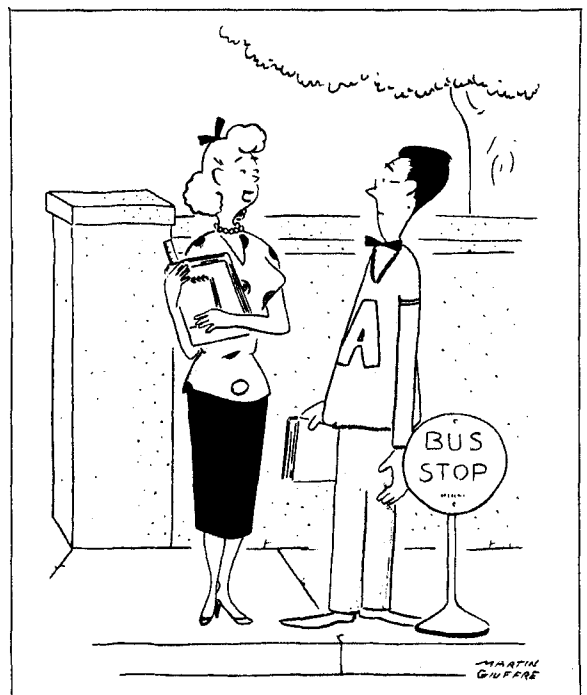
Blaise put down the telephone. He undressed swiftly and was asleep in a few minutes. He had spent the night before on the plane and he was grateful for the deep, wide, soft bed provided by the Ocean Inn. The hammering on his door, when it began, had no effect at all, but it penetrated slowly, merging with some unremembered dream. It was still dark in the windows facing west. He stumbled to the door in the other room. "Coming," he growled, then cursed vividly as his bare foot banged into a chair.

The night clerk was in the hall with two men. "Sorry, Mr. Blaise," the clerk said. "I had to wake you. It's the police."

"County Homicide Bureau," said one of the men, in a soft, unhurried voice. "My name is Ives. Lieutenant Ives. This is Sergeant Bonner." Ives turned to the clerk. "All right. Thanks." As Blaise moved back from the door, both men came in.

"Simon Edgerton has been killed," Lieutenant Ives said.

(To be continued next week)



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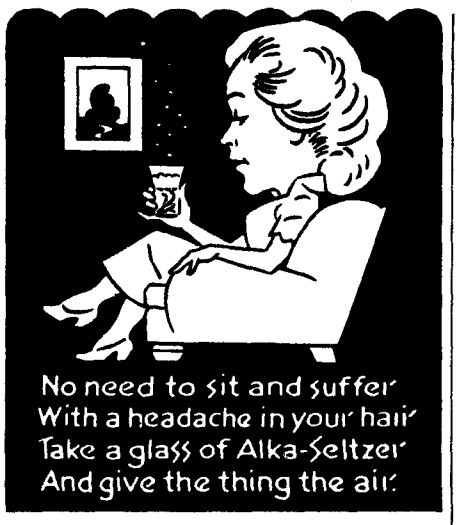

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Busy River

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

halfway point on the Wisconsin, sits a stocky, cheerful, fifty-three-year-old man named Merville Kyler, who tells the river what to do and when to do it. Kyler is general manager (and a vice-president) of the Wisconsin Valley Improvement Company. Flood waters are impounded by Kyler in the company's system of reservoirs. When the hydroelectric dams on the river get thirsty during a dry spell, Kyler, having told the waters to stop when they were in flood, commands them to go now that they are needed to manufacture electricity.

Delving Back into History

How this unique development of the Wisconsin came into being, and exactly how it operates, is a story worth telling. But the Wisconsin has been a hard-working river for so long, that one must go back to the very beginning of written American history.

The Wisconsin River Valley was opened up by Louis Joliet and Father Jacques Marquette. In 1673, Joliet was sent out from Montreal (Wisconsin was then a part of New France) to try to find the Mississippi, the Great River of which the Indians often spoke, for it was believed this might lead to the Pacific. Joliet traveled as far as Lake Huron with a few French-Canadian *voyageurs* and there met Father Marquette, a Jesuit missionary.

Together they journeyed down the shore of Lake Michigan to the Fox River, went up the Fox to a point where today stands the city of Portage, and there crossed to the Wisconsin. At its mouth the two explorers sighted the Great River on June 17, 1673. Thus they opened, not a way to the Pacific, but, in effect, a water passage from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi and the unexplored West.

They were followed quickly by other explorers, missionaries and fur traders. The first settlement in the Wisconsin River Valley was made at Prairie du Chien, which is situated at the confluence of the Wisconsin and Mississippi on a plain which had long been used by Indian tribes as a neutral meeting ground for trade and treaty making. Here, in 1814, were stationed the first U.S. troops in Wisconsin—commanded, for several years, by Colonel Zachary Taylor, later President of the U.S.

Here, too, were signed two of the most important Indian treaties of the times. Because it was awkward, if not downright difficult, to take or buy lands from Indians who were a bit hazy as to who owned what, in 1825 the government assembled the various tribes of the territory in Prairie du Chien to negotiate treaties demarking boundaries between the tribes. Four years later, in 1829, another assemblage was held —and a mighty one it was. By the time the council was finished, representatives of the Sioux, Fox, Sauk, Winnebago, Chippewa, Ottawa, Menominee and Potawatomi tribes had ceded to the U.S. government almost 8,000,000 acres of land in Wisconsin and Illinois.

Fur trading in the Wisconsin River Valley remained active into the early 1800s. Hercules Louis Dousman, an agent of John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company, became the Northwest Territory's first millionaire, and in 1843 built a mansion in Prairie du Chien which still stands as a museum and show place. However, the most lucrative fur trade began to move farther west; before the middle of the century, two big events in the valley—the Black Hawk War and the building of the Military Road—opened up the land for farming, lead mining and lumbering.

The first of these events occurred in 1832, when Black Hawk, chief of the Saukies, became enraged by the white man's spoliation of his ancestral lands, and engaged in warfare with four U.S. regiments in Illinois—a war which moved into the Wisconsin River Valley. (In one of these regiments was a Captain A. Lincoln, who did not, however, take an active part in the war; as his regiment reached White Water, Wisconsin, Captain Lincoln's enlistment ran out and, his horse having been stolen the previous night, he turned around and walked home—as was then the custom when a tour of duty ended. Not too many miles off, stationed at Fort Winnebago in Portage, was a young lieutenant just out of West Point, Jefferson Davis, later to become President of the Confederacy.)

Black Hawk and his band of Saukies and Foxes were pursued to the banks of the Wisconsin, where, at Wisconsin Heights, near the present twin cities of Prairie du Sac and Sauk City, 50 of his braves held off about 1,000 troops while the Hawk's main forces crossed the river. This battle is said to have been described, much later, by Jefferson Davis as ". . . the most brilliant exhibition of military tactics that I ever witnessed . . . Had it been performed by white men, it would have been immortalized as one of the most splendid achievements in military history."

Black Hawk hoped to find refuge for his people beyond the Mississippi, but troops caught up with him near Prairie du Chien, and here the Indians were all but wiped out, warriors, old men, women and children alike. This so-called Battle of Bad Axe ended "Indian troubles" in Wisconsin and encouraged settlers to pour into the valley.

Their immigration was made easier by the building of the Military Road in the summer of 1835. Soldiers surveyed the land and did the actual building of the road, which for the most part followed the river, and connected Fort Howard at Green Bay with Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. Sections of this road on the lower river are modernized today as U.S. Highway 18, and afford magnificent river views.

Though the road helped immigration, it supplemented, rather than supplanted, the river as an artery of traffic; the importance of the Wisconsin to those pioneer times in no way diminished. In 1856 a canal was opened at Portage, connecting the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, making it possible to travel completely by water from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. Although the old canal was closed recently because it was so little used, it was a tremendous boon in its day; and the miners, the lumberers, the farmers that followed the fur trade, all looked to the hard-working river for transportation of their products.

Farming in Wisconsin began in earnest with the first public land sale in 1834. For a time Wisconsin aspired to be the nation's number one wheat state, and almost made it. Grist mills sprang up along the river. Wheat was brought from inland by horse and oxcart; huge quantities of golden grain were heaped upon watercraft and shipped downriver, to feed a growing nation. The great dream was ended by a plague of the chinch bug, and Wisconsin turned to dairy farming. Today, some of the finest cheese in the world is made in the river valley, as well as many other dairy products.

Lead mining in Wisconsin began about 1822, at some distance from the river valley, mostly around the present towns of Potosi, Mineral Point, Platteville and Dodgeville. The lead was hauled to the river, and shipped down to St. Louis, then the "western center of civilization."

A Duel That Was Called Off

Some of this metal was formed into shot at the banks of the river, in a shot tower which still stands, near Spring Green. The tower was constructed in 1831 by one T. B. Shuance, who was said to be something of a character. It is reported that when challenged to a duel he chose as his weapons "rocks at forty feet"; and when the challenger arrived at the rendezvous appointed by the shot-maker, Shuance coolly stationed the unfortunate man at the bottom of a 40-foot mining shaft, himself at the

COLLIER'S "The bombs are loaded, sir, and one small bag of garbage the Mess Sergeant asked us to drop as a favor to him" CHARLES PEARSON

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top. The challenger, the story goes, called off the duel and stood drinks at the nearest tavern.

Lumbering opened up in the valley at about the same time as lead mining and farming, but quickly outstripped these two in economic importance until it became the state's first industry, which it remained until 1910. When Wisconsin joined the Union in 1848, the upper Wisconsin already had along its shores 24 sawmills. Only 10 years later there were 107 mills employing 3,000 men and turning out more than 100,000,000 board feet of lumber a year.

Many Lives Lost in Rapids

The river alone made this vast industry possible. But the river did not make it easy. The upper Wisconsin, crooked and filled with rapids, made rafting either impossible or hazardous, or both; if every rapids in the river were marked for the men who lost their lives there, they would be white with crosses.

On the lower river, the sand bars which shifted and rolled overnight made the life of the raftsman a tough one. Logs came downstream from the northern Wisconsin, branded, as required by law, to prevent theft, and were assembled into rafts near Portage; from there, most went down to St. Louis, as did the lead and wheat. Sawed lumber came down the upper river in narrow rafts called "cribs," and, like the logs, were assembled into huge rafts lower down; much went to St. Louis, some went across the Mississippi into Iowa and the expanding West.

The Paul Bunyan legend came down from the far North into Wisconsin, and as the mighty lumberjack passed through with his great ox Babe he left his footprints—the lakes of the northern river basin.

The river, meanwhile, developed its own men of legend, its own ballads. A lumberjack named Billy Allen, says August Derleth in his book, The Wisconsin, probably originated more lumberjack ballads than anyone else in Wisconsin lumbering. His most popular song, The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine, tells the story of a schoolma'am whose lumberjack lover was drowned in the swift waters of the Dells. The ballad gives a vivid description of the lumberjack's dress, when the sorrowing girl describes the man for whom she waits:

His pants were made out of two mealsacks
With a patch a foot wide on each knee.
And his shirt and jacket were dyed with
The bark of the butternut tree.
He wore a large open-faced ticker
With almost a yard of steel chain . . .
He wore a red sash round his middle,
With an end hanging down at each side.
His shoes, number ten, were of cowhide,
With heels about four inches wide. . . .

Whiskey Jack was the Wisconsin River's Paul Bunyan; over seven feet tall and proportionately powerful, he licked all the other fighting raft pilots, as well as all the Indians in the valley, and when his raft got stuck on a sand bar, picked it up and carried it to deeper water. He was cunning, which Paul was not, and once won a race with a monstrous 27-foot blue racer snake all the way up the river to Stevens Point.

Meanwhile, as lumber and legend and ballads were being produced in the valley, an estimated 100 flooding dams sprang up along the river—all, of course, being required to leave room for the passage of timber. And on several northern tributaries, dams were built to form a "flowage"—the name then used for a reservoir, and which still appears on most Wisconsin maps.

These early reservoirs were used for a kind of perverse flood control—that is, they were used to create, not prevent, severe floods. Logs were cut during winter, and hauled over the snow to the banks of the Wisconsin and its tributaries. But not even the spring floods were always enough to start the logs and cribs on their way and get them safely over the rapids of the northern waters and the sand bars of the southern. So individual companies built dams across tributaries, thus creating reservoirs. In the spring these were opened, the waters added to nature's own surplus, and timber went down the river in great style.

So did a lot of farms, of course, which considerably irked those farmers the floods did not drown. This little problem in civic behavior was settled by the railroads when, at the turn of the century, they moved into the north country and took over the transportation of logs and lumber in less hazardous fashion. By 1890, the flooding reservoirs were no longer used.

However, there were still problems to be solved along the river, which was about to enter the era of its hardest work.

A start had already been made in using the latent labor force of the waters to generate electricity. A new industry—paper making—was springing up along the northern Wisconsin's shores. Both of these required large volumes of water, and a stable river flow. Also, nature continued her own floods, and these needed controlling. These related problems could be solved, paper and power men along the river saw, only by a system of reservoirs on the river, controlled by one agency for the good of all. And thus was born the idea of the Wisconsin Valley Improvement Company, which today governs the Wisconsin River.

Leaders in the utilities and paper companies along the river held a series of conferences, then drew up incorporation papers for WVIC. The company was to be privately owned and operated, its stockholders those firms owning dams along the river; its purpose was to control the flow of the river in the mutual interest of industry and the public.

Of course, a private company could not take over a public resource like a river without the consent of the state, so a bill was drawn up to give WVIC powers of eminent domain along the river.

To meet the demands of resort owners and others who feared abuses, there was a provision for state regulation, plus numerous other safeguards for the public weal, including a recapture clause under which the state could, by referendum, take over all WVIC equipment and facilities. The bill was passed in 1907.

Vast Water Supply Impounded

The new organization at once established headquarters at Wausau. It started operations by rebuilding nine old logging dams. From this beginning, it went on to construct its present system of 21 reservoirs, which have a total capacity of 17,000,000,000 cubic feet, and a water surface of 104 square miles. Some of these reservoirs are simply dammed-up natural lakes; others were created on swamps and marginal land, so that nothing would be taken from the national breadbasket.

A few weeks ago it was announced in the Wisconsin press that WVIC will soon begin work on a new reservoir on the tributary Rib River, with a 70-foot dam 16 miles west of Wausau which will add 6,000,000,000 cubic feet of storage capacity to the system.

There isn't anything very complicated about Kyler's WVIC. Flood waters, whether they come from heavy rains or snow-melt, are impounded in the reservoirs. Then, in dry spells, water is released as needed. Companies along the river pay "tolls" for the water they thus receive, and these funds pay for WVIC's operating expenses, plus a 4.4 per cent return on investment to stockholders (the company's capital investment is only $2,000,000). The operation is carefully regulated by the state's Public Service Commission—which, for example, does not permit water to be drawn from the natural lakes at times when it would hurt the tourist trade.

This operation is carried on by the genial Kyler with a staff of only 45, including dam tenders, engineers and office workers. But Kyler himself often performs the work of a half-dozen men—as engineer, accountant, weatherman, public-relations expert, and arbiter of conflicting economic forces.

To boss the river sensibly, Kyler must

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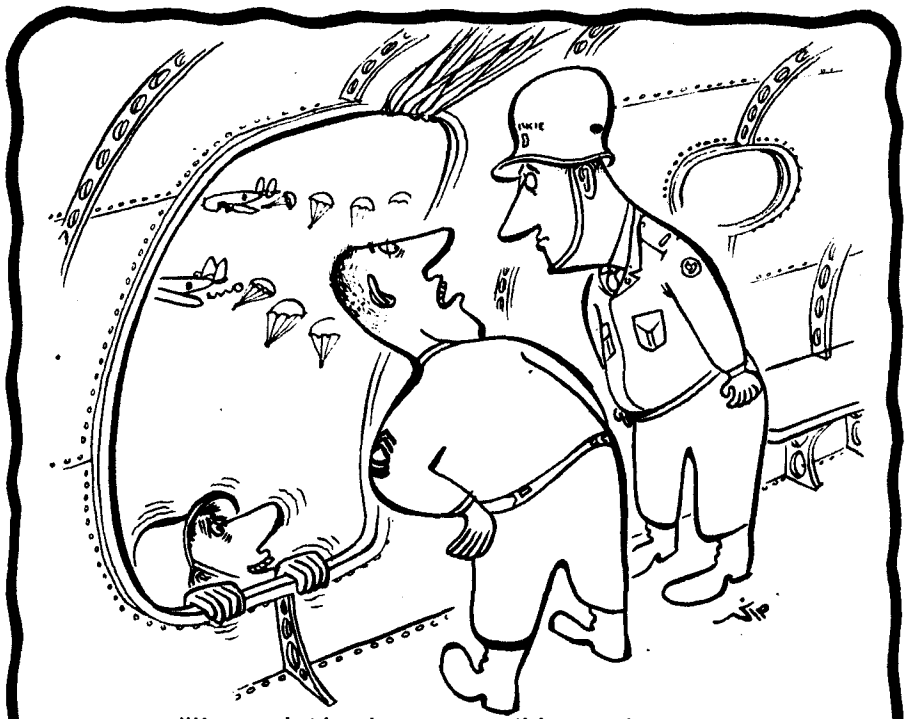

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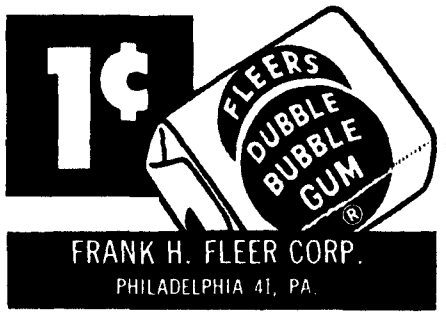

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have a pretty good idea of coming precipitation. He gets frequent weather reports, which he watches closely; for he would not want to get caught by a heavy rain when the reservoirs are already full, nor would he want a dry spell to catch him with his reservoirs down.

If he should learn in the morning, say, that there will be heavy rains in the northern basin during the afternoon, he will promptly release some of the water in appropriate reservoirs, and make room for the anticipated runoff.

Weatherman Kyler merges into Kyler the researcher in a natural manner. To help him predict seasonal precipitation and amount of runoff under varying soil and weather conditions, he co-operates in a research program with three federal departments and a state agency. As accountant, Kyler makes semiannual reports on the WVIC's operation to the Wisconsin Public Service Commission. In his engineering role, he meets with an advisory committee, composed of the chief engineers of all the companies on the river, of which he is chairman. With their advice he plans new construction and discusses operation.

He Isn't Scared by Threats

Should a resort owner feel there is either *too little* or *too much water in a lake*, and complain to WVIC, Kyler seldom writes the man a letter (he didn't, even when a Chicago gangster, feeling abused by too much water in his summer home's front yard, threatened to shoot him). Instead, he puts on his Public Relations hat, jumps into his car, and drives over to see the man. Rarely are there any hard feelings left when Kyler is through explaining.

If two economic forces on the river come into conflict, as they sometimes do, Kyler may feel called upon to settle that too. Not long ago a utilities magnate and an industrialist along the river got into a feud. Kyler dropped in on the utilities magnate one day and remarked casually: "You know, that industrialist thinks you're a fine fellow."

"Does he?" said surprised Mr. Utilities. "Why, he's a very able man himself."

Merv Kyler darted off to report this remark to the industrialist, and the feud evaporated.

Proud as he is of the work "his" river does in the hydroelectric plants and paper mills, Kyler is, if anything, prouder of the work it does in supplying recreation.

The land o' lakes area, in which the river rises, has good facilities for swimming and boating, but is best known for the fishing it offers. The Eagle River chain of lakes and hundreds of others in the river basin abound with walleyed and northern pike, muskellunge and bass.

In logging days, the story goes, oxen drivers used to haul whole sleighloads of frozen muskies, stacked up like cordwood, out of the northern woods to sell in Wausau and Stevens Point.

The fishing may not quite equal that in northern Wisconsin today, but in 1947 the Wisconsin Conservation Commission checked some express records (which were incomplete) and found that in that year no less than 19 tons of fish were shipped home by sportsmen from only eight northern Wisconsin points. And that doesn't include the tons of fish consumed locally, nor the vast quantities carried off by automobile.

In the central part of the river basin, the Wisconsin Dells area is by far the greatest vacation attraction. "Here, the river stops working a while, and plays," people say. Each year, about 200,000 tourists visit the Dells, and spend perhaps $10,000,000 while playing.

This region consists of a passage of about eight miles on the Wisconsin, where the river narrows and passes through dramatic, towering cliffs and shady glens of unusual beauty. At one point, the river is only 52 feet wide, but more than 80 feet deep, almost as if it were standing on edge. The sights here are best seen by boat; guides point out the rock formations, to the naming of which considerable imagination has been applied—Alligator Rock, Chimney Rock and so forth.

Resort Lake Created by Dam

The lower river is not a resort section in the same sense as the upper and middle sections, but Prairie du Sac dam, lowest on the river, has created 10-mile-long Lake Wisconsin, which is widely used for recreation.

No one, not even Merv Kyler, can estimate the hard-working Wisconsin's value down through history. Even to calculate its value for modern times is difficult, for who can reckon the value of property saved by the floods prevented, or the worth of the recreation people get from the river basin? Yet, some indication of the wealth produced by the hustling river can be given.

The utilities and paper plants along the Wisconsin have a fixed assets value of $339,136,508. That is a gift of the river. Last year, they paid out $63,257,540 in wages and salaries, and their sales of power and products totaled $216,585,173. If one adds the estimated $100,000,000 in revenue from tourists, it is plain that last year the Wisconsin directly produced a measurable wealth of roughly $380,000,000.

And that's not at all bad, for a burro of a river. THE END

Dangerous Lunatic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"Nothing . . ." She hesitated, and went on with extreme reluctance. "He set about me—that was all—and he used to be so kind to me."

The man on the bed stirred restlessly. "I'll kill the lot of you," he mumbled. "You put poison on the weeds. Hand me the trowel. I maun dig—dig—dig—for worms!"

Silence fell upon these crazy words. The words of a lunatic. Perhaps! Yet I was not satisfied. It may be that Snoddie had roused a contrary devil in me, firmed my resolution to have no preformed opinion thrust down my throat.

I have no reason to extol my talents as a diagnostician—indeed, I have failed lamentably in this respect—yet at this moment, confronted by this case, a sense of warning, of intuition, stirred in me. I lifted Deans's hand.

It was dry and rough, the fingers slightly thickened at the ends. I took his temperature. It was subnormal. I pressed the swollen, edematous face. The swelling was firm, inelastic, and did not pit on pressure.

I THOUGHT hard, and all at once a light broke upon me. I had it! Myxedema. Deans wasn't insane. He was a clear case of thyroid deficiency.

Every sign and every symptom fitted in, neatly, like a jigsaw puzzle. The defective memory, slow mentation, steady deterioration of intellect; the outbursts of irritability and homicidal violence; the clumsy speech, dry skin, spatulate fingers, and swollen inelastic face.

I stood up. As, with great deliberation, I pushed my chair back against the wall, Annie said drearily, "There's pen and ink on the table there, Doctor—beside the papers."

"Time enough, Annie," I answered. "I'm not in the mood for writing at the moment."

I gave her a reassuring look and went downstairs and into the parlor. There, in a voice purposely restrained, I told Dr. Snoddie that I could not certify the patient.

He stared at me, dumfounded. "Have you gone crazy, too?"

"I sincerely hope not."

"Then why the devil won't you certify?"

"Because, in my opinion, Deans is not insane. I think he's suffering from myxedema."

Dr. Snoddie's smooth, pink face mottled slowly to a patchy red. "Good God Almighty! Are you setting up your opinion against mine? Haven't I seen the man? Haven't I certified him myself? He's a lunatic—a homicidal lunatic."

I kept my voice low. "That's not my view. In my opinion, Deans is only sick in mind because he's sick in body. It would be criminal to send him to the asylum until a full course of thyroid treatment has been tried. That's why I refuse to certify. And now, as it's not my case, and there's nothing more for me to do, I'll say good night."

I drove home, distressed that circumstances had brought me into conflict with this man. He was such an ignoramus I felt sure he had not even heard of myxedema.

As soon as we were at the front door of Cameron's house, I threw the reins to Jamie, jumped out, and went straight upstairs. When I had told my story to Cameron, he threw off his rug.

"Jamie!" he shouted. "Fetch Annie Deans here as fast as the gig will carry her."

So it happened that, on Dr. Cameron's advice, Deans's sister was persuaded not to press for immediate certification but to give the treatment I had suggested a chance.

The responsibility was entirely mine, and I trembled for fear I had made a dreadful mistake. Cameron's interest was intense. Though he said nothing, I felt his inquiring glance upon me many times in the course of the next few weeks. But I had learned from him the virtue of silence and matched his growing curiosity with stoic reticence.

One morning, however, at breakfast, I asked if I might have an hour off in the afternoon.

"What for?"

"To take a little walk," I answered. "With a friend."

THAT afternoon, as the old doctor was pottering about the garden with his pruning knife, the gate swung open and Alex and I came into the yard. Cameron stood watching us approach.

"Well," I said, rather breathlessly, though I had meant to be studiously offhand, "here's your gardener back."

Alex looked lean and hardy, and he wore his familiar diffident smile. In his eyes was the look of a man who had been through hell, but the old steadiness was there, the old honesty.

"How are ye, man?" Cameron asked mechanically.

"I'm fine," said Deans, shyly. "All but my hand."

"Alex has just had his hand wrung by a hundred different people," I explained. "As we came through the village, you know."

There was a pause. Cameron blew his nose hard. "What are ye standing there for!" he said at last. "Away in to Janet and get your tea."

When Deans had gone, he took my arm. Now for it, I thought. It was the moment, the great moment, when Cameron would commend me. Yet, as we walked toward the house, all that came from this dour old Scot was, "Thank God I'll have my geraniums next summer." THE END

Another of A. J. Cronin's adventures will appear soon in Collier's

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Why Ike Will Run

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

certain to announce for Ike. Then, when nearly all of the first dozen states cast their ballots for him, a panic rush to get aboard the band wagon would follow.

This I indicated to be my understanding of the message of the suggested delegation.

General Eisenhower's initial reaction was, "How could I tell them anything, when in my own mind I am not certain of the answer?"

Regardless, he had been forewarned; and I had no definite message of refusal to carry away.

What happened afterward is now history. Most Democrats were elated with the news that he had not reacted with definite adverseness. But something happened within those next few weeks to alter his attitude and make him wholly adamant against the nomination. The most likely explanation for the change may have been the conduct of various political bosses, who began to act as if the general were their hand-picked choice. That their antics might have proved to be the last straw is understandable. Three days before the opening of the Democratic convention, he sent a telegram to Senator Claude Pepper, Florida, advising that if the latter presented his name to the convention, he would have it withdrawn.

What effect have the intervening years had on General Eisenhower's attitude? Their impact might be understood better if there is clearer appreciation of his creed and perspective.

In his own words, he is a man who works conscientiously at sticking to the middle of the road. He believes in change and progress, not in maintaining the *status quo* or the practices of a bygone era; but he holds that the movement forward must be at an orderly pace, step by step. Aware that such a view automatically makes him a prime target for extremists of both the right and the left, General Eisenhower nonetheless deliberately seeks the middle course.

His Concept of Democracy

His conviction is that America does not have to choose between Communism and Fascism or between radical "liberals" and reactionaries. He knows that democracy can best be served on its own terms. For him, democratic government has a road of its own and should not be merely a weathercock reacting negatively to the vigor of other ideologies.

Once, when asked how Mrs. Eisenhower felt about all this, he answered, "Mamie believes a man should not interfere with destiny." Then, with that infectious smile breaking out, "But you and I know that a man can give destiny a little help in the direction he prefers."

The question was recently put point-blank whether current conditions do not constitute the "obvious and overriding reason" sufficient to justify a lifelong professional soldier's accepting political office in the event of its being offered. Listed as elements were the quality of present American leadership, the uncertainty of our Allies as to our national goals, the threat of an imminent third world war, and the undermining of confidence and unity at home.

Acknowledging these factors with a nod, General Eisenhower replied, "There is something even more significant. It is the apathy of the people. They do not express moral indignation. Once before when the country suffered a moral lapse, the people rose in righteous wrath, so that today we still remember the names associated with the Teapot Dome scandal. But now, this indifference is disturbing. It is the major challenge facing our people."

The Man the People Want

"Isn't it at least partly your fault?" I asked. "People cannot express indignation in a vacuum. They must have someone in whom they believe, to whom they can turn; someone in whom they have faith, in whom they can repose their fears and aspirations. But you slammed the door in their face. Where else should they turn?"

General Eisenhower said pensively, "My hope had been that somebody else, some candidate seeking the office and better qualified, would have turned up in the years since 1948."

In the past, General Eisenhower preferred to keep aloof from other candidates. He abhorred the possibility that people might think him self-seeking. The late Senator Arthur Vandenberg was an exception in his outlook. One reason for that lay in the private offer the Michigan statesman had made to withdraw from the 1948 race in favor of supporting Ike. Considering that Senator Vandenberg was regarded as a strong contender for the nomination, it is little wonder that his magnanimous gesture impressed General Eisenhower deeply.

His attitude toward candidates appears to have been modified. Ike recognizes that the open ambitions of these men afford the public a better opportunity for evaluation. In fact, the general had hoped that a qualified aspirant would have attracted the public regard away from himself in precisely this way.

An incident underlines his devotion to our system of government. Now, as in 1948, the suggestion is being heard that unity would be promoted if General Eisenhower were the candidate of both major parties.

When this idea was broached to Ike, he nearly exploded. "That's one thing you can be certain I'll never have any part of," he exclaimed. "Our democracy is based upon the two-party system, and I'll have nothing to do with undermining it."

Last year, shortly before he left for Europe, I told him of the results of a current national survey. One of the questions was: How would people vote if they were to cast their ballots then, with President Truman as the Democratic candidate and General Eisenhower as the Republican? In a result which, as other queries proved, swept across party lines, the voters favored Ike nearly two to one.

Hearing this, the general's only response came with typical ready humor. "Gosh," he laughed, "if that's so, I'm sure going to get the devil the next time they catch me in Washington."

Although he prefers to try to laugh the subject off, others take it far more seriously. In Europe, waning confidence in America was restored

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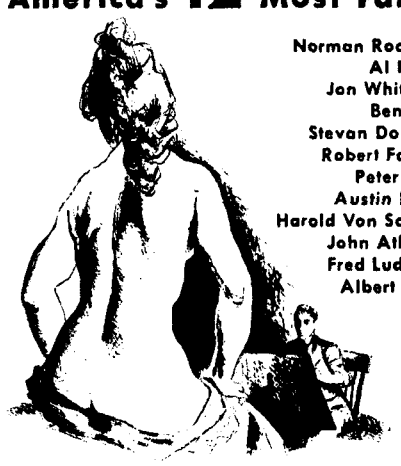

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quickly by Ike's warm and obviously sincere personality. He has become the custodian of the hopes of most free peoples there, even as he is at home.

"His election," Carlos Romulo, Philippine Ambassador to and former President of the United Nations General Assembly, told me, on one occasion, "will be the greatest gift of hope your country can give to the rest of the world."

Three Pertinent Questions

Now to the more pertinent and timely questions. Except for contingencies of major proportions, which would modify both circumstances and personal duty—such as the outbreak of open global war—I believe these points can be answered explicitly:

1. Will General Eisenhower accept a Presidential nomination if it is offered?

The answer is—absolutely yes, providing that it is clearly an expression of the American people's wishes and there are no further war complications. The nomination cannot be the product of political deals made by alleged spokesmen in his name, nor can it have any other strings attached.

General Eisenhower, no less than any conscientious citizen and much more than most, has a keen sense of duty. His entire life has been given to service of the nation. He has said on a number of occasions that he will never shirk his duty or ignore his country's call—and he will not this time.

In 1948, he hoped against inner fears that the challenges to our way of life would never materialize in such force as to compel him to accept political office. Since then, he has become increasingly concerned about the foreboding conditions around us. Also, he is objective enough to recognize that the job given to him to weld a single defense organization for protection of the Allied Powers in Europe is much more diplomatic than military in these formative years.

The task was considered nearly impossible of successful achievement. Lacking inspiration from us, the will to fight was absent. Too many Europeans, already wearied and shocked by the devastation of the last war, felt they were being called upon to fight America's battle against Communist Russia. Against this bleak setting, he had to win their trust, through negotiations and conduct requiring the highest caliber of statesmanship, before he could secure more fullhearted co-operation and commitments.

Very much in point for this first basic question is something he said some months back. He was expressing passing annoyance that any of his actions, such as giving those few speeches which he could not possibly avoid, invariably evoked some speculation as to whether they had political significance. That the baseless suspicion that he was interested in office should arise was naturally irksome. I asked if he was including me among those who misunderstood his sentiments.

"No," he said, "you have always understood that I do not want political office, that I have done my best to avoid it; but that I would have to accept if it were a matter of duty. I have never placed myself above my country's commands."

After having done everything in his power to discourage attempts to involve him in 1948, he remains willing to submerge his own feelings under certain circumstances.

Reference already has been made to his attitude when told of the probability of the Democratic convention nominating him in 1948. If he was willing even then to submerge his feelings as much as indicated, today he must be much more reconciled to surrendering dreams of retirement to private life. The perils of our times have emphasized that—whether it be as General of the Army or President—he cannot expect to relax on the farm he bought in Pennsylvania until some distant future date.

2. Will General Eisenhower seek the nomination?

Even more emphatically—no. A vast difference lies between wanting the nomination and accepting it dutifully if offered. Nobody would be happier than the general if some other person would replace him as a symbol of hope and unity.

The most he might do is to make an announcement clarifying this attitude. Some friends have been urging the issuance of a statement, if only as a matter of equity to admirers and opponents alike. Awareness of his availability would give the entire public, American business and our Allies overseas a resurging optimism. All will be reassured by the knowledge that the people have the power to draft him for President, regardless whether that power is exercised ultimately or not.

Although such a declaration is politically advisable, General Eisenhower has an understandable reluctance to say anything further. Not eager for the office, he is not anxious to take a step that might push him into it. There is the danger that his motivation will be misunderstood, and political critics will charge that any change from his position to date is evidence of ambition. Further, sensitive to the importance of receiving the co-operation and support of all while holding his present position, he is loath to do anything which would introduce any element of the spirit of partisanship.

His appetite for political power never having been developed, General Eisenhower will take no active part in aiding those who believe his nomination is essential. He will remain faithful to his principles: how best to fulfill the obligations of his rank as Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe, and to hold himself available for any new call to duty from his country. Beyond that, he will not go.

3. What is his party preference?

On every appropriate occasion, General Eisenhower has reiterated that he has no party affiliations. Because of his obligations as an officer, he avoids scrupulously any appearance of favoring either party. He has said, "As a soldier, it is my duty to represent all the people, regardless of their politics. They would have every right to resent it if I said that I was a Republican or a Democrat."

With meticulous care, he follows the doctrine that soldiers serving the entire nation should not be identified with the interests of any single group. General Eisenhower is not the type of soldier who has used the glamor of his uniform to seek political advancement or to interfere in any way in the political arena.

Ike has close friends in both parties. As he has played no political game, Republicans and Democrats alike have responded affirmatively to his engaging personality and patent sincerity. That is part of the reason that leaders in both parties have shown equal fervor in trying to get him as their nominee.

In the administration, for example, he feels obligation to President Truman, and he has a definite regard for his former chief, George Marshall, until recently Secretary of Defense. This feeling likely contributed to his refusal of the Republican bid in 1948. In addition, he has worked closely with Democratic spokesmen, particularly in his former role as Chief of Staff.

Among Republicans, likewise, he has many relationships. Roy A. Roberts, president of the Kansas City Star, is an old friend. Just a few weeks ago, Mr. Roberts issued a statement which included these observations about the general: "He has told me . . . that he was a good Kansas Republican, like all his forebears"; and the publisher predicted Eisenhower could win on either ticket. Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, ex-Governor Walter Edge of New Jersey, Senators James H. Duff, Pennsylvania, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., and Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Representative Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania and G.O.P. National Committeeman Harry Darby of Kansas also are among the leaders of the current Republican move to draft General Eisenhower.

Situation Is Different Now

However, developments have forged a situation where Ike must have a preference. Apart from the time approaching when he might be forced into making a public announcement of choice, circumstances make one alternative better for him and somewhat more acceptable.

As a man who believes in the two-party system, General Eisenhower respects the policy of periodic changes of power. If one party retains control too long, it tends to become bureaucratic and smug. An entrenched party frequently must create new

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obs to reward more and more deserving members without displacing those previously rewarded with positions. As the dominant party tightens its hold, the opposition becomes increasingly weaker, and the two-party system is thrown dangerously out of balance.

For General Eisenhower to be the Democratic successor to President Truman would be placing him in a most difficult situation. While wanting to set his own policies, as a matter of party organization he could not readily repudiate his predecessor's program. He would be deprived of the freedom to make the changes he might like.

A Party Too Long in Power

The Democratic party has become fairly much a conglomeration of extremes. Left-wing liberals and right-wing reactionaries with radically opposing philosophies vie for control. As a man who works to find the middle of the road, General Eisenhower would not be too much at home in such company.

National office has been in Democratic power for an unprecedented 18 years. The country is restless for some change—providing that it can change to something in which it has confidence. It will not exchange the known limitations of this administration for the greater dangers of one starting off without the advantage of public confidence.

A majority of Americans apparently would favor, if given a fair choice, ridding government of the accumulations which attach after any such long tenure. If there is to be this kind of house cleaning, General Eisenhower can see, as others do, that it can be accomplished only through a complete change.

Do these considerations mean that the Democratic nomination is ruled out absolutely? Not at all. At least one situation exists, in my opinion, that would make General Eisenhower accept the Democratic bid in the somewhat unlikely event of its being offered.

That condition would be the Republican nomination of Senator Taft, a probable event should the Republicans not choose the general himself. This willingness would not be the sign of an opportunist ready to sell himself to either bidder, any more than it would be the result of any feud. It is an inevitable consequence of their diametrically opposed views on world affairs.

In the view of many Republicans, Senator Taft is still "an isolationist." General Eisenhower believes profoundly in the necessity for all free nations pulling together or hanging separately. He is regarded as the living embodiment of America's determination to assist its Allies in our common cause.

From the general's perspective, the possible election of a man of Senator Taft's philosophy would constitute a challenge. Therefore, although he desires no nomination, if the Democratic convention were to name him as the party flag bearer against the senator, he would have to accept.

On the occasion when I told General Eisenhower that a delegation wanted to prepare him for the Democratic nomination in 1948, and when Ike said that he did not know the answer himself, the objection was raised that the convention was only three weeks off.

"Yes," he acknowledged, "but three weeks in these days is a long time. Something might happen abroad to crystallize matters. Or if the Republicans were to name a reactionary, you know what my answer would have to be."

During this past summer, Senator Taft engaged in a strenuous campaign designed to entrench him sufficiently to resist any competition, even Ike's. Present signs indicate he will be able to come into the convention—excepting for General Eisenhower—in a stronger position than was Governor Dewey in 1948.

Where the latter faced the threats of Harold Stassen, Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Governor Earl Warren, General Douglas MacArthur, various favorite sons, plus the ambitious bid of Senator Taft himself, the Ohio senator now has a relatively clear field. All other 1948 candidates have been eliminated for one reason or another, or else dropped to comparative political obscurity. Unless General Eisenhower receives the nomination, it seems certain to go to Senator Taft. An eventuality of this type might well impel Ike to feel obligated to be the Democratic candidate, if President Truman does not run and the party endorses the general.

To clear up a few last points: a number of persons have expressed faith in General Eisenhower as an individual, but are fearful lest his election as a Republican should bring into power an ultraconservative Congressional bloc. Others bring up the old doubt—circulated, in part, by candidates worried about the possibility of facing him as a rival who would eclipse their personal pretensions—of military men in civil office. Each apprehension is equally ill-founded.

Generalizations do not govern specific instances. It is as absurd to say that military men make bad Presidents as it would be to claim that civilians invariably make good ones.

As author of impressive passages inveighing against the introduction of military men into civil affairs, General Eisenhower will not subvert his own principles. As several incidents in recent years have shown, the designation of high-ranking soldiers and sailors for state positions can come with equal or greater frequency from a President possessed of a nonmilitary background. If anything, General Eisenhower will lean backward to avoid use of military personnel in civil posts.

Sure to Have Capable Aides

Concerning the kind of administration General Eisenhower would bring in with him, his record speaks for itself. Both during the last war and now, he surrounded himself with capable aides. Even more to the point, if he would go so far as to accept the Democratic nomination solely to prevent an isolationist-reactionary accession to control, he clearly will not permit his victory as a Republican to make such elements dominant. His election would give much more comfort to such Republican senators as Ives, Lodge, Aiken and Margaret Chase Smith than to the Taft-Wherry-McCarthy bloc.

Some premature predictors have wondered aloud whether Ike will reserve the right of naming his Vice-President as the price of his personal acceptance. Such speculations are wholly out of line. Since the general has tried his best to keep *out* of politics, it is not conceivable that he has planned calculatingly the selection of a running mate. When the time comes, he will accept any person with the principles and qualifications to be a constructive force.

His creed of traveling the middle of the road would be lived up to. While that might not make for as much speed as would satisfy impatient extreme liberals or radicals, it would mean progress forward at an appreciable pace.

Election of General Eisenhower on the Republican ticket would strengthen democracy on all sides. At present, the Democratic party claims to be the only haven for Americans who believe more in growing with the future than in maintaining the *status quo*. The Republican party admittedly is under the influence of its most conservative members. With General Eisenhower leading the Republicans, that party, too, would become liberalized.

If elected, he might be a disappointment to the extremists of the right and left who will accept no compromise for the common good, who want only a champion of their one-sided perspectives. To all others, to the vast majority of Americans, his election would mean restored unity and confidence.

To an anxious world, General Eisenhower is the man who would not—but still can and must—be our next President. THE END

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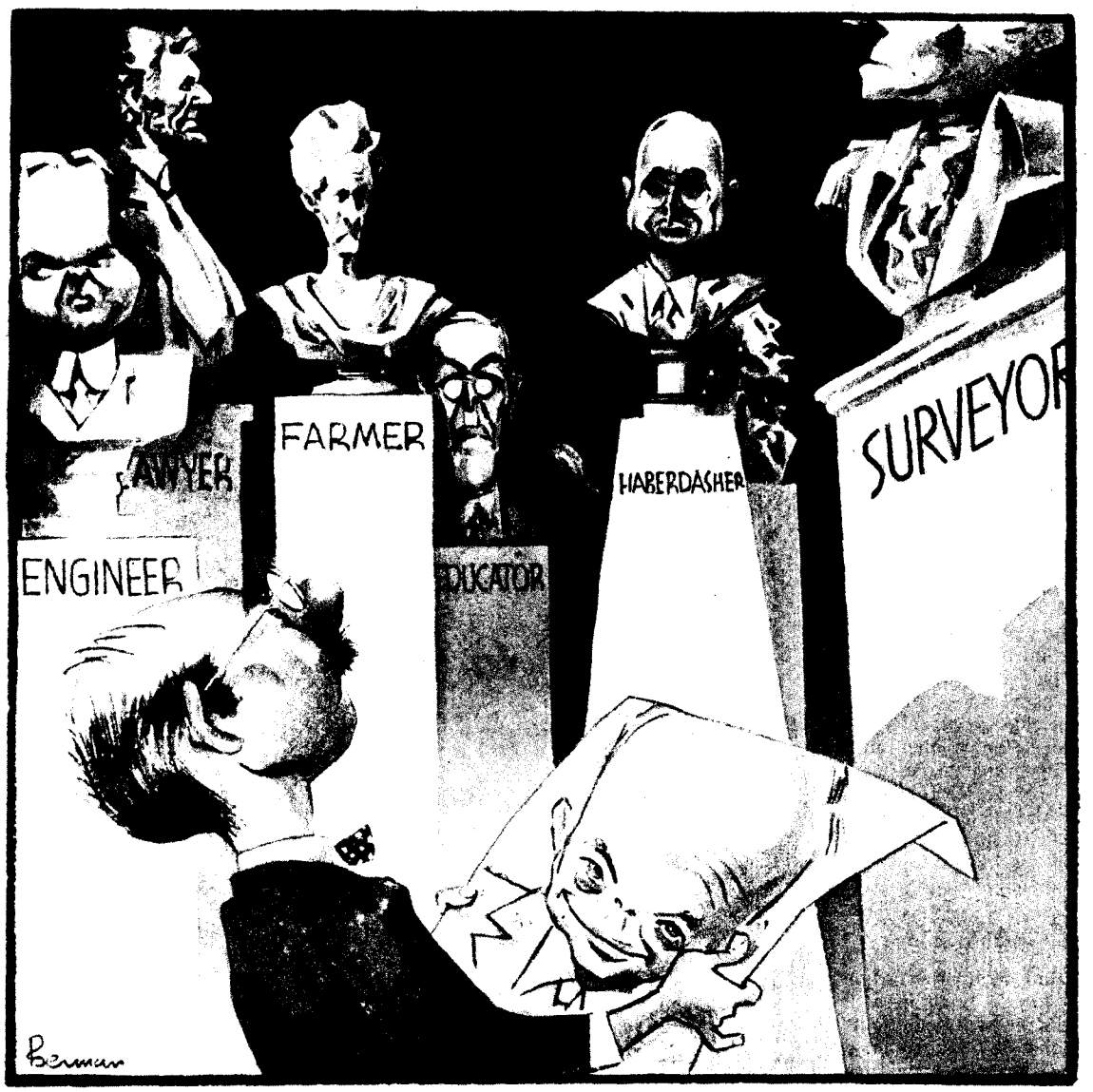

SAM BERMAN

The Profession Isn't the Point

THE ARTICLE on General Eisenhower in this issue prompts us to express a mild annoyance that we have felt, off and on, ever since the general was first mentioned as a Presidential possibility. The cause of our annoyance is the question: Should a professional military man be President? We've heard this question debated in private conversations, and seen it discussed in public opinion polls. And we've never thought that it had much point.

In the first place, it's a weaseling generality. It implies that there is something radically and dangerously different about the professional soldier, *any* professional soldier, that sets him apart from the professional politicians, lawyers, farmers, educators, engineers and so on who have occupied the White House and made good, bad or indifferent Presidents.

The question also implies—or at least many people who give it a negative answer imply—that the professional soldier has lived an insulated life which has divorced him from the interests and needs of civilians. He is pictured as a man who would choose to settle crucial issues by military rather than diplomatic means. Some fearful acquaintances have even assured us that the election of a West Point or Annapolis alumnus to the Presidency would carry a grave threat of military dictatorship.

Such thinking shows a remarkable lack of faith in the intelligence of American voters and the safeguards of our constitutional government. It also shows an ignorance of the high-level military commander's role today.

Perhaps there are still generals and admirals whose vision is confined within the strict limits of their profession. Perhaps there are some who prefer military to peaceful solutions of international disputes. We must confess that we never have met them. We do not know of a combat commander who, having seen the casualties of battle, loves war. Most of the members of the let's-drop-the-bomb-and-get-it-over-with school that we have encountered are civilians.

The job of America's top military commanders since the end of World War II is, by its very nature, broad and complex. The experiences of Generals MacArthur, Marshall, Eisenhower, Clay, Bedell Smith and Ridgway, for example, bear this out. These men have had to be diplomats, statesmen and economists, as well as soldiers. In the present state of world affairs there can be no sharp division between military, economic and political interests and efforts.

For these reasons we think that the generalized debate over military men in public office is a needless waste of breath. The important fact is that, a year from now, the people of this country will be called upon to choose between two men in electing a President. They will choose, we hope, on the basis of what these men have said and done and what they propose to do, rather than on an academic prejudice for or against their background or profession.

One of the 1952 candidates may be Dwight D. Eisenhower. And we are not committing Collier's to the general's support when we say that if he does run, he should be judged on his record as an individual, and not as a symbol. We are not committing this magazine when we call attention to his wide experience in the upper stratum of diplomacy and to the nature of his present assignment.

General Eisenhower today is the co-ordinating head of a mighty effort to strengthen the North Atlantic community in every way against the encroaching ambitions of Soviet aggression. He must be, and is, as much concerned with such things as inflation, currency stabilization, international trade and credits, raw materials, production facilities and civilian man power as he is in military strategy. It is an immense job.

If next year's voter is called upon to choose between General Eisenhower and someone else, he will do well to consider the nature and accomplishments of the general's present duty, as well as his war record. He will accept or reject the candidate as he sees fit. But if he rejects him solely because of a theoretical prejudice he will do himself, the issues and the country a disservice. It would be quite as absurd as it would be to ignore Mr. Truman's years in the Senate and the White House, and to make a choice on the basis of his activities on the farm, in the haberdashery business, and in the obscurity of minor Missouri politics.

Something *Can* Be Done

TO COMPLETE the postscript character of this week's editorial page, we are going to talk about another item of the current contents, Sudden Death for "Mr. Million." J. C. Furnas' dramatic account of that unhappy inevitability, the millionth traffic death in the U.S., makes shocking reading. But the shock can be helpful if enough people read and ponder this article.

There is nothing essentially new in what Mr. Furnas writes. The familiarity of his stories of 12 deaths are the very point of the piece. They are stories that we have read or heard again and again, stories that soon will reach the almost incredible total of a million tellings in a half century. They will not scare caution and good sense into every driver, of course. But they can help, just as the National Safety Council's safe-driving campaigns have helped over the years. Mr. Furnas' stories can set all of us thinking again, and more seriously, about careful driving in bad weather, about driving after drinking or too little sleep, and about the impatient, tragic carelessness of motorist and pedestrian alike.

And there is another positive thing this article can do. It can help awaken us, and our municipal, county, state and federal officials, to the dangerous inadequacy of many of our roads. Mr. Furnas reveals that 26 per cent of the traffic deaths in 1950 resulted from non-collision automobile accidents on rural highways.

The nation is crisscrossed with roads that cannot begin to handle with either speed or safety the weight and number of vehicles that use them. Good, modern highway systems are necessary for business, for defense in event of war, and for the saving of human lives. With all the gasoline and license taxes that the country pays, we ought to have them.

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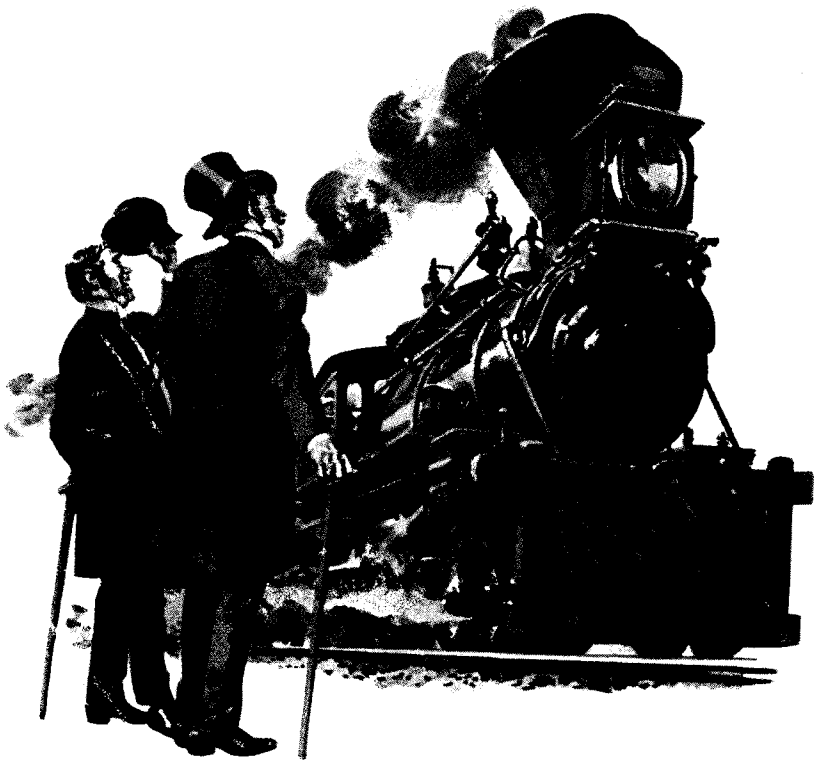
When wise old-timers met the train



When wise old-timers met the train
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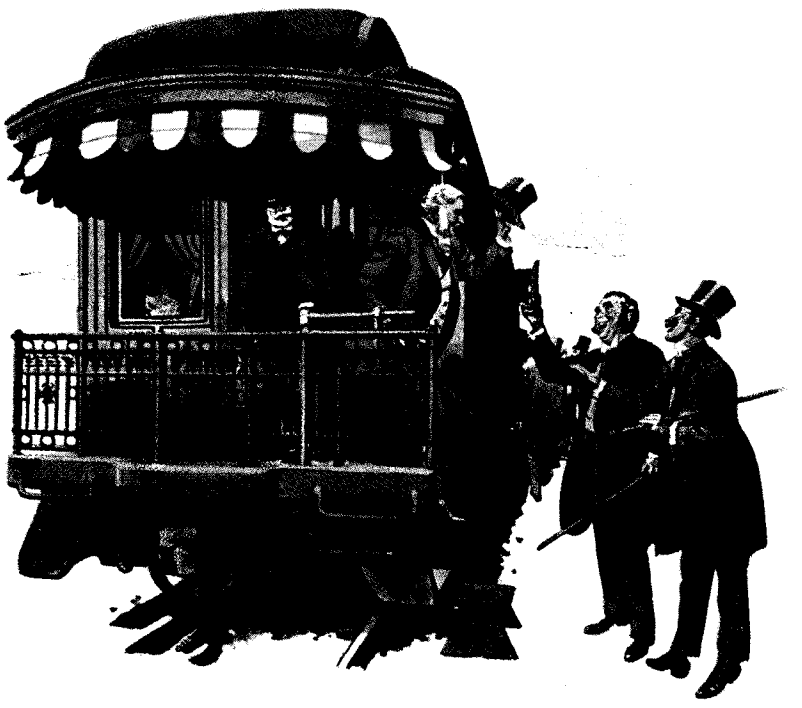

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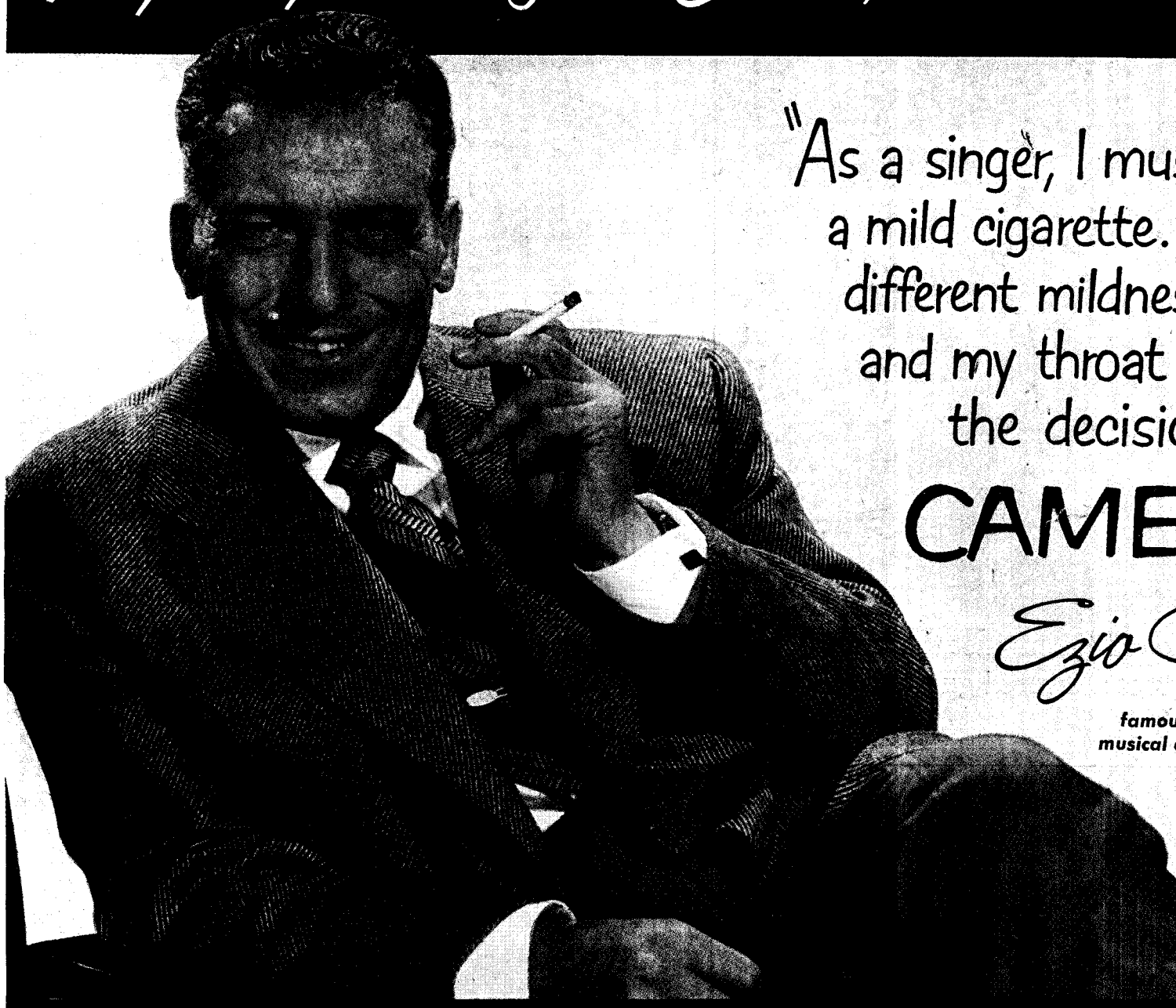

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